







FORTY YEARS OF PARIS





Photo]

ANATOLE FRANCE.

[Boyer

Frontispiece.

FORTY YEARS OF PARIS

BY

W. F. LONERGAN

AUTHOR OF THE "NEW PARISIANS," ETC.

WITH THIRTY-TWO PORTRAITS

BRENTANO'S
NEW YORK

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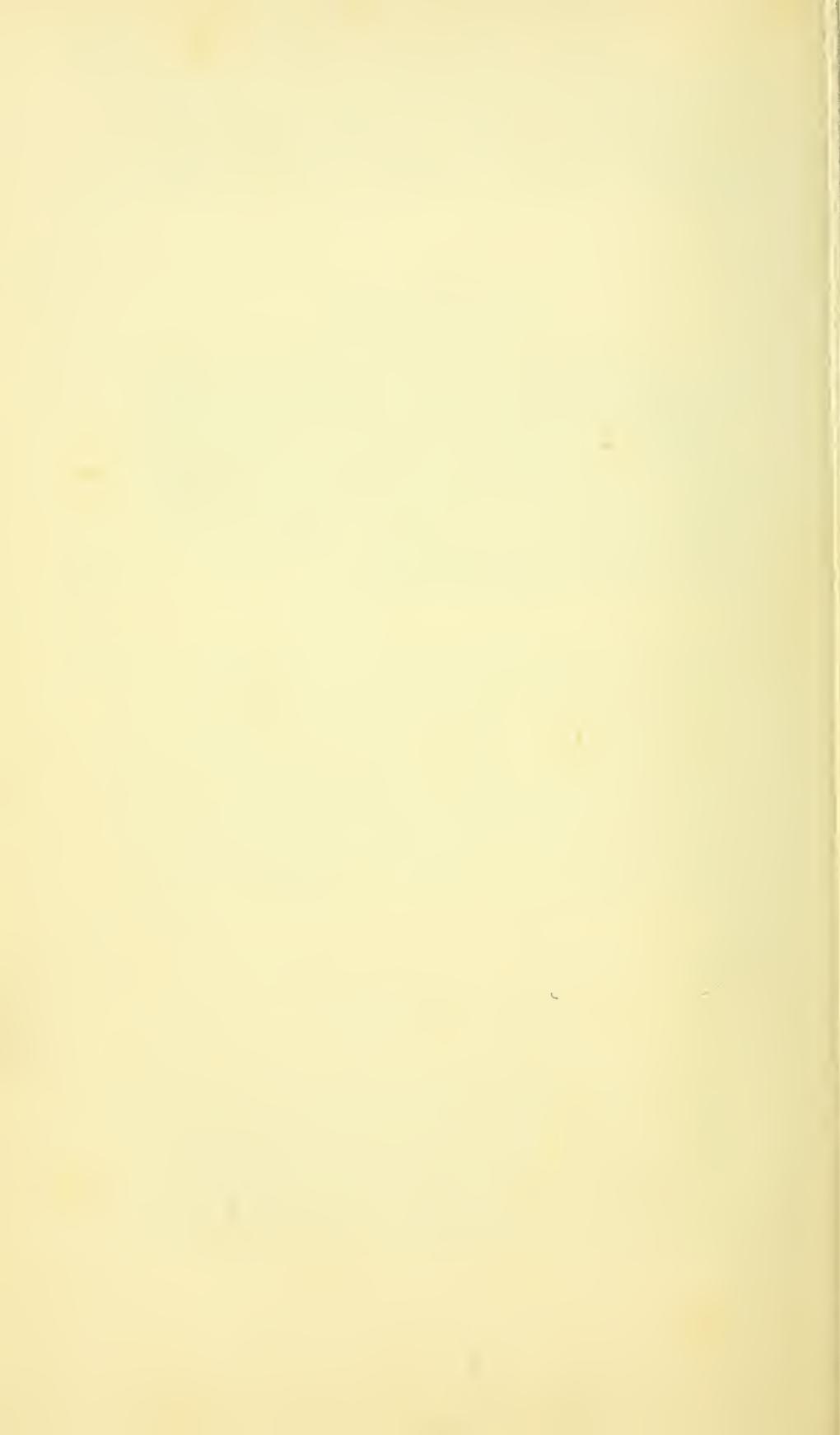
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Forty Years of Paris

CHAPTER I

First glimpses of Paris—The days of the Empire—The Imperial “Smart Set”—Offenbach and Schneider—José Dupuis and the ladies—The other side—Louis Veuillot—Père Hyacinthe at Notre Dame—The two Dumas—Church and State then—General De Failly’s chasse-pots—The Empress Eugénie then and now—The Court ladies—Princess Metternich—Prosper Mérimée at Compiègne—The Dryad in gauze—The Duchesse de Persigny and the living pictures—The Duc de Persigny and the Empress.

ACCORDING to Benvenuto Cellini, who has been called “the Supreme Scoundrel of the Renaissance,” every man, past forty years of age, who has done anything should write a record of his life. In my opinion, to write reminiscences, or to narrate one’s experiences of life, one must be a great egotist, or a remarkable personage. I hope that I am not an egotist, and can assuredly lay no claim to being a person of importance in what William Morris terms “the world’s great game.” I am not conscious of any notable achievements such as were

accomplished by those famous in history and literature as recorders of reminiscences. What I have to do, however, is not to give a record of my whole life, a *vita travagliata*, like that of the renowned Renaissance artist and adventurer, to whom in this respect I may compare myself, but of my life in that most interesting of European cities which, according to an old and worn French saying, is the Paradise of women, the Purgatory of men, and the Hell of horses. My life in Paris comprised a period of twenty-five years' actual residence, but I have had experience of the place, on and off, for nearly forty years. During my residence and my previous visits I had an opportunity of keeping my finger on the pulse of the French capital, as it were. Even as a youth I had some opportunities of studying the place and its people. My first glimpse of the capital of France was obtained in a curious way. I was sent to study philosophy and theology in France with a view to entering a calling which was too good for me. At that time the Second Empire was still in existence, and I had glimpses of Imperial Paris. It is almost needless to say that it was a much livelier place then than it is to-day.

In Imperial Paris, before the great collapse, men and women who had any money seemed, as is well known, to live for luxury. The "Smart Set" of the day were, of course, at the Tuileries, and they led the way in the pursuit of pleasure. There is no need to dwell on that, for the grandeur and follies of the Offenbach and Schneider era have been only too frequently described. I must offer an apology here to that estimable man, M. Robert Mitchell, a true Bonapartist, who has objected before now to my

allusions in print to his father-in-law, the famous composer of the "Grand Duchess." Whatever M. Mitchell may say, it must be stated, with all due respect to the memory of his father-in-law, that the years preceding the fall of the Second Empire were full of the influence of that composer of the merriest and most tuneful "musical comedies" ever staged. Meilhac and Halévy, those entertaining distorters of mythology and caricaturists of small German Courts, had their part in the fun and frivolity of that period; but it was Jacques Offenbach who was predominant, and after him ranked Hortense Schneider.

The latter is still living in a villa at Auteuil—a wrinkled relic of the past. Hortense Schneider was born in Bordeaux in the year 1835. She was married formerly to a M. de Buone. She was not only famous in Paris but also at Baden-Baden, where the dandies of the Empire gambled before the War. José Dupuis, who acted with Schneider in Offenbach's operettas, lives also in retirement outside Paris. He used to be as great a favourite with the women as Schneider was with the men.

In those days I had little or no opportunity of listening to Offenbach or of hearing the song of the sabre. My path was in a far different direction. I was then chiefly concerned with the great French ecclesiastical writers, and was reading diligently Bossuet, Massillon, Lacordaire, and also Montalembert. Occasionally I heard and read Louis Veuillot, the publican's son, who attacked the vices of the period with a caustic pen, and who, as the journalistic champion of the Catholic Church, fre-

quently made his anti-clerical opponents wince under the whip of his scathing satire. I heard, too, a good deal then of Père Hyacinthe, now known as M. Loyson, of whom I have more to say later on. He had, as a Carmelite friar of great eloquence, been captivating Parisians from the pulpit of Notre Dame, and his falling away was naturally as much discussed in the ecclesiastical circles in which I found myself as was that of Ernest Renan years before.

Occasionally I had in my ears vague rumours of Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and the statesmen and generals of the Second Empire. Dumas naturally appealed to my schoolboy instincts through his romances, and during my early Bohemian wanderings in Paris, after I had cut adrift from patrons and friends, I had a wild notion that the great fictionist who wrote "Monte Cristo" and the "Three Musketeers" would give me employment on his staff, for I knew, nebulously, that he had assistants who, as I learned in later times, were called "ghosts." I never met the great French story-spinner, but I was destined, long after his death, to meet his son in peculiar circumstances, to be recorded hereafter.

My notions of political matters were crude in those days. I knew nothing about the trouble in store for France after Sadowa, and the roseate declarations of M. Rouher in the Legislative Assembly when, in answer to Thiers, who said "Le gouvernement n'a plus d'alliés," he added, "Ni d'ennemis," were as unknown to me as the developments of the Luxembourg question and the Mexican campaign. What I was interested in, however, was the great Italian, or rather the Vatican, question, which is uppermost to-day



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.
After Winterhalter.

as well as then. The Garibaldians had marched into the States of the Church, and yielding to the solicitations of the Empress, who was backed by M. Rouher, Napoleon the Third sent French troops into Italy under General de Failly, author of the famous phrase referring to the defeat of the Garibaldians at Mentana, "Les chassepots ont fait merveille." It was after this M. Rouher declared, on the opening of the legislative session of 1867-68, that the Pope had need of Rome for his independence, and that the French Government would never allow it to be taken from him. "Jamais! Jamais!" cried the majority who applauded the Minister. Times have changed since then, and to-day we see a French Government vehemently opposed to the Pope, and utterly unmindful of his influence and his position.

This Roman or Vatican policy of the Imperial Cabinet was, as is above said, due to the interference of the Empress, always a most pious Catholic. Even her bitterest enemies have admitted that in her seemingly most frivolous moments, when the Germans called her a "*Zierpuppe*," or ornamental doll married to a melancholy dreamer, and when, as a French historian wrote, she "passed from her fashion studio in the Tuileries to the Council of Ministers, there to interfere in State Matters of which she understood nothing," she always remained true to her religion.

I saw the Empress once in the height of her grandeur and glory, and I have seen her in these later days, a sad and pensive phantom taking furtive walks in the gardens of the Tuileries, during one of her periodical sojourns at the Hôtel Continental in the Rue de Rivoli, where she is near the scenes of

her former splendour. The contrast is striking—none more so. While observing her movements, marred by the debility of age, I could not help going back in memory to days when I saw her starting for Biarritz surrounded by ladies of honour, courtiers, and friends, such as Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Richard Metternich, who died in March, 1895; Vicomtesse Aguado, whose pretty hands Winterhalter drew from in his official portraits of the Empress; the Duchess de Persigny, and many more. Who those ladies were, friends and favourites of the Empress, I could not have known then, but I subsequently learned a good deal about them from the book of that interesting chronicler of memories of the Tuilleries, Madame Carette. You have to go to Madame Carette, undoubtedly, for inner lights on the Court of the Tuilleries. She gossips as only ladies can, and she must have kept a most careful diary while she was reader and maid of honour to the Empress. I am not quite sure if she relates everything that she heard and saw, but she goes very near it, leaving the worst to the scandal-mongers who have published more or less fanciful reports of the secret vices of the Court of the Tuilleries. Such books abound in Paris, but I have avoided them, and having always had a strong liking for the Bonapartes, for various reasons, one of which is that I have invariably found their adherents to be most courteous and kindly persons, and far more interesting than many of the Republicans who succeeded to their places and their power, I have never been moved by the scandal-mongers, nor even by Mérimée, who was the friend of the Empress, or

Maxime du Camp, both of whom have left on record some strange things about the Second Empire. It was Prosper Mérimée, for instance, who wrote in his "Lettres à une inconnue" that at a ball given at Compiègne there was a young lady "en nymphe Dryade avec une robe qui aurait laissée toute la gorge à découvert si on n'y eût remédié par un maillot, ce qui semblait presque aussi vif que le décolletage de la maman dont on pénétrait tout l'estomac d'un coup d'œil." And Maxime du Camp, in his "Paris, ses organes et sa vie," wrote that in the period before the storm of 1870 one hundred and twenty thousand women composed the "armée de dépravation, de débauche et de ruine," these persons ranging from the wretched grisette to the "grande dame qui, avant de se rendre, exige et reçoit un million en pièces d'or nouvellement frappées." These grand ladies did not want, you see, cheques or notes, but gold fresh from the Mint.

Now, it is true that there was a bad example given by the Court in those days, but I believe that the scandals have been much exaggerated. A German whom I know, and who has lived a good deal in Paris, once declared that many of the stories told of the Court ladies were apocryphal. He particularly defended Princess Metternich, who, he said, always remained a lady, a high-born aristocrat, despite the eccentricity which made her talk Paris slang and imitate the music-hall singer Theresa. It was even doubtful if she did this, but her eccentricity, according to the German writer, was pardonable, as she had an admixture of insanity in her composition. So at least appears from the following story of a living picture

display. The Empress once desired that her ladies should sit around in one of the garden nooks at Compiègne arranged in a Watteau group of living pictures. The Duchesse de Persigny, a great beauty of the blonde division, objected to powder her fair hair, whereupon Princess Metternich complained to the Empress. The latter said, "Oh, let her have her own way, the poor thing. Her mother is in a madhouse." "Well," said Princess Metternich, whose name before marriage was Pauline Von Sandor, "I have the same claim to your Majesty's consideration, as my father is also in a madhouse." The matter was compromised by the injunction of the Empress that the Duchesse de Persigny was to take part in another and a non-Watteau combination of living pictures. The husband of the fair-haired Duchess has left a most valuable volume of reminiscences. He died at Nice in 1872, but his memoirs, prepared for publication by his friend and secretary, Comte d'Espagny, did not appear until 1896. Persigny was one of the most interesting figures of the Second Empire. He was born in 1800, was a military student at the Saumur Cavalry School, whence he passed into a Hussar regiment, and on leaving the army he went to Germany. While at Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart, where he had an appointment of an amorous character with an unknown fair one, Persigny saw Louis Napoleon for the first time. The Prince was out driving, and his coachman was shouting "Vive Napoléon!" Persigny joined the Prince's set and became devotedly attached to him. The Republicans go so far as to make Persigny the most prominent of those

who helped to bring about the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851. They call him the policeman, or gendarme, of the Second Empire, as the Duc de Morny was its diplomatist, and they bracket him with General Saint Arnaud and M. de Maupas. In his memoirs Persigny glides over the *coup d'état*. A little before my first visit to Paris, Persigny was in bad odour at the Tuileries. He saw the clouds gathering, opposed Rouher and the new advisers of the Emperor, and objected to the interference of the Empress in matters of State. He wrote on this delicate subject to Napoleon the Third; the letter fell into the hands of the Empress, who at once informed Persigny that she would not attend Cabinet Councils any more. The Duke was never pardoned for his frankness.

CHAPTER II

Republicans and the Empire—Ollivier, Rochefort, Rouher—The Empress a matchmaker—The Victor Noir affair—In Normandy with the Germans—The Prussian deserter—In the Latin Quarter—Recollections of Renan—His view of Christianity—Taine on London—His descriptions of Somerset House, the Strand, and Trafalgar Square—Max O'Rell and Taine—Debates and discussions in the Latin Quarter.

TOWARDS the year 1869 some of the Republicans, whom I was afterwards to see and hear in the height of their popularity and success, began to make their influence felt. Emile Ollivier, the man who went to war with a "light heart," had been directed by the Emperor to form a Cabinet and to succeed M. Rouher. The events of the time brought to the front the founders of the Third Republic, such as Léon Gambetta, Jules Grévy, Jules Ferry, and, it may well be added, Henri Rochefort. It is not widely known that M. Ollivier himself was at that period designated a renegade Republican. His father, Demosthenes Ollivier, had been a man of the mountain, and what is termed "a victim of the 2nd of December"—that is to say, of the *coup d'état* of December, 1851. He himself had been associated with Ledru Rollin, who long lived in exile in St.

John's Wood. In 1857 M. Ollivier was put forward on the Republican—or rather the Democratic—ticket, and he wrote that the Republican party supported him by reason of the devotedness of his father to the cause, and out of respect to the memory of his brother, Aristides Ollivier, who was killed in a political duel. Towards the end of 1869 M. Ollivier publicly declared that all good men should rally around the Dynasty. He cut himself adrift from his old friends of the Left Centre, and set to work to form the "Empire Libéral." This is the title of the voluminous work on which M. Ollivier was long engaged in his retirement at Saint Tropez, in the South of France, where he resides during the winter months. The venerable academician varies this historical work by writing occasional leading articles, and by defending the Empress Eugénie from the recurring attacks of Republicans who insist that the war of 1870-71 was "her war." Quite recently—in July, 1906—there was some flutter at the French Academy when M. Thureau-Dangin wanted to award the Gobert prize to M. de la Gorsse for his history of the Second Empire. The flutter was caused by M. Ollivier, who contested M. de la Gorsse's account of the events leading up to the war of 1870, and stated that Prussia alone was responsible for that Titanic conflict. The upshot was that M. de la Gorsse did not obtain the Gobert prize, and that M. Ollivier received a raking fire from the Republican press. One of the Republican writers began by stating that the Imperial policy in the Hohenzollern affair admirably served the *politique de derrière la tête* of Bismarck. The French Cabinet was exacting in its demands, continued this writer, and that was

simply and solely because the Empress, who had planned a marriage between the Murats and the Hohenzollerns, insisted absolutely that Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, brother of Prince Leopold, should after his marriage with Princess Anna Murat come to live in Paris, and form part of the Court of the Tuileries. The Prince's father objected, saying that his son's place was at the Court of Prussia. We are told that the Empress then did her utmost to thwart the Prussians and the Hohenzollerns, and later on made her husband demand from King William the promise that, after the refusal of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to take the throne of Spain, no member of the Royal Family should be put forward as a candidate for the same throne.¹

This brief excursion into the domain of history is necessary for the purpose of leading up to the Republicans who belong to the period with which the author is most familiar. Emile Ollivier, as we have seen, was charged to form the Cabinet of the "Empire Libéral," and he did so in January, 1870. He was President as well as Minister of Justice and of Public Worship, M. de Valdrôme being at the Interior, M. Napoleon Daru at the Foreign Office, M. Buffet at the Treasury, General Lebœuf head of the War Office, and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, Marine or Admiralty. The other Ministers were nonentities from the political and popular point of view.

¹ M. Ollivier also vigorously defends the Empire in his recent work or *magnum opus*. He tries to make Napoleon the Third irresponsible for the crushing of France, but careful readers of history will not forget that the Emperor was badly advised in the matter of the Danish Duchies in 1864, and did not see the danger ahead after Sadowa in 1866.

M. Ollivier had hardly formed his Cabinet when the uproar caused by the shooting of Victor Noir arose, and brought to the front the Republicans who were the bitterest enemies of the Empire, with Henri Rochefort at their head. Rochefort was then, as I have seen him so often in later years, the active and daring journalist ever tossing like a stormy petrel on the waters of agitation. Whenever there is anything lively taking place in Paris under the Third Republic, Rochefort is as prominent in it as he was at the time when he branded Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte as a bandit, and asserted that the Prince in question was one of the red-handed ruffians of the Empire who, not content with blowing Republicans to pieces in the streets, lured them into traps and murdered them. The Prince who shot Victor Noir had previously referred to Rochefort as the "*porte-drapeau de la crapule*"—"the banner-bearer of blackguardism." Rochefort, as is well known, vehemently attacked the Empire in the *Lanterne* of that day. It is interesting to note that M. de Villemessant, the provincial draper who founded the successful *Figaro*, and was a friend of the Imperial Government and of the Conservatives, actually financed the *Lanterne* on its foundation. The fact is guaranteed by M. Taxile Delord, who published a history of the Second Empire in 1874. It was as if M. Arthur Meyer, the chief champion of the Church and the Conservatives of the present day, backed on the sly the modern *Lanterne* or the *Petite République*, while conducting the *Gaulois* to suit the tastes and the inclinations of the aristocratic residents of the Faubourg Saint Germain. This double-dealing has not been uncommon in French journalism, and not

a few experts in it who thrive in the present day could be mentioned.

From the agitation over the Victor Noir affair to the outbreak of the war is not a far cry. That momentous time from July, 1870, to September 4th in the same year has been too much and too ably treated to need any repetition here. Historians both brilliant and industrious, historiographers picturesque and practical have in France, England, and Germany narrated and commented upon the war, the fall of the Empire, the flight of the Empress, the imprisonment of Napoleon the Third, his death in England, until there is nothing left to be said on these subjects.

Away from Paris during the heavy fighting of 1870 I saw on my return to France in 1871 the Prussians occupying Normandy. While staying at Dieppe I met a young Prussian who asked me to help him to get to England. He had deserted from the German troops occupying Rouen and its vicinity, the same district in which Guy de Maupassant placed the scenes of his remarkable story adapted for the stage as "*Mado-moiselle Fifine*." In those days I passed through Normandy like many a British tourist, unmindful of the memories of the place which, from the literary side alone, and independently of its historic associations, is full of interest, for it is the country of the two *Corneilles*, as well as of the more intensely modern Gustave Flaubert, and the author who was his faithful pupil—the unlucky Guy de Maupassant. I once saw Maupassant at Cannes, where he was staying with his mother, before the disaster which necessitated his removal to the private asylum, where his principal recreation was chasing butterflies, until he died.

The young Prussian to whom I have referred had managed somehow to secure a baggy suit of clothes at Rouen, and came to Dieppe thinking that he would be able to cross unnoticed to England. His masters were too previous for him. They had telegraphed a full description of the man to the ports, and as he wore spectacles, like many of the German soldiers, especially those of the Landwehr, he was soon pulled up at Dieppe by the Prussian detectives, who were aided, willingly or unwillingly, by the French police and "douaniers."

What became of the poor Prussian was a mystery to me then. We drank cider together, and devoured fat bacon and bread, and then smoked for some hours in a Dieppe tavern, he talking of his prospects of finding employment in England and I trying to impress upon him the danger that he was incurring in leaving Rouen. The man was arrested as he left the tavern, and I was for years under the painful impression that he was shot for desertion before the enemy, although the war was then over. To my surprise, about 1885, or thereabouts, I met my old Prussian friend in a Paris café. He recognised me and came up to me saying, "Don't you remember Dieppe and the fat bacon and cider?" The question staggered me at first, but I soon remembered. He told me that he was taken before a French sub-prefect after his arrest by the German military detectives, and was sent back to his corps. His "Oberst," he said, gave him a severe lecturing, told him that he deserved to be not shot, but drowned like a diseased dog, and finally condemned him to a short imprisonment. When peace was proclaimed my former fellow-

adventurer at Dieppe obtained lucrative employment in Berlin.

Leaving Normandy for Paris soon after my meeting with the Prussian deserter, I settled in the Latin Quarter—a place which has always been most interesting to me even in these later days when antique landmarks have disappeared, and when the venerable Sorbonne of the past is represented by a modern edifice which resembles a German railway station.

My old abode in the Latin Quarter was in a street near the College of Saint Sulpice, a barrack-looking building but nevertheless memorable to me as a seat of ecclesiastical tradition and learning. The ordinary tourist looks at Saint Sulpice with apathy. The unlearned Protestant regards it as a home of benighted bigotry and narrow-minded intolerance. The modern French atheist, utterly oblivious or ignorant of history, would have it destroyed as a stronghold of powerful priesthood and clerical domination.

To me it was associated with its founder, M. Olier, with the traditions of the old régime, and with Renan whose writings at one time had a strong influence over me, and whose magical style I still enjoy, although I have learned to take a more critical view of the manner in which he handles history, theology, and philosophy.

This remarkable man's "Souvenirs de Jeunesse" fascinated me, for they were like my own. He was a Breton, I am a Celt. He was placed under ecclesiastical care at an early age, and so was I. He went away from Saint Sulpice, and I also left my college to face the world and to study in the great university of life.

Accordingly, when in the Latin Quarter I lived near

the old seminary of the Sulpicians, which is not the original one of M. Olier's time. I never pass it now without thinking of the founder, his successors and their famous renegade pupil who wrote the "Vie de Jésus." In my keen recollection is always Renan's early experience. He went there from the smaller Seminary at Issy. Previously he had been at the little Seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet under Abbé Dupanloup, afterwards Bishop of Orleans, where he was taught chiefly rhetoric, "as if I were to be a poet, an orator, or an author." The teacher did not trouble in the least about German criticisms of the texts, &c., and regarded the Bible "as good for quotations in ornate sermons."

Renan's renunciation always recurs to me as I pass the great building, and I revert often in memory to his progress from the ascetic atmosphere of faith to that of gilded doubt and disbelief. I frequently think of his introduction through his sister to that German criticism which blurred his original views, of his struggles for five years, after which he became like the "gamin de Paris who brushes aside beliefs which the reason of a Pascal cannot escape from," and of that serious pronouncement, "in reality, few people have a right to disbelieve Christianity."

I learned a good deal in the Latin Quarter. I obtained employment at a library, gave occasional lessons, like many greater men, and had time to attend free lectures at the old Sorbonne and the College of France. My principal instructors, however, were the students who lodged with me in a little hotel. These youths, some of whom had fought at Sedan, at Le Mans, at Bougival, and elsewhere, were literary

to their finger-tips. Whether studying law, medicine, or letters, they were all crammed with literature. They argued every evening on literary subjects, and some recited long passages from Corneille, Lamartine, and Alfred de Musset, the latter being an especial favourite. We had discussions on "Volther Scott," who showed the way to the French romantic writers, on Dickens and on Thackeray, as well as on Octave Feuillet, then a favourite, but classed long since in the namby-pamby school, on the more serious writers such as Taine, and on Pascal. A prime favourite, too, was Prosper Mérimée, of whom Walter Pater said "he could detect almost everywhere the hollow ring of the fundamental nothingness of things," and whose "Colomba," according to the same distinguished authority, "showed intellectual depth of motive, firmly conceived structure, faultlessness of execution, vindicating the function of the novel as no tawdry light literature, but in very deed a fine art."

Other writers we discussed were Hugo, Michelet, J. J. Weiss, a long obsolete essayist and critic, and, notably, Taine. Michelet was strongly objected to by Royalist students and by the more serious readers, who preferred, or pretended to prefer, Henri Martin, although criticism has shaken the basis of some of his work, notably that dealing with Gaul before Cæsar, and the Merovingian and Carlovingian epochs. Others referred grandly in discussions to the "profound philosophy" of Guizot, the "diplomatic elegance" of Mignet, the "military verve" of Thiers, the "epic imagination" of Thierry; but all the Romanticists to a man voted for Michelet, and I was among the number.

Taine was most frequently to the front in those

Latin Quarter days, and I must say I heard less there about minor authors such as Henri Murger and his Bohemians, than when I removed to the other side of the Seine, where I found men in cafés whose knowledge of literature was confined to the "Vie de Bohème," and the fiction of funny Paul de Kock, the Frenchman of Dutch origin, whose work was the "*vin d'Argenteuil de la littérature*," as somebody wrote, thus making his position that of a small beer man before such big brewers of letters as Balzac.

Some years before the time about which I am writing Taine had published his "Notes on England." These were translated by W. F. Rae, and published in London in 1872, the author being described as H. Taine, D.C.L. Oxon. In France this sounded strange, and just as at the present day Frenchmen, and also Englishmen who have long lived in France, smile when M. Camille Saint Saëns, the composer, is carefully referred to as "Doctor," so we in the Latin Quarter of old were humorous over Taine's honorary Oxford degree. In France he was simply M. Taine. The great writer's famous method of investigating the social condition, environment, antecedents of the individual, so as to arrive at his basic quality, the "*faculté maîtresse*," and thus to formulate a definite critical judgment of his work, has long been depreciated in England and America. Individuality is too subtle and complicated for Taine's analysis, able and apparently effective as it seemed to be. The man, in any case, remains one of the giants of French literature, and his imitators have not eclipsed him.

In my later years I have compared Taine's "Notes" with "John Bull and His Island" by Max

O'Rell, and I do not hesitate to declare that M. Paul Blouet must have diligently read the impressions of England written by his greater fellow countryman. I cannot in this connection resist quoting a few extracts from the "Notes," just to enable the reader to judge for himself how far Taine's criticisms of English life and character held good when M. Blouet wrote, and hold good still. Referring to the ideal of happiness in England, he says that "it is to be home at six in the evening, with a pleasing attached wife, having four or five children on their knees, and respectful domestics." Again, "Sunday in London in the rain: the shops are shut, the streets almost deserted; the aspect is that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. It is appalling. After an hour's walk in the Strand especially one has the spleen, one meditates suicide." And the monuments! "Somerset House is a frightful thing. Nelson stuck on his column, with a coil of rope in the form of a pigtail, is like a rat impaled on the top of a pole. A swamp like this is a place of exile for the arts of antiquity. When the Romans came here they must have thought themselves in Homer's Hell, in the land of the Cimmerians." That was Taine's comment on a wet Sunday among London monuments.

Adverting to English beggars, Taine says that a poor person is not wretched in the South of Europe, but in England poverty is hideous, horrible. "Nothing can be more terrible than the coat, the lodging, the shirt, the form of an English beggar. Possess £20,000 in the Funds here, or else cut your throat; such is the idea which constantly haunts me, and the omnibus advertisements suggest it still more in informing one

that 'Mappin's celebrated razors cost only one shilling.'"¹

And this of journalists: "According to what my friends tell me, the position of journalists is lower than with us. The able journalists who write masterly leading articles three or four times monthly do not sign their work and are unknown to the public. Properly speaking, they are literary hacks. Their article is read at breakfast as one swallows the bread and butter which is eaten with tea. One no more asks who wrote the article than one asks who made the butter."

Of the "*esprit Anglais*" he wrote that "the interior of an English head may not inaptly be likened to one of Murray's hand-books, which contains many facts and few ideas." The analogy between these sly touches of Taine and those of the now vanished Max O'Rell, *alias* Blouet, has always appeared to me in a most forcible light. One might imagine, in fact, that it was M. Blouet who wrote the "Notes." It is the same light and airy French touch—the touch rather of the clever, superficial journalist than of the philosophic man of letters. But M. Blouet could not have written "*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*," nor the study of Jacobinism which it includes.

As in the case of Renan, so I and many of my friends in the Latin Quarter loved to roam near places

¹ A man may have impressions such as Taine had when he was in the capital of England, in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and Vienna, but they will not be so deep and enduring as those brought home to him by the solid opulence displayed in the West End of London.

associated with Taine. I once lived for a few weeks in the house in the Rue Madame where Taine resided in his dreary days. By a strange coincidence years after, in 1883, I found myself in the same street in peculiar circumstances. I went there to witness the signing of the will of Lord Falkland, an uncle of the present holder of the title. Lord Falkland lived for a few months every year in a fine first-floor flat at No. 1, Rue Madame. The street partly belongs to the Faubourg Saint Germain Quarter. At that time Lord Falkland, whom I knew in a general way, was ailing, and I went with his Paris lawyer, Mr. R. O. Maugham, and Mr. Willoughby, British Vice Consul, to witness the nobleman's will. Lord Falkland, Mr. Maugham and Mr. Willoughby died not long after the first mentioned had made his will in his bedroom in the Rue Madame. The street is thus familiar for many reasons to me.

In 1853 Hippolyte, or, as he was also known, Henri Taine lived in this Rue Madame. He received four francs an hour for his lessons and was in daily fear of being reduced to a lower salary by his employer, one Jauffret. He was also persecuted by his official superiors of the University, and was liable to a fine, as a normal school man, for teaching in a private establishment. Taine was succeeded at Jauffret's college by Edmond About, a man for whom I never had any enthusiasm. He was one of the Normalians of the time of Taine, Prévost Paradol, Francisque Sarcey, and Cardinal Perraud. I read some of About's novels, his "Roman Question" also, and his leading articles in the newspapers, for he was always a journalist, but he never gave me the

intellectual satisfaction which I obtained from reading Rousseau, Renan, Taine, Prévost Paradol, Mérimée, Ozanam, Joubert, and Amiel.

When About succeeded Taine at Jauffret's in 1853 he had just returned from the French School at Athens, and was full of fun and frolic. "About goes into Society for us," wrote Taine to his friend Edouard de Suckau in January, 1854. "His brother-in-law tells me that he often goes to three houses in an evening. What a butterfly!" Taine himself disliked Society in his earlier years, and he was reproached once rather brutally by Sainte-Beuve, who told him that he knew only books and not men. About soon left Jauffret's school and made a most determined plunge into the vortex of letters. Fortunately for himself he succeeded soon, and became a prosperous author and journalist.

Literary men, as I have said, chiefly occupied the attention of my old Latin Quarter friends and myself. We were vaguely interested in art, music, and the drama. We knew that Sardou, Dumas fils, Emile Augier, Meilhac, and Halévy existed, but we did not trouble overmuch about their plays. Sardou at the time had created an uproar by his "Rabagas," supposed to be aimed at Léon Gambetta and the Republicans. That fascinated us in the Latin Quarter, but we contented ourselves with reading the bits of the play which were published. How we enjoyed the pungent, facile satire, the description of the Flying Toad Inn at Monaco where Rabagas unloosed the floodgates of his eloquence before "l'avocat sans cause et le médecin sans client, l'auteur sifflé, le commis chassée, un banqueroutier, deux

escrocs, sept imbéciles et huit ivrognes," and the description of the Russian adventurer, General Pétrowlski, who had "eight thousand decorations and no linen!"

Another "drawer of the long bow" in drama whom we appreciated a little in those far-off days was Eugène Labiche, but it was chiefly for his "Chapeau de Paille de Italie," that now threadbare story of the wedding guests who passed the night in the lock-up with bride and bridegroom.

In music our tastes were equally simple. We were quite satisfied with Auber, Hérold, Boieldieu, Offenbach. We knew not Wagner then, although an attempt had been made before the fall of the Empire, by Princess Metternich, to get the Parisians to accept him. They did not, and everybody knows the result. Wagner's fierce diatribes against the French at the time of their defeat made them exclude his operas from Paris until a few years since. The first attempt to produce "Lohengrin" at the Opéra in the early eighties was opposed by stink-pots, which were flung about the house. Since then Wagner has been enthroned in Paris, and thousands of amiable fanatics in that city are ready to assassinate you if you prefer any other composer. I have learned to appreciate and to enjoy Wagner, as well as any English, French, or German fanatic, but I do not allow him to take all their glory away from Mozart, Beethoven, Carl Maria Von Weber, Rossini, and the French composers whom I have already mentioned. I as well as my former friends of the Latin Quarter enjoyed going to the old Opéra Comique to hear the "Domino Noir," the "Cheval de Bronze," "La

Muette de Portici," known in England as "Massaniello," and we also saw the "Grande Duchesse," "Geneviève de Brabant," and "Orphée aux Enfers" at the Variétés. At that time we had to take seats among the gods, and often to stand amid the deities, owing to the crowded state of the house and the damaged condition of our finances, but we enjoyed the play as well as the youth of twenty is supposed by Béranger the ballad-maker to enjoy his garret.

As to art matters in those days, my young French friends and myself were as ignorant as any Philistine. We occasionally roamed through the Louvre, and looked languidly at the pictures by Raphael, Eugène Delacroix, Poussin, Horace Vernet, Ingres, Meissonnier. Napoleonic pictures appealed to us, but we only heard very vaguely of the great landscape men and the Barbizon School. When in closer touch with intellectual and artistic life in Paris, I soon appreciated all the famous French painters, and enjoyed their work. I cannot say that I knew many artists personally, although I could easily have done so. I was once introduced to Carolus Duran, now head of the French School in Rome, and found him a most genial gentleman. His value as an artist is hotly contested, but that is no concern of mine. He was one of the Frenchmen whom I have some reason to like. He, too, had struggling days in the Latin Quarter. Not far from where I lived in the seventies—the region of Saint Sulpice—there is a street, that of Notre Dame des Champs, wherein stands a cheap restaurant ornamented with pictures by Duran, Henner, and several other celebrated painters who had their meals in the place when they were *rapins*

at the School of Fine Arts. "Most of them have their own carriages and cooks now," said the landlord of the restaurant to me when I went to visit the place in 1885.

Some of my old student friends of the "Pays Latin" keep their own cooks and carriages also. They have become prosperous lawyers, doctors, chemists, and professors. Even the *littérateurs* amongst them have not all come to grief. They have not, after temporary triumphs, fallen back, like Henri Murger and, in later years, Paul Verlaine the poet. A few became "*brasseurs de lettres*," as Zola used to say, or *notables commerçants* in the literary market. They sold their writings to advantage, and if they did not pocket millions (and what French or other authors ever do?), they attained comparatively lettered ease.

CHAPTER III

Royalists, Bonapartists, and Republicans—The May dates—
The Duc de Broglie and Marshal MacMahon—The romance of the MacMahons—Irish kings and French noblemen—The doctor and the widow—Bismarck and the Republic—Gambetta's dinners—Madame de Païva—The onyx staircase.

CIRCUMSTANCES again compelled me to leave France while M. Thiers was President of the Republic, and I spent some years in wanderings which, if unwise and unprofitable from the practical point of view, were fruitful in experience of the world. Wherever I was I watched events in France very closely, especially after the election of Marshal de MacMahon. The events then required very careful attention. They followed so quickly that Frenchmen themselves were puzzled over dates such as the 24th of May, 1873, the 16th of May, 1874, and the 16th of May, 1877. These periods are continually referred to in French newspapers as the 24th of May, the 16th of May, the date of the year being omitted through laziness and ignorance combined. It is hardly necessary to remind the intelligent reader that on the 24th of May, 1873, the Royalists and Bonapartists overthrew Thiers, who was succeeded by Marshal de MacMahon. The new President chose

as head of his Cabinet the once famous Duc de Broglie who had been trained in the Guizot school. On the 16th of May, 1874, the Duc de Broglie went out, but replaced Jules Simon on the 16th of May, 1877. Two years later he and the Marshal President were replaced by the out-and-out Republicans who shattered the hopes of all who were aiming at a monarchical restoration. One of the principal events of this period, and one in which I took a deep interest even at a distance from Paris, was the trial of Marshal Bazaine, who died a few years back, a broken-down, destitute man, in Madrid, and some of whose relatives have recently been trying to clear him from the charges of treason, for which he was arraigned in December, 1873. As is well known, Bazaine was tried by a court martial, of which the Duc d'Aumale was President, and he was condemned to the penalty of death with military degradation for having capitulated "*en rase campagne*" while Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine. There were three other counts in the indictment, one of which charged the prisoner with having entered into negotiations with the enemy, verbally or in writing, "without having previously done all that duty and honour dictated." Marshal de MacMahon commuted the death sentence into one of detention in a fortress. Bazaine was sent to a little Eden of a place—the Ile Sainte-Marguerite in the South of France—whence he escaped in August, 1874, and one of his first visits on regaining his freedom was to the Empress Eugénie.

Marshal de MacMahon I met several times after

his resignation in 1879. I saw him at the garden party given by Lord Lyons on the occasion of the first Victorian Jubilee. A few years after I approached him on the subject of his Memoirs, but he refused to publish them for general reading, and kept them for his family. I also met the Marshal now and again in a street where I lived, and had as a neighbour one of his old brothers-in-arms. The Marshal was a fine specimen of a soldier, and showed his Irish ancestry very remarkably in his face. By reason of this he was interesting to me, although I have been told that the MacMahons, the Marshal included, were, like the Hennesseys of cognac celebrity, not always too well pleased to be reminded of their ancestry. The modern Hennesseys are partly English, partly French. They descend from Charles Hennessey, Squire of Ballymacmoy, in the County of Cork, who settled in France in the eighteenth century and prospered in his commercial pursuits.

Marshal de MacMahon's pedigree has been frequently contested, but I believe that a French writer, M. Alfred Duquet, who has made a study of famous soldiers of the First and Second Empires, has a correct account of it. M. Duquet worked from memoirs of the MacMahon family published in France, from a life of the Marshal published in Dublin in 1859, from annals of the city of Autun in Burgundy, near which town the Marshal's people lived, and from other documents, including a strange one entitled "*Liste des Officiers deserteurs et rebelles à leur patrie, dénoncés dans l'assemblée nationale, Paris, Laurent, 1791.*" This list is in the French

National Library, and from it can be verified the fact that the Marquis Charles Laure MacMahon, uncle of the Marshal, commanded the 38th Dauphiné regiment at the time of the Great Revolution, and that he was the first colonel of the French Army who passed over to the enemy. He subsequently joined the suite of the Comte d'Artois, brother of Louis XVIII.

M. Duquet is not tender towards the memory of the Marshal, and spares neither him nor his ancestors. He derides the notion that the MacMahons descended from Irish kings, or rather he admits the fact, but only for the purpose of giving the Irish kings a knock on the head. "Green Erin," he writes, "was of old spotted all over with Liliputian kingdoms, and each petty tyrant claimed the sovereignty of the island." M. Duquet might also have quoted one of the numbers of Whitaker's Almanack giving a list of the numerous Irish kings and of their rivalry and its consequences, which were frequently tragic.

The real and less remote history of the MacMahon family is this. I had it from an old French lawyer who knew the MacMahons well, and it is corroborated by what M. Duquet has written. John Baptist MacMahon, grandfather of the Marshal, was born at Limerick in June, 1715, one hundred years before the battle of Waterloo. He was the son of Patrick MacMahon and Margaret O'Sullivan. This MacMahon was sent to France, whither his father had gone as a refugee after the battle of Aughrim, at the age of sixteen. He studied medicine and received a doctor's degree from the University of Rheims in August, 1739. He was very poor at the time,



Photo]

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

[*E. Appert*

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and was maintained by an Irish priest settled in France. He tried to set up as an apothecary in a town in Burgundy, after having been supported for a time at Autun by a shoemaker. His horizon brightened in 1742, when, under the patronage of a royal physician, Antoine Gayton, he was permitted to practise at Autun.

In 1746 Dr. John Baptist MacMahon was called in to attend Lazare de Moray, Governor of Vezelay, who with his two brothers, Claude, Marquis de Vianges and Jacques, Dean of Autun, possessed the finest estate in Burgundy. Lazare married, when sixty-eight years old, one of his relatives, Charlotte le Belin, who was only eighteen. This January and May union was not productive of children. The venerable husband died without heirs in 1748, and two months afterwards Dr. MacMahon was living in his château.

In April, 1750, the doctor married the young widow at Sully, in spite of the opposition of her brothers-in-law, the marquis and the dean. On the 30th of August, 1750, a girl, Françoise, was born. A few years after the doctor obtained the mastery over the marquis and the dean, who disinherited their nieces, and made Madame MacMahon their universal legatee. The nieces contested the will of the last of the two brothers de Moray, and there was a long lawsuit. The doctor was triumphant, and by a decision of the Parliament of Paris of June, 1763, he and his wife entered into possession of property valued at two million five hundred thousand pounds. MacMahon was naturalised since 1749, and was enrolled among the nobility in 1750.

Of this marriage were born Charles Laure Mac-

Mahon, Marquis de Vianges, Maurice François, father of the Marshal, Duke of Magenta, and Pierre MacMahon. There was a second Jean Baptist MacMahon in France at this period. He was cousin of the other, and was known as MacMahon of Leadmore. He was likewise a doctor of medicine, and was at the Court of Frederick the Great of Prussia at the same time as Voltaire. It is said that this MacMahon, who in early life was destined for the priesthood, prided himself on being an atheist. The fact is recorded in Maréchal's "*Dictionnaire des Athées, anciens et modernes.*" This MacMahon of Leadmore died in Paris in September, 1786.

The father of the Marshal President, Maurice François MacMahon, was Lord of Eguilly, of Sivry, of Voudenay, and Baron of Sully. He was born at Autun in Burgundy, the old Augustodunum of the Romans, in October, 1754. He became a lieutenant-general in the Royal Army, and in 1792 married at Brussels Pélagie Marie Riquet de Caraman, who died in 1819. The husband died in 1831. They had five sons and four daughters. The Marshal Marie Edmé Patrice Maurice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, inherited the title of Count from his brother Bonaventure, second son of Maurice François MacMahon and the daughter of the Marquis de Caraman. The Marshal was married in 1854 to Elizabeth Charlotte Sophie de la Croix de Castres. It is to be noted that the ennobling particle *de* is not printed in old documents relating to the MacMahons.

In any case, it is satisfactorily settled that if Marshal MacMahon did not descend from Brian

Boroimhe, the “Brian the Brave” of Moore’s song, his less remote ancestors were of a good Irish stock. His pedigree was better than that of any of the other Presidents of the Third French Republic, except perhaps M. Carnot and M. Casimir Perier. Thiers was the son of a Marseilles blacksmith, and, as Grenville Murray wrote long ago, he came to Paris to seek his fortune, “with an essay on Vauvenargues in his pocket.” Jules Grévy sprang from a family of peasants of the Jura; Félix Faure was also of humble origin and worked as a tanner when young; Emile Loubet’s father was in the mule trade at Montélimar in the South; and Armand Fallières is from an ordinary Southern struggling stock.

Of Madame de MacMahon, the Duchesse de Magenta, wife of the Marshal, I have but little to say. She belonged to a great French family, and was more aristocratic than her soldier husband, who tried to be civil to everybody. His wife, on the other hand, was often distinctly cold towards the Republicans who had to be invited to the Elysée during the “MacMahonate.” This attitude of the Duchess embittered the opposition and partially led to the campaign organised against her husband.

I must now attempt to narrate the progress and development of the Third Republic and to deal with the periods with which I am most familiar. The Third Republic, as Herr Bebel reminded M. Jaurès at the International Congress of 1906 at Amsterdam, was the work of Prince Bismarck. This is to a great extent true. We have it from the recently published memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe, Ambassador in Paris from 1874 to 1885. When this diplomatist

was about to be appointed Ambassador he had an interview with the Iron Chancellor, who observed that "German interests enjoined before all things that France should not grow sufficiently powerful internally and gain sufficient prestige externally to be able to acquire allies. A Republic and domestic ferment were a guarantee of peace. He admitted, however, that a strong Republic would furnish a bad example for monarchical Europe, but it appeared to him, so I understood him to say, that the Republic would be less dangerous than the Monarchy, which would promote all manner of intrigue in foreign countries. An Orleanist monarchy would not, however, suit us. The Bonapartes would be better, but the existing state of things is by far the best."

Now the same Bismarckian idea as to the advantages of a French Republic from the German point of view comes out in the diary of Comte d'Hérisson, "Journal d'un officier d'ordonnance," published long before the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe—the famous "Denkwürdigkeiten" which have caused such a flutter in Germany and elsewhere.

Comte d'Hérisson was with Jules Favre at Versailles while that statesman was discussing with Bismarck the bases of the armistice of January, 1871. Jules Favre was plainly told by the Iron Chancellor that Germany found it more advantageous to treat with the Republicans, because she did not want a revival of the Second Empire, which could be brought about easily. In the French publication of the proceedings in the Arnim case issued by Plon in 1875 it is also shown that Bismarck instructed Prince Hohenlohe, Ambassador in Paris, to oppose in every

way any attempt to re-establish the Monarchy and to work for the consolidation of the Republic, as a Republic was the safest Government from the German standpoint.

Both Gambetta and Jules Ferry conjured up the spectre of Germany in order to impress the electors during the campaign which led to Marshal MacMahon's resignation in 1879. Jules Ferry, as we all know, was an ardent advocate of Germany, and tried to bring about a *rapprochement* with that country. Gambetta was less disposed to treat with Bismarck, for he was afraid to risk his popularity as a patriot. He was very near it, however, as we learn from the "Correspondence" of Count Henckel Von Donnersmarck with Gambetta and the two Bismarcks, father and son, published in Stuttgart in 1901.

There is a touch of romance in this part of the history of the early period of the Third Republic. Count Henckel Von Donnersmarck was the third husband of the notorious lady whom the Parisians knew as Madame de Païva. She lived in a magnificent private residence in the Champs Elysées, and in 1877, and after, many of the principal Republicans frequented her salon, to which access was gained by a staircase in onyx. This *escalier d'onyx* was a subject of much gossip for many years.

Madame de Païva was a Russian adventuress, and was currently reported to be a spy for Bismarck. Léon Gambetta assiduously attended the lady's receptions, and being a notorious *bon vivant*, he enjoyed her French and Russian dinners. Madame de Païva's residence was subsequently taken over by a *restaurateur* named Cubat, who failed. It was there that the

other famous *bon vivant*, George Augustus Sala, who equalled Gambetta in his love of the good things of the table, had one of his last dinners in Paris. He narrated at the time in the *Daily Telegraph*, with great wealth of detail, that dinner at Cubat's, which included sturgeon stewed in champagne—a dish for Tsars and Grand Dukes.

Returning to Gambetta, his visits to the Hôtel Païva induced the husband of the hostess to plan a meeting between the French "Tribune" and Bismarck. The latter agreed to see Gambetta at Varzin in 1878. They were to talk about a mutual understanding as to the reduction of the war estimates in both countries, and also to concert a mutual plan of campaign against Rome, for Bismarck was at that epoch engaged in the *kulturkampf*. Bismarck was afraid that the French Catholics would obtain the sympathy of Austria and become dangerous politically. Gambetta, not wishing to compromise his popularity with the masses, did not go to Varzin, but in September, 1878, he launched his famous phrase, "clericalism is the enemy."

Impartiality precludes me from following either Republicans or Monarchists in their contending versions of the events leading up to the consolidation of the Third Republic. I cannot help noting, however, the coincidence of Bebel's remark to M. Jaurès at the Amsterdam Congress with the contentions of the French Conservatives, who continually assert that the Third Republic is the Republic of Bismarck.

The Conservatives go so far as to assert that the Republic is still under the heel of Germany, and in proof of this they very ably couple the fall of M.

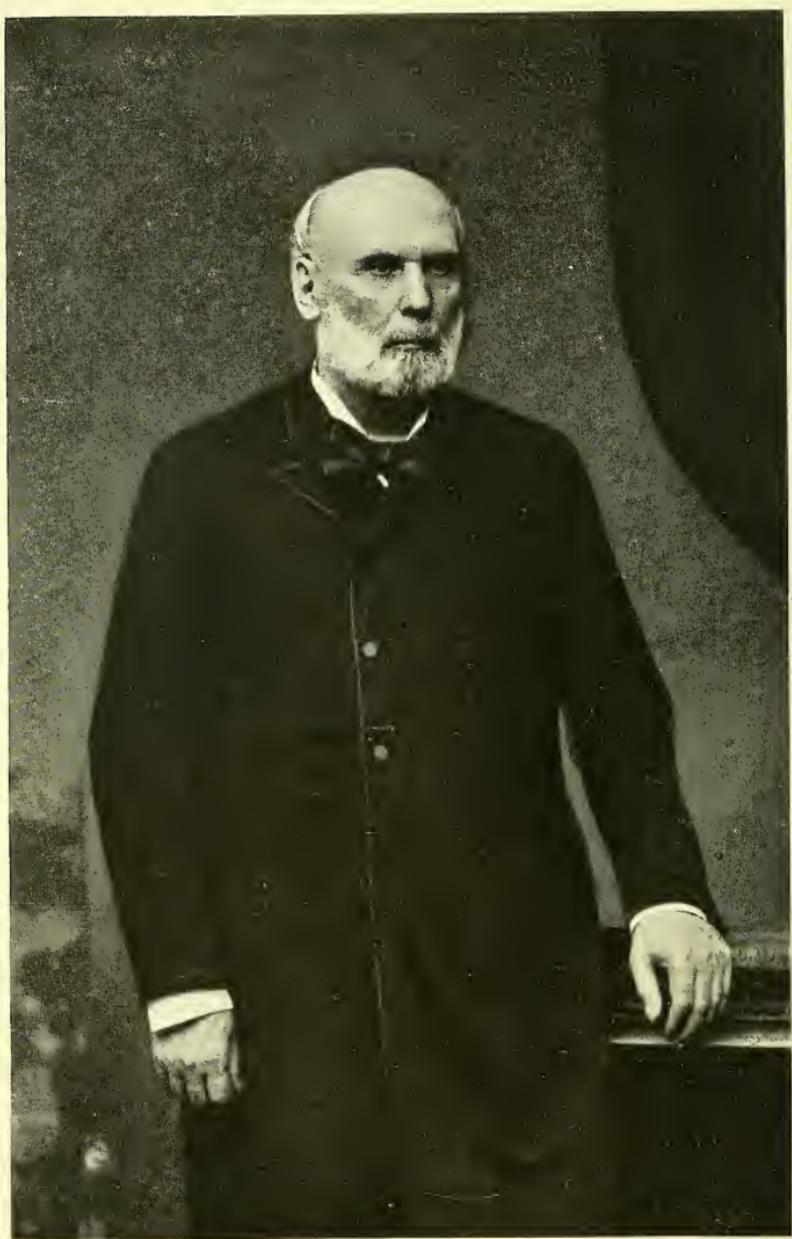
Delcassé, at the instigation of Prince Bulow in 1905, with the recall of Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron from the French Embassy at Berlin in 1877. That Ambassador was, it is affirmed by the French Conservatives, recalled by order of Prince Bismarck, who did not find him sufficiently Republican in his sentiments and acts. Now, in the Hohenlohe memoirs nothing is said about M. de Gontaut-Biron's anti-Republicanism, but it is clearly set forth that the French Ambassador was no longer a *persona grata*, to use a cant phrase, with the Iron Chancellor, because he curried favour, as a French Monarchist, with the old Emperor William, and particularly with the Empress Augusta.

Anyhow, with or without Bismarck, the Third French Republic was planted firmly on its feet after Marshal de MacMahon resigned in a huff and left the Elysée gladly to his successor, the son of the Jura peasant. MacMahon often remarked after his resignation that he had spent more than his allowance of £40,000 a year while Chief of the State. This expenditure was almost on a Royal or Imperial scale, and it has been by no means imitated by the Marshal's successors, and certainly not by Jules Grévy.

CHAPTER IV

The Grévy family—Daniel Wilson—Madame Grévy and the King of Greece—M. Wilson and M. de Blowitz—The *Daily Telegraph* Paris office—Newspaper work in Paris—The *Morning News* and *Galignani's Messenger*—Thackeray on *Galignani*—His “Ballad of Bouillabaisse” recalled—*Bouillabaisse* in Paris and Marseilles.

PRESIDENT Jules Grévy was one of those French Republicans in whom I could never take a great interest. Others have raved about his intellectual acumen, his legal and general learning, and his knowledge of men. All the men of his set—Gambetta, Ferry, Spuller, Challemel-Lacour, the Pelletans, father and son, his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson, the “Glaswegian,” Rouvier—in these I found much interest, as I did in the two eminently different yet characteristic Frenchmen, Henri Rochefort and Georges Clemenceau, also representative Republicans. All these men have the merit of undoubted ability, and cannot be called commonplace. Jules Ferry was notable both as lawyer and journalist. Of Alsatian origin, he had read German writers, great and small. One of his authors was Hoffmann, writer of the “Phantasiestücke,” which were printed in 1814. These stories appeared in French as the “Contes fantastiques d’Hoffmann.” Ferry sprang into notoriety



Photo]

JULES GRÉVY.

[*Petit*

by parodying this title in his famous newspaper articles as the "Comptes fantastiques d'Haussmann," in which he joined in the strong criticism on the expenditure of Baron Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine, who beautified Paris by obliterating slums and opening new thoroughfares, but was attacked in Parliament in 1869 for alleged mismanagement of the city finances. Subsequently Ferry became the most notable of Republican statesmen.

Of the others whom I have mentioned as interesting, Challemel-Lacour was an undoubted scholar, and has written on the German philosophers. The gossips credited him with a *liaison* when he was Ambassador in London, the other party being a French laundress. Whatever may have been his private life, Challemel-Lacour had both learning and intellect to recommend him. Like Ferry, he was a *républicain de gouvernement*.

Jules Grévy was a mere dryasdust lawyer, a commonplace speaker and writer in comparison with the others mentioned. He first seems to have entered into celebrity as a Republican in 1869, when he was returned for his native Jura, obtaining twenty-two thousand votes against the eleven thousand given to the Imperial candidate.

At that time other Republicans came into prominence. Henri Rochefort was already well known as the pamphleteer of the *Lanterne*. Peyrat, Delescluze, Challemel-Lacour, and several editors were tried for raising subscriptions for a monument to Baudin, a "victim of the Deux Decembre." They were defended by Emmanuel Arago, Gambetta, and several less-known lawyers. They were all con-

demned, and the Government included some of them in a second process which was chiefly aimed at M. Hébrard, of the *Temps*, and two other editors. M. Hébrard still lives a "prosperous gentleman." He is to be seen any day on the Boulevard des Italiens or at the office of his important newspaper. I once met him, and found him to be one of the most friendly of Frenchmen, and I do not think that any members of his efficient staff of writers and reporters can have serious grievances against him.

Another Republican who was to the front in those days was Charles Floquet, who subsequently went down in the Panama bubble, after having served the Republic faithfully for years. It was he who uttered the cry "Vive la Pologne Monsieur!" as one of the predecessors of the present Tsar of Russia was visiting the Palais de Justice of Paris.

Floquet, Ferry, Gambetta, Challemel-Lacour, and also Clemenceau and Rochefort, were very much to the front during the closing days of the Second Empire, but I find little mention anywhere of Jules Grévy, except in connection with his defeat of the Napoleonic candidate in the Jura in 1869.

He came forward with a vengeance in the eighties, shortly after I took up my residence permanently in Paris. So also did his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson, previously referred to as the "Glaswegian," owing to his Scottish ancestry. The gossips of those days had a good deal to say about Jules Grévy and M. Wilson's mother, as well as about M. Wilson himself and Madame Grévy. The Chief of the State, who

succeeded MacMahon, was popularly and also socially supposed to have married his cook when he was a struggling barrister, and before his connection with politics assisted him in occasionally securing fat briefs for guano and other commercial companies. Madame Grévy was known to the facetious as "Coralie," and there was a story sedulously circulated in Paris to the effect that she once playfully asked King George of Greece "how his Belle Hélène was getting on?"

M. Daniel Wilson was also frequently called the "Dauphin" in those days, as he married Mademoiselle Marguerite Grévy. He had belonged to the fast set in his youth, and was among those who took the Cora Pearls and the Fanny Howards of the time to supper at the celebrated Café Anglais on the Boulevard des Italiens, which G. A. Sala used to describe as a sepulchre, owing to its white frontage and rather monumental aspect. Those suppers at the Café Anglais have often been written about in books on Paris, and are still recalled occasionally in newspapers. There have been some livelier suppers under the Third Republic, notably one some years since, when a crowd of rich rakes had at table one night in a restaurant not far from the Café Anglais a bevy of *belles de nuit*, collected from the streets, and who, after they became intoxicated with champagne, behaved like furies let loose from hell. Some tried to dance among the glasses on the table, and others rushed madly around the room, as Hans Breitmann might say, "mid fery leetle on."

I must confess that I was rather sorry for Daniel Wilson's fall. I first met him at a boat race on the Seine, of which sporting event he was umpire and

adjudicator to the winners of the Sèvres cup offered by his father-in-law. He impressed me very favourably as he talked excellent English to Mr. G——, the English undertaker, who was one of the organisers of the race. Wilson was then a tall, brown-bearded and fair-haired man, who might pass for a German or Austrian. I saw him afterwards with M. de Blowitz, of the *Times*, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Washington statue in the Place des États-Unis, a Franco-American ceremony at which Mr. Levi Morton, then American Minister, not Ambassador, for that title was accorded later, presided. That was only a short time before M. Wilson had to retire from political life over the traffic in "decorations," and by reason of the fall of his father-in-law. He went to live with his children in the magnificent residence of his father-in-law in the Jena Avenue, a building constructed with the money made and saved by M. Grévy at the Elysée.

It was just before this period, in 1884, that I obtained a place in the Paris office of the *Daily Telegraph*, and became more in touch with events that were happening. Previously my contributions of the literary or journalistic order had been confined to papers such as the *Weekly Graphic*, for which, when Mr. Locker was editor, I wrote a good many articles on French life and events happening in France. It was through my old and valued friend, Herman Charles Merivale, that I obtained an introduction to Mr., afterwards Sir, Campbell Clarke, who had succeeded after an interval Felix Whitehurst as Paris Correspondent of the great daily of Peterborough Court.

I often wondered how I, an obscure Irishman, an adventurer, managed to enter the *Daily Telegraph* office in Paris. When I first came to London, a raw youth, with foolish ambitions, I tried to obtain employment on the *Telegraph*, but I might as well have asked for a well-paid sinecure in the Royal household. An editor with whom I had some dealings, having written occasionally for his weekly sheet, advised me to send an article to the *Telegraph* as a specimen of my art. That editor was, of course, fooling me to the top of my bent ; but, believing the man was serious, I wrote an article on the "Infallibility of the Pope," and sent it boldly to the *Telegraph*. My article was actually critical of an editorial which had appeared in the *Telegraph* on the same subject, namely "Papal Infallibility." Naturally, I received no invitation either to assist Mr., afterwards Sir, Edwin Arnold in editing the *Daily Telegraph* or even to become a "new man" among the reporters or "subs."

My false friend the editor of the weekly chuckled when he heard that I had sent an article on Papal Infallibility to Peterborough Court. I was disgusted both with him and with the editor of the *Telegraph*, and after knocking vainly at other doors, I gave up the idea of settling in London as a journalist or author, and did anything for a living.

It was strange that years after my discomfiture in Fleet Street my chance should come from the same great paper to which I had sent the unlucky ecclesiastical article, which has long been consigned to the waste-paper basket.

Herman Merivale, who was instrumental in getting

me work on the *Telegraph*, lived for some time at Eastbourne. I called on him for the purpose of writing something about his career as a dramatist for a local paper and for a London monthly. He gave me full particulars of his stage career, and I wrote them out. He had only some time previously been connected with the production of an adaptation from the French, and he was busily engaged in literary work, writing every week for the *Spectator*, besides doing articles for reviews.

Merivale introduced me to his estimable wife, who collaborated a good deal with him later on. To our mutual surprise Mrs. Merivale and I found that we were not only Irish, but that we came from the same town. After that I was a frequent visitor to Hazard Side, the name of Merivale's residence in the Sussex seaside town. When I told him that after a third ineffectual effort to obtain regular employment on a London paper, I proposed to return to Paris, and to do anything there that my hands could find to do, he at once offered to give me a letter to his old friend Campbell Clarke.

Nearly two years elapsed ere I availed myself of Merivale's kindness. I was in Paris working in a lawyer's office by day and writing for chance newspapers by night, when it occurred to me that it would be more profitable to seek permanent employment on a journal.

At that time a Mr. Chamberlain, who had been private secretary to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, founded a smart little daily in Paris called the *Morning News*. To this contributed some of the London Correspondents in Paris, notably J. Clifford

Millage of the *Chronicle*, Theodore Child of the *World* and the *Illustrated London News*, and who had formerly been working with Campbell Clarke on the *Telegraph*, Vandam of the *Globe*, and, I believe, Mr. Richard Whiteing, to whose book, "Living Paris," I added some pages for the edition prepared in view of the Exhibition of 1889. Joined with Mr. Chamberlain in the working of the *Morning News* was Mr. Ives, who had also been in the employment of Mr. J. G. Bennett.

I entered into negotiations for a place on the *Morning News*, and, to my delight, one day received a genial letter from Mr. Chamberlain asking me to walk round to his office. By the same post came a letter from Herman Merivale, telling me to go to see his friend Campbell Clarke at once. I hesitated between the two letters. Campbell Clarke I did not know then, and Chamberlain I had found to be an excellent fellow—one of those men, in fact, who are too good to be editors. After a few moments of indecision I made up my mind and saw Campbell Clarke, who engaged me to assist him and Mr. Ozanne at a good wage. I remained over twenty-two years in the Paris office of the *Daily Telegraph*, and have no reason to regret it. My dream, however, of a literary life was at an end, and I saw that it would be impossible to earn enough to keep me in Paris comfortably without binding myself to a regular daily routine.

As to Chamberlain, I never saw him again. Mr. Ives, I believe, is still an active journalist. As to the *Morning News* it only lasted about eight months, and then became amalgamated mysteriously

with the *American Register*, owned by Dr. Evans, the American dentist, who with some others helped the Empress Eugénie to reach Sir John Burgoyne's yacht, and to escape to England on the fall of the Second Empire. The little *News*, which was undoubtedly a bright paper, was killed by that mighty potentate in the newspaper world, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, when he founded the *Paris Herald*, one of the most newsy as well as one of the most entertaining journals ever printed. Chamberlain made a final effort to keep the *News* afloat on the strength of sixteen thousand francs borrowed from Mr. Levi Morton, the U.S. Minister already referred to, but the effort proved futile.

About the same period the once famous *Galignani's Messenger* received its death-stroke from the same source. *Galignani* lingered, but only in a consumptive state, for several years after it passed from the heirs of the two brothers who founded it into the hands of Mr. Bennett and others. Mr. Bennett gave it up; it returned to the Galignani family, represented by M. Jeancourt, who continued to direct it in connection with the library and shop, but again transferred it, this time to the Horatio Bottomley group. It was also for a time in the hands of Messrs. Sewell and Maugham, the English solicitors of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and I believe it numbered then among its contributors the author of "'Lisa of Lambeth" and other notable novels, W. Somerset Maugham. Finally *Galignani* changed title and was conducted for several years by various proprietors as *The Daily Messenger*, the last editor being Mr. R. Lane, who subsequently became manager of the

Paris *Daily Mail*. *Galignani* had long been a landmark in the British colony in Paris. At one time it had contributors such as Edward King and Theodore Staunton, Americans, and Englishmen, among whom may be mentioned Theodore Child, E. H. Barker, author of "Wanderings by Southern Waters," now British Vice-Consul at Tréport, and H. F. Wood, of the *Morning Advertiser*, who wrote the "Passenger from Scotland Yard," "The Englishman of the Rue Cain," and a valuable book on Egypt. One of the contributors to *Galignani* was also Mr. Thomas Longhurst, of the *Economist*, who may claim to be the oldest British inhabitant of Paris, for he joined the firm of Messrs. Galignani far back in the fifties. The Galignanis, as is pretty well known, were Italians from Brescia, who, after a career as couriers in the old days before Messrs. Cook were in business, settled in Paris, opened the library and bookshop of the Rue de Rivoli, which has been patronised by many celebrities, English and French, and founded their daily newspaper, then a boon to travellers on the Continent.

I wrote once for *Galignani*, but not in prose. It was a brief funeral dirge on the occasion of the death of the survivor of the two "brave Brescians," as they were called in the *Standard*. It was published over my initials, and caused a slight uproar among certain British colonists, who resented my audacity in trying to pose as what they were pleased to call a poet. Shortly afterwards I applied, audaciously, for the second time, for a post on *Galignani*, but was told amiably the old, old story, that there was no vacancy on the staff. I afterwards learned from my friend E. H. Barker,

already referred to, and who was for a long time on the *Galignani* staff, with his friend Mr. Galigan, an interesting Irishman from Leeds, that the way to get on the paper was "to make yourself a nuisance until they engaged you." This recipe was given to Mr. Barker by the old correspondent of the *Standard* in Paris, Mr. Hely Bowes, who with his father had been connected with the paper founded by the "brave Brescians" in the days when Thackeray, Dickens, and Wilkie Collins were temporary residents in Paris.

I must not forget to mention that no less a person than Thackeray was once a sub-editor on *Galignani*. In a letter written by the author of "Pendennis" to Mrs. Brookfield, dated November, 1848, he says: "I am glad to see among the new inspectors in the 'Gazette' in this morning's papers my old acquaintance, Longueville Jones, an excellent, worthy, lively, accomplished fellow, whom I like the better because he threw up his fellow and tutorship at Cambridge in order to marry on nothing a year. We worked on *Galignani's Messenger* for ten francs a day, very cheerfully, ten years ago, since when he has been a schoolmaster, taken pupils, or bid for them, and battled manfully with fortune." According to a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it was twelve and not ten years before the writing of that letter that Thackeray had been one of the two sub-editors on the "little quarto newspaper no bigger than an old-fashioned sheet of letter-paper." *Galignani* was certainly a very small sheet then, as may be seen from an inspection of the files in the old offices in the Rue de Rivoli. It subsequently attained the size of an ordinary modern daily newspaper.

It was, doubtless, while connected with *Galignani* that Thackeray gained experience for his "Paris Sketch Book" and the immortal "Ballad of Bouillabaisse." The tavern and the "New Street of the Little Fields" would be near Galignani's offices. The "hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes" was no doubt good. I have had better *Bouillabaisse* so far as variety of fish went, in Paris than in Marseilles. In the latter place they give lobster, *rouget de Marseille*, and a few bits of small shell-fish. In Paris you get bits of fish from northern as well as southern waters, and also lobster and mussels. The garlic flavouring is better in Marseilles, as the *ail* of the *midi* is superior to that sold in the north. The fashionable place for *Bouillabaisse* at Marseilles is at Roubion's, on the Corniche, but I have had it as good at Pascal's and at places on the quays.

Still alluding to Thackeray, I must record here that he was supposed to have also been a frequenter of the Café de Londres, near the Madeleine. I was taken there once by the late J. Clifford Millage, who knew Paris well. We tasted some Scotch whisky which, according to Millage, had been in the cellars of the café since the time of Thackeray.

CHAPTER V

La haute politique—The Egyptian Question—The Near East—Mr. Lavino and Russia—M. de Blowitz saves France—The real importance of M. de Blowitz—His remarkable position—Bismarck and Ferry—Bits of big news—The fall of Ferry.

WHEN I joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* in Paris in March, 1884, what is known as *la haute politique* was in the ascendant. I was not engaged to write on political subjects of an international character, but to watch home politics, to be present at Communist or Anarchist meetings, and to take my turn at the theatres when Mr. Campbell Clarke was unable to attend the production of new plays. The work was constant and absorbing, and it soon made me think that I had no past and no future. I felt that I had always been at it, that I had never had any parents, and that I had received no education whatever. Campbell Clarke was a most courteous man, but he sometimes contrived to make those with him feel that they were utter and absolute nonentities. And this was done without any hectoring, blustering, or arrogance.

In those years of pure hack work I again learned a good deal. My wandering life in early years had brought me into touch with all conditions of men,

and I attained to a very considerable knowledge of human nature, which, despite what some of the psychologists say, is at bottom much the same. It is actuated by the same impulses in France and England, as well as elsewhere, although it may be true that, as Mr. Henry James remarks somewhere in "The Tragic Muse," "a poor man does not believe anything in the same way that a rich man does."

Now, in a new atmosphere, I began to see how things were worked in France more closely than before. For about four years after joining the *Telegraph* staff in Paris I had, in order to watch home politics, to attend the Chamber of Deputies nearly every day. In the late afternoon I returned to the office of the *Telegraph*, then in the Place de l'Opéra, wrote out a report on the business in the Chamber, and assisted in clearing off the events of the day. When I reached home after midnight, I realised that I was earning my money.

If I had not to deal directly with the *haute politique*, I began to learn a good deal about it through occasionally condensing articles from the *Temps* and the *Débats*. These condensations or analyses were to follow the more or less original remarks of the chief Correspondent. In this way I became a small authority on the Egyptian Question, for instance, which was paramount then. I felt proud in knowing something about the "Law of Liquidation," and could criticise its defects, notably as regards the provision by which it was enacted that if in any year the revenues assigned to the bond-holders should fail to cover the interest on the debt, the balance should be taken from the revenues at the disposal of the Treasury, the adminis-

tration being thus jeopardised, as it ran the risk of collapse if called upon to provide for any extraordinary outlay.

Although never in Egypt, I was able to keep before my mind's eye in connection with the financial state of the country in 1884 the Kharadji lands and the Ushuri lands, the former being taxed up to a certain extent by the administration, while the others given to Moslems were only liable to the tithes prescribed by the Koran. The Egyptian Question was dealt with almost daily at that time by the brothers Charmes, who wrote for the *Débats*, while in England then, as now, the leading authority was Mr. E. Dicey, C.B. Mr. Dicey, who was then editor of the *Observer*, was a frequent visitor to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Clarke, as they were known then. I last saw Mr. Dicey in Paris when he was specially commissioned by his old friend, Sir Edward Lawson, now Lord Burnham, to attend the funeral of the Duc d'Aumale.

Events in Egypt were, however, overshadowed in 1884 by the still higher politics of the nearer East. The Balkan Peninsula was in the thoughts of every politician, and speculations were afloat as to the designs of Russia, as well as of Prince Bismarck, who was hatching surprises for France. Russia was well watched at that time by Mr. William Lavino, then Correspondent of the *Telegraph* at Vienna, whither he went after an apprenticeship under Campbell Clarke, and who has since obtained the succession of the celebrated M. de Blowitz. Mr. Lavino was for about two years in the Paris office of the *Telegraph*, and I use the term "apprenticeship" advisedly,

for Campbell Clarke, although in later years he did not follow politics closely, was at one time a good authority on international problems. He was, moreover, in touch with many ambassadors and diplomatists, and could have held his own with M. de Blowitz had he the special ambition and the spasmodic energy of that noted journalist, as well as his incentives to keep to constant work. M. de Blowitz, it must be remembered, was not a rich man, whereas Campbell Clarke was a member of the family of the chief of the paper which he represented in Paris.

While Mr. Lavino was thus watching Russia from his vantage-ground in Vienna, we in Paris kept our eyes on Bismarck and on the storm clouds drifting over France from Germany. These, as is well known, rolled temporarily away while Jules Ferry was at the Quai d'Orsay as French Foreign Minister.

There had been ominous mutterings of war ever since 1875. That epoch, its alarms, the scare at the time were ably dealt with by M. de Blowitz, who was much chaffed, then and after, for his seemingly bombastic claims to an influence on the events that were happening. He even asserted to have had a hand in averting the danger from France. There was a story current at the time that leading Frenchmen and French women used to say to the *Times* Correspondent, "Blowitz, save us, save everybody, save France," and then they hugged the little man who was supposed to be both omnipotent and omniscient. The publication of the Hohenlohe memoirs has shown that M. de Blowitz was closely identified with the events of 1875. The entry alluding to his

intervention is worth quoting. Referring to a meeting between Prince Hohenlohe and M. de Blowitz in May, 1875, at a soirée given by the Duc Décazes, French Foreign Minister, when the *Times* Correspondent intimated that he was about to "write an article" on the prevailing anxieties, the memoirs state: "He [Blowitz] has not paid any regard to my objections because, as I have since learned, he was convinced that by frankly describing the prevalent anxieties he would evoke a reply in the form of declarations which would help to establish peace. But he has gone further than he told me that he intended to go. His line of argument, which in conversation bore an impartial character, has become what I warned him that it might become, an attack upon Germany. The editorial department of the *Times* received his article on May 5th, and then telegraphed to various Correspondents on the Continent for information on the points discussed in Blowitz's despatch, and perhaps also London politicians were consulted. It was only when, as the *Times* believed, it had convinced itself of the accuracy of Blowitz's statements that it had the article printed. . . . It was a tactless performance in the French interest invented by Blowitz, by which he thought that he was doing good and that he was working in the cause of the peace of Europe."

This shows the intervention of M. de Blowitz in the events of the year 1875 pretty clearly. No French or English journalist could have done what Blowitz did then. There are numerous references to him in these Hohenlohe pages of revelations, and they show his importance in Europe. It was no wonder that the French journalists resented his

influence, for he made them horribly jealous, one of his chief enemies being the Bonapartist champion, Paul de Cassagnac. Towards his declining days the French journalists sat in judgment on the once powerful Correspondent of the *Times*, and resented his naturalisation as a Frenchman. He was repudiated as the most bitter enemy of France in Europe and the representative of the "*Journal de la Cité*," as many Frenchmen term the *Times*, was practically excommunicated with journalistic bell, book and candle in April, 1895.

I propose to refer later on to this most remarkable man whom I met on several occasions in Paris and other places, and whom I saw when he was at the zenith of his prestige, a "great personage," as the French used to say, as well in his decline when his eyesight was failing and shortly before the time when on a bed of sickness he remarked to those around that "his little dog could be poisoned and sent out of life, but that such a process was impossible in his own case."

The clouds gathering since 1875 were, as I have said, scattered temporarily during Jules Ferry's stay at the Quai d'Orsay. Strangely enough, the first news of the proposed *rapprochement* between France and Germany did not emanate from the office of the *Times* in Paris, but from that of the *Daily Telegraph*. This period is also referred to in the Hohenlohe memoirs. In August, 1884, the Prince says about the Franco-German *rapprochement* under the auspices of Ferry, "In the West African question there will be common action as likewise with regard to various Egyptian questions, such as the quarantine,

the Suez Canal, the Liquidation Commission," &c. In the same memoirs it is also written that in November, 1884, Prince Hohenlohe had an audience of the old Emperor William, who spoke of the good relations with France and smiled. The old Emperor also sent his greetings to Ferry, "of whom he had a high opinion." "I was to say to Ferry," writes Prince Hohenlohe, "that we did not desire a quarrel between England and France. Just let Gladstone go on," &c.

Bismarck was fooling Ferry at the same time, and a few years before the *rapprochement* was discussed he had said to Prince Hohenlohe at Varzin that Germany must wish France every success in Africa, so that her attention might be drawn away from the Rhine, and he subsequently said cynically Germany could quietly look on when the English and the French locomotives anywhere came into collision."

The first news of this *rapprochement*, under which Jules Ferry volunteered to get the question of the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine shelved in return for advantages from Germany, a proceeding which brought great trouble on his head subsequently from the Patriotic League of Paul Déroulède, came, as I said, from the *Daily Telegraph* office in Paris.

This is how it happened. One morning Mr. Ozanne and I were walking on the Boulevard des Capucines when we met Herr Singer, a once well-known man in Paris. He was then Correspondent of the *New Free Press*, which he left to take over the editorship of the Vienna *Tagblatt*. Herr Singer was patronised a good deal at this time by Jules Ferry. He was even more friendly with that



Photo]

[Foulsham & Banfield

M. DE BLOWITZ ON THE WAY TO HIS OFFICE.

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statesman than M. de Blowitz himself. Singer told Ozanne and myself quite freely and generously that he had just seen Ferry, who spoke about the projected *rapprochement* with Germany. Mr. Ozanne telegraphed the news to London that night, and it caused an enormous sensation at the time.

That was what has since been termed in Trans-atlantic phrase a "scoop" or a "beat." We had another "scoop" of the same sort, and this I was able to claim for myself. Mr. John M. Le Sage telegraphed from London one morning asking if it were true that the French troops had suffered reverses in Tonkin. Mr. Campbell Clarke was away at the time, and the telegram was opened by Mr. Ozanne. He consulted with me on the matter, asked if I knew anybody who could enlighten us, and so on. There was not a word about the French reverses in any of the newspapers. It was useless to apply to the Foreign Office, so I went straight to the American Legation, now an Embassy, where I had a friend, and obtained there the information that I wanted. The French had been defeated, and Jules Ferry had expressed his anxiety as to the safety of the troops and the results of the campaign.

Going back to the *Telegraph* office, I communicated my intelligence to Mr. Ozanne, who sent it over in a brief but pregnant despatch, in which there was no beating around the bush or semi-diplomatic "bluff." The news was there in a nutshell. The French had been defeated and the Foreign Minister, M. Jules Ferry, was in a state of anxiety. That bit of information resounded through Europe next morning. It thrilled the Bourses of Paris, Berlin,

and Vienna, and sent a shiver through the Stock Exchange of London. French Rentes fell, and there was almost a panic. Had we been as some of our French colleagues, who have a keen scent for finance, we might have realised a good sum out of our news. M. Vervoort, a spasmodic writer for the Press, once said that there were two sorts of journalists, "those who did the dead dogs and those who did good business"—"Ceux qui font les chiens crêvés, et ceux qui font des affaires." The "dead dogs" was an allusion to Villemessant's saying after he founded the *Figaro*, that the Parisians took more interest in a dog run over and crushed on the boulevards than on events happening elsewhere.

In this instance of the news about the French reverse in Tonkin Mr. Ozanne and myself remained strictly on the honourable side and did no "business," although we had shaken the Bourses. The affair also led to a question in the Chamber from no less a person than M. Clemenceau, Ferry's formidable opponent, and it caused some uneasiness to M. de Blowitz. In the meantime the French went from bad to worse in Tonkin, and Jules Ferry had to resign in the early part of 1885 owing to the Langson disaster.



Photo]

JULES FERRY.

[*Petit*

CHAPTER VI

At the Chamber of Deputies—The Fenians in Paris—James Stephens and Eugene Davis—The “resources of civilisation”—The Irish Ambassador—The trial of Madame Clovis Hugues—The tragedy in a newspaper office—Victor Hugo’s death and funeral—Pasteur and his rabbits—My meetings with Pasteur—His views on Gladstone and Parnell—My meeting with M. Clemenceau—Mrs. Crawford, Mr. Cremer, and M. Clemenceau—M. Clemenceau then and now—M. Clemenceau and M. Jaurès.

THE news sent from the Paris office of the *Daily Telegraph* relative to the difficulties surrounding Jules Ferry, and also the information as to that statesman’s efforts to bring about an *entente cordiale*, to use an expression much heard of in these days, with Germany, caused, as I have said, a good deal of commotion throughout Europe. The French journalists, jealous as usual, wrote, according to their custom, *at* the foreign Correspondents, whom they described as going about periodically from Embassy to Embassy, and from Legation to Legation, begging or cadging for news. It was utterly useless on my part to remind these people that foreign Correspondents did not always have to beg for bits of news at the Foreign Office or at the Embassies, but that they got information, as I had

done, from a sure and friendly source, that my bit of intelligence, which had shaken the Bourses and the Stock Exchange, was given to me for my own use and to oblige me.

The unkindest cut of all was when my chief, Campbell Clarke, returning from London, seemed to object to the remarkable activity displayed and the success achieved by Mr. Ozanne and myself during his absence. I can understand now why he objected, but at that time I had no intention whatever of doing anything over his head, and was innocent of the guiles of journalism. I went straight for information out of a sense of duty to the paper. I was not at that time experienced enough to realise the difficulties with which a second or third Correspondent of the leading papers has to cope with in Paris. I bought the experience dearly afterwards, both inside and outside the office of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Just before Jules Ferry's fall in the early part of 1885 my colleague, Mr. Ozanne, was sent to Berlin for the Congo Conference. Then ensued for me a period of extra hard work, under which I would assuredly have broken down had I been a weaker man. At the time I might have been called the "shadow" or the "skeleton," owing to my thin and almost cadaverous appearance. Outwardly weak-looking, I was possessed of an inward fund of strength which carried me through everything.

I had to attend the office in the morning at eleven o'clock to talk over, or rehearse as it were, what was to be done during the day. At twelve I lunched, and was at the Chamber of Deputies, one of the dreariest places that a Correspondent has to keep in touch with,

by two o'clock. At four in the afternoon I had to begin writing so as to have a good deal of copy ready by six o'clock. At seven in the evening I dined, returning to the office at half-past eight o'clock and remaining there until midnight, and sometimes later.

This sort of life was rendered less monotonous by a few events of some interest which commanded my attention. One was the expulsion of the Fenians from Paris, and the other was the trial of Madame Clovis Hugues, wife of the poet who imitates Victor Hugo, and who is also a politician. This lady had riddled with revolver bullets a man who had defamed her.

To take the Fenians first, it must be stated that Paris had harboured for some years several men who had been connected with the troubles in Ireland in 1866 or thereabouts. Foremost among these was James Stephens, who had been known as the "Head Centre" of the Fenian brotherhood, and who sought shelter in Paris, where he lived in a very humble way. After him came Eugene Davis, a rather interesting man, who was a writer of excellent verse and a good journalist. Davis had been an ecclesiastical student in youth, but showed very little of the ecclesiastical spirit in his manhood. He it was, I believe, who first referred to dynamite as among "the resources of civilisation." There were other Fenians, or alleged Fenians, in Paris then gravitating around the greater "brothers" Stephens and Davis.

These men were in the habit of meeting at the Irish-American bar, near the Madeleine, a long-vanished establishment, and at a cheaper place of refreshment in a street off the Faubourg St. Honoré, known as the "Irish Ambassador's." The "Ambassador," or

landlord, was a genuine Irishman, and kept a genuine "shebeen" for the sale of wine, whisky, and beer to ostlers, to servants, and to the Irish of various categories who patronised his bar.

The dynamite explosions in the Houses of Parliament at Westminster in 1885 caused some activity among Scotland Yard detectives, some of whom, including, I believe, Mr. Melville, recently retired, were sent to Paris to watch the movements of the Fenians, or supposed Fenians, there.

As a matter of fact the so-called Fenians in Paris were perfectly quiet if not harmless. Stephens was an old man who wanted to smoke his pipe in peace, while Eugene Davis and the rest did more talking than acting.

J. C. Millage, then Correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, began to write sensational paragraphs about the "Fenians in Paris," "Meetings of the Clan-na-Gael," and so on. It was this that attracted the attention of Scotland Yard, and the result was that the French Government expelled Stephens, Davis, and some of the others from Paris, where they had their homes. Stephens went to Brussels, where he died, after having received help from Ireland through the instrumentality of Mr. Dwyer Gray, the former director of the *Freeman's Journal*. Davis went to Geneva, where he also died, and no more was heard of Fenians in Paris. Through Millage's sensational paragraphs I was also led into the trap, and believed temporarily that the Fenians were holding meetings in all sorts of places. It was the "Irish Ambassador" who first informed me that there were no Fenian hole-and-corner or any other

sort of meetings in Paris, and that the reports circulated about such assemblies were only for "scare" purposes. The real or alleged Fenians in Paris were enjoying the joke immensely, and were glad of the attention directed to them by the newspapers, but they were of a different opinion when they received notice to quit French territory within twenty-four hours. At that time Lord Lyons was British Ambassador. His rival and neighbour, the "Irish Ambassador," was, as well as I can remember, a Mr. Cullen, and he was by no means a patrician.

The next event which I had to deal with after the expulsion of the Fenians was the vengeance of Madame Clovis Hugues, wife of the poet-deputy. A man named Morin, who lived in the same house as the lady, was said to have circulated very scandalous reports about Madame Hugues. She heard this and, armed with a revolver, met Morin on the staircase. Before he could escape the man was peppered with bullets. He was carried to hospital, where I saw him at night, a terrible object to behold. I telegraphed to London a full account of the tragedy, and next day was surprised to find that Reuter's Correspondent and some of the others had made Madame Hugues kill Morin straight off. As I had been to the hospital late at night I knew that this was not the case. The man lingered for nearly a week in the most terrible pain, and then died.

The next excitement arose over the trial of Madame Hugues. That event gave me a good deal of trouble. It continued all day and all night, and in the meantime there was a fearful shooting tragedy in the offices of the Communist newspaper, *Le Cri du Peuple*.

I had to deal with the two events, as my chief was busy watching the rehearsal and production of a new opera by Charles Gounod.

By dint of writing all the afternoon after having been at the Palais de Justice in the morning, I sent long accounts of the trial and of the newspaper office tragedy across the wire. Then I had to remain up all night for the verdict, which I heard read out at two o'clock in the morning at the Palais. I had to take a cab across the river to the night telegraph office of the Bourse, and found waiting there J. C. Millage of the *Chronicle* and Harry Meltzer of the *New York Herald*, who attacked me for the result of the trial, which I gave them.

The tragedy in the newspaper office was of less importance than the trial, especially as nobody was dangerously hurt. Two brothers, police officials, had burst into the *Cri du Peuple* office to obtain satisfaction for a libel on their mother. They fired at everybody and anybody in the editorial rooms and then departed. The *Cri du Peuple* was for some years directed by Jules Vallès, the Communist, who died about the time of the tragedy in his office. He was assisted in his editorial work by a lady journalist of celebrity, who had a monumental dispute with Henri Rochefort after the Boulangist epoch, when most of the people who had been in the circle of that unlucky agitator, General Boulanger, quarrelled with one another.

A very notable event which happened in the year 1885 was the death of Victor Hugo, whom I never met and never wanted to meet. To me he was always one of the over-rated and over-boomed category of

celebrities. I used to enjoy some of his best poetry, but I remembered and realised that he was called by Amiel "half genius, half charlatan." Mr. Swinburne, of course, wrote about him in the deep dithyrambic vein, as he wrote about the minor poet, Théophile Gautier. Yet, in spite of all the incessant booming of Hugo and his work, the poet did not leave the large fortune behind that was expected. People used to talk about the millions of francs realised by the sale of his volumes of poetry and fiction, but, as a matter of fact, the estate was worth comparatively little.

Hugo's death in 1885 was preceded by about a fortnight's illness, which kept the French reporters and the foreign Correspondents on the alert. It was a most trying time for the men of the Press, who had to be ringing at the door of the poet's private residence every hour for news of the dying man. Meltzer of the *New York Herald* and a few others lived practically day and night in a second-class café, or rather tavern, immediately opposite the house. I had to drive out to the place from time to time, and before going home at night I had to call at the office of the *Rappel* newspaper, which was conducted by Auguste Vacquerie, one of the family of the poet, and who with Paul Meurice, was long the guardian of the great man's memory. Vacquerie's attitude towards Hugo was that of a devoted slave and consummate flatterer. It was hard to know if he really believed that the *maître* was the heaven-inspired, semi-celestial being that he seemed to regard him, or an ordinary literary man, gifted with the power of writing occasionally fine and fiery rhetoric in verse. Anyhow, Vacquerie took Hugo carefully for his model and wrote a drama, "Tragal-

dabas," on the lines of "Le Roi S'Amuse" or "Hernani." Vacquerie was also in permanent attendance on the master, and as a Lord Chamberlain regulated the exits and entrances of visitors at the poet's private residence in the avenue which bears his name. This Vacquerie was one of the most persevering "first nighters" in Paris. Just like Francisque Sarcey, he attended "*premières*" almost down to the night before he died. As in the case of Sarcey, too, he caught a chill on leaving the theatre, and in a few hours was in his coffin.

The funeral of Victor Hugo was grandiose, like the poet's verse and prose. It was on the same scale as the previous funerals of Thiers and Gambetta. Traffic in Paris was suspended for a whole day. Seats were put up all along the route of the cortège from the Arc de Triomphe to the Panthéon. Troops were out, the Arc de Triomphe, Hugo's "*monceau de pierres*," was draped in black, tokens of mourning were displayed outside the Government buildings, and there was a band of sable drapery across the front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, although the poet was buried without Church rites. Half Paris turned out in evening dress—the official garb—on the day of the funeral, and the bands of men in white shirts and ties, shiny tall hats, and clawhammer coats, following the bier, were innumerable. Many of these people, it is safe to say, had never read a line of Hugo's prose or poetry. They only knew him as the politician, the exile who had suffered under the Second Empire, and who was one of the supporters of the new régime which was to give liberty, equality, and fraternity. They accordingly mustered in their thousands, displayed their banners,



LOUIS PASTEUR

To face p. 67.

and marched to the Panthéon, there to see the “*proscrit*” put to rest among the great men of the country. For my part, I was very glad when Victor Hugo’s funeral was over ; and I had to undergo so much fatigue and annoyance on the occasion that I have never since read a line of the poet’s works, except once when, at Naples, I chanced to find his fine lines on that delightful place, “aux bords embaumés où le printemps s’arrête.”

The next event of any importance with which I was in touch was the discovery of a cure for hydrophobia by Louis Pasteur. This caused a great stir in England, and, as usual, we had a whip from Mr. J. M. Le Sage, informing us that Mr. Lawson would like somebody to go from the Paris office to see M. Pasteur in his laboratory. The *Daily Telegraph* was in advance then, as well as on other occasions of interest. I was deputed to go to M. Pasteur’s with Dr. De Lacy Evans, who had brought over with him a London artisan who had been bitten by a mad dog. M. Pasteur received us with the utmost affability at his laboratory attached to the Normal School in the Rue d’Ulm.

When I went there with Dr. De Lacy Evans and the English patient we found the place crowded with people. Prominent among these were half a dozen Russian peasants who had been mauled by wolves, and were sent for treatment to the Pasteur Institute. Strictly speaking, the Pasteur Institute was a subsequent foundation, but the place in the Rue d’Ulm was known by that name until the newer and larger establishment was founded in a neighbouring district. Most of the people whom I saw awaiting inoculation at Pasteur’s were of the poorest category. Pasteur

himself was present at all the inoculations. These he never made himself, not being, as he was careful to assure us, a doctor of medicine, but only a chemist. The inoculations or injections were made accordingly by a qualified medical man under the supervision of the discoverer of the vaccine. After the inoculations M. Pasteur sent us into the laboratory, where we saw the rabbits put under chloroform and injected with the sort of *bouillon* from which the serum was made. This was a painful sight, and M. Pasteur had to answer afterwards the objections of the anti-vivisectionists, who used to accuse him of cruelty.

Louis Pasteur, who made the poor dumb creatures suffer for the benefit of humanity, was one of the most urbane men whom it has been my fortune to meet. I saw him on several occasions at the Rue d'Ulm, and he usually talked about English politics, being an especial admirer of Mr. Gladstone, whose public career he followed with great interest. M. Pasteur also asked me many questions about Home Rule for Ireland, and about the Irish Party and its leader, Mr. Parnell, who was at that time prominent, and whose movements were as much discussed on the Continent by Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians as they were in Great Britain and Ireland.

Parnell was especially known in Paris, whither he had come to place some of the funds of his party in the bank of the Messrs. Munro. He was piloted through Paris by Patrick Egan, by Mr. James O'Kelly, who had once served in the French Foreign Legion, and by Henri Rochefort. The Irish leader was lionised for some weeks in Paris, and his presence there had served to lend interest to his cause. M.

Pasteur, as I judged from my conversations with him, regarded Parnell in the light of an O'Connell, for whom, as a Catholic, he had a sincere admiration.

After my first meeting with M. Pasteur in the Rue d'Ulm, the usual long report of the event appeared in the *Telegraph*. It seemed as if the editor of that great paper had "discovered" the savant, and there was a rush of other newspaper correspondents to see the wonder-worker of the Rue d'Ulm. M. Pasteur's laboratory was invaded day by day by dozens of journalists. Two or three of these tried to monopolise the celebrity, and to make out that only what they recorded about him was the real truth. Then those who found that they were not the first in the field began to challenge the value and the efficacy of the Pasteur treatment in cases of hydrophobia, and force was lent to the challenge owing to the deaths of some of the poor persons who had been inoculated with the serum. Neither this nor the attacks of the anti-vivisectionists damaged the reputation of M. Pasteur, who has taken a place among the benefactors of humanity. He received all the honours that his country could give, his work was appreciated and applauded abroad as well as at home, and his death caused universal regret.

Not long after my first meeting with M. Pasteur in the Rue d'Ulm, I was brought very close to M. Clemenceau, who now, in his old age, is regarded as the strongest statesman of the time. I used to hear him in the Chamber of Deputies tearing Jules Ferry's policy to pieces in his usual trenchant and sardonic way. By a mere chance I came face to face with him in his editorial snuggery at the offices of the *Justice*, in

the Rue Montmartre. That paper, notable only for the leading articles of M. Clemenceau and M. Pelletan, has been many years dead. It never had any news, and no one ever saw anybody connected with it except the two writers whom I have just mentioned. Camille Pelletan, son of a famous father, Eugène Pelletan, who was one of the most strenuous adversaries of the Second Empire, was then known as the "lieutenant of M. Clemenceau." He played second fiddle to his leader in the Chamber and in the columns of the ponderous and gloomy *Justice*. Pelletan has nearly equalled his old leader since then, and was the most entertaining Minister of Marine that the world has ever beheld. He was at one time currently reported to be under the rigid rule of an exacting mistress, but he surprised everybody by marrying a simple and unsophisticated school-teacher while he was head of the Naval Department. The couple spent their honeymoon cruising about the Mediterranean on a battleship, which Pelletan, in his capacity as Minister, borrowed from the State, and was duly denounced by his enemies for having done so.

Both M. Clemenceau and M. Pelletan started a ferocious campaign in the *Justice* in 1887, when President Grévy wanted to form the Rouvier-Fallières Cabinet with the co-operation of Baron de Mackau, the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, and other Conservatives, who were to receive compensation for their services. The whirligig of time has brought about a notable change, for in 1906 Messrs. Pelletan and Clemenceau supported the Rouvier Cabinet and backed the candidature of M. Fallières for the Presidency of the Republic.

Before I record my impressions of M. Clemenceau on coming into close quarters with him for the first time, I must transcribe a brief passage concerning him when he was editor of the *Justice* first, and of the *Aurore* afterwards. It is from that impetuous writer, M. Urbain Gohier, once a Royalist, then an ardent defender of Alfred Dreyfus, and since an independent, who lashes ferociously the men with whom he co-operated in the tempestuous campaign for the liberation of the prisoner of Devil's Island. M. Urbain Gohier had far better opportunities of knowing M. Clemenceau than I or any other foreign correspondent in Paris, including even the clever and indefatigable Mrs. Emily Crawford.

Says Gohier: "The first time that I saw M. Clemenceau closely was in the offices of the *Justice* one evening when there was a financial crisis. I found myself in a dark hole where a lot of shady-looking persons were whispering to one another mysteriously. From a neighbouring room I could hear sounds of voices. I imagined myself to be in the house of Bancal while Fualdès was having his throat cut. I subsequently learned how far my sinister impression was just. . . ." I cannot give any more of M. Gohier's passage at this point, as he hints darkly at a case of assassination of the mediæval kind. Of M. Clemenceau at the *Aurore*, Gohier says: "At the *Aurore*, where I was the neighbour of M. Clemenceau, his personality interested me deeply. With all his vices, he was very superior to the crowd of mob-orators and back-of-the-shop lot. Nothing equals his haughtiness, his audacity, the cynicism of his ingratitude, and

his egotism. He was doing work for Dreyfus. I was trying to utilise circumstances and to bring on the necessary revolution. We might have lived side by side indefinitely, but money began to fail. M. Clemenceau walked out of the office within the twenty-four hours rather than agree to any reduction of his fees, and the other 'copy merchants' walked out after him." This expression "*marchands de copie*" is also sometimes "*marchands de prose*."

My first impressions of M. Clemenceau were not of the sinister cast. I was introduced to the office of the *Justice* by Mr. Randall Cremer, M.P., who was over in Paris with Mr. Thomas Burt and others of the Peace Arbitration Society. I had been attending their meetings in the Tivoli - Vauxhall, a music and dancing saloon near the Place de la République. Mr. Cremer told me that he and his friends were going to meet M. Clemenceau in his editorial offices, and he asked me to accompany them. It was on a Sunday evening, about half-past ten o'clock. The interior of the bureaux was undoubtedly dark, as M. Gohier says, but I have seen darker and more sinister-looking newspaper offices in France and England.

On ascending the stairs I met Mr. Cremer, who ushered me into M. Clemenceau's sanctum. The great man had not yet arrived from the country, where he had been enjoying what is known in the twentieth century as a "week-end." Inside the sanctum were Mr. Cremer's colleagues of the Peace Arbitration Society and on a lounge sat Mrs. Emily Crawford, then acting, with her husband, for the *Daily News*.

M. Clemenceau was just as I had seen him before in the Chamber of Deputies—alert, dapper always, but not aggressive. He put down his cigar on the table at which he sat, and listened while Mr. Cremer spoke a few words about the Peace Arbitration Society, its objects, and its prospects. M. Clemenceau then stood up and replied to Mr. Cremer in English such as I have heard very few Frenchmen command. Although he must have learned it when he was in New York, living chiefly by giving lessons in French, there was no trace of the American accent. Every word came out clearly, every sentence told. M. Clemenceau was at heart with the peacemakers, but he reminded Mr. Cremer and his colleagues that France had to keep her frontiers in a state of defence, and that a standing army was as necessary for her as the bread of life for her sons. He said practically the same thing at a provincial banquet only recently in 1906.

After his excellent speech in English, the dapper man with the cannon-ball head and the brush-like moustache turning grey sat down and chatted amiably with those around him. I came away from the *Justice* offices most favourably impressed by the Radical leader, his excellent English, which was a surprise to me, ringing in my ears. And now, M. Clemenceau—the *homme sinistre* of the Royalists, the Vendean of the *nouveau bocage*, whose father was a Jacobin and was arrested at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*; the former disciple of Blanqui, whose motto was “Ni Dieu, ni maître”; the man who saluted Gambetta as the rising hope of Republicanism, and afterwards abandoned and attacked him; who discovered General Boulanger, and who

was for years under a cloud owing to his connection with Cornelius Herz—is Prime Minister of France, with General Picquart, the strenuous champion of M. Dreyfus, as his War Minister.

The event coincided with the partial conquest of the air by M. Santos Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, who won the Archdeacon prize. The Brazilian may fly higher still, and so may M. Clemenceau. If this latter *arriviste* retains his robust health he may reach the Elysée, like Thiers, Casimir-Perier, Loubet, and Fallières, who were also Presidents of the Council. M. Clemenceau has seen exactly forty-two Cabinets formed and overturned since the 4th of September, 1870. He overturned not a few of these Cabinets himself, and it has to be seen now how long he will be able, or be allowed, to last. He has a formidable rival in M. Jaurès. The two had an oratorical duel in the Chamber over the strikes in June, 1906. M. Clemenceau's sentences clicked, as always, like pistols and cut like rapiers. M. Jaurès was not so rhetorical, florid, and flamboyant as usual. He was easily beaten, however, by his calm, scientific, and satirical opponent, and he will not forget it. Other and more serious opponents than M. Jaurès are in waiting, and M. Clemenceau will need all his ability as a statesman to face them. For these, trenchant satire, acid aphorisms, biting epigrams, and those verbal "darts flung by a dexterous and ever-youthful hand," as M. Jaurès said in the debate just referred to, will not suffice. The new French President of the Council must use against his more formidable adversaries much stronger and more effective weapons. Why, it may well be asked, was not



Photo]

JEAN JAURÈS.

[*Press Picture Agency*

this commanding man, this master of phrases such as the French love, this versatile artist, a Minister before 1906? Why had he to wait not twenty, but twenty-five years (for he ought to have been in the "great Ministry" of Gambetta) for a portfolio? A reason given by his opponents is that M. Clemenceau was feared too much by his own party. He was too clever, too sharp in his criticism, too destructive for them. For twenty years he was the acknowledged leader of the Radical party in the Chamber of Deputies. But he did not in reality lead—he spoke. His mere words pulled down Cabinets. He uttered frequently commonplace ideas, such as were and are still current in Jacobin and Socialist circles, but he uttered them with an intensity and a vivacity of expression which was purely personal and has never been equalled.

By this intense and terrible vigour of expression M. Clemenceau overturned Cabinets nearly every six months. Nobody could stand before the hissing of his verbal bullets.

It is no wonder that his party feared this man who, like Lord Salisbury of old, is a "master of flouts and jibes and sneers." I well remember some eighteen or nineteen years back, when M. Clemenceau was at the zenith of his parliamentary omnipotence as a smasher of Cabinets, and when he became suddenly ill. He was for weeks in the hands of the doctors for sore throat, and his life was at one moment despaired of. He rallied and recovered, to the regret of his numerous enemies, and, it must be added, to the regret also of some members of his party.

That party had allowed others to advance to the front before their able spokesman. They enabled nonentities to pass before him. It was not that they had what J. S. Mill said of the English, "a sottish and sneering depreciation of every demonstration above their own level." Nor would what Stendhal said, "Notre société tend à anéantir tout ce qui s'élève au dessus du médiocre," apply to them. But it is certain that, as M. Clemenceau's Conservative adversaries say, the party allowed such a man as Charles Floquet to pass before him.

Charles Floquet was sometimes compared to an English judge, owing to his personal appearance, and sometimes to Saint-Just. His oratory was as pompous and imposing as his aspect, but it was hollow and empty. He was a mediocrity who was persistently represented by his foes as "learned in Larousse." He had borrowed his erudition from the encyclopædias, and nothing that he ever said told, except, perhaps, his famous apostrophe to General Boulanger: "At your age, monsieur, the first Napoleon was dead"—an obvious bull, but it hit hard.

There was a time, however, when M. Clemenceau might have had a portfolio had he wished to take one. It was after the *scrutin de liste* elections of Allain-Targé in 1885. M. de Freycinet became President of the Council when these elections were over, and in his Cabinet, formed on the 7th of January, 1886, General Boulanger, protected by his distant relative, M. Clemenceau, advanced to the front for the first time. M. de Freycinet was reproached at the time for neglecting to offer a portfolio to M. Clemenceau.

It was not M. de Freycinet, however, who overlooked M. Clemenceau, but M. Jules Grévy, President of the Republic, who had also been afraid of Gambetta.

M. Grévy, his son-in-law, M. Daniel Wilson, and their intimates at the Elysée, were among those who feared and hated M. Clemenceau. M. Grévy said at the time : “ Never shall that man (Clemenceau) enter the Elysée while I am alive.” M. Grévy meant by this that he would never have M. Clemenceau as a Minister attending Cabinet Councils in the national palace.

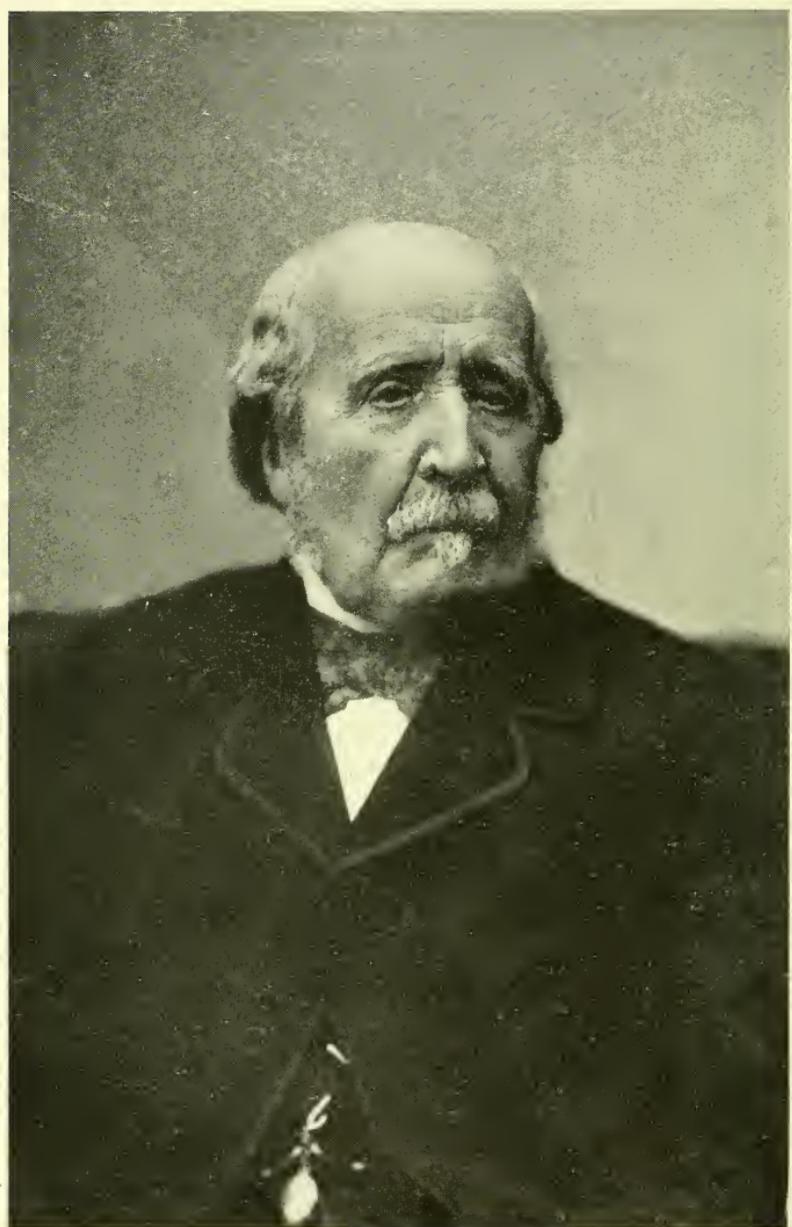
Soon after that M. Grévy was obliged to have recourse, but in vain, to the prestige and the influence of M. Clemenceau. It was when the scandals about the “decorations” burst. M. Daniel Wilson was implicated in the ugly commercial transactions relative to the sale of the rosettes and ribbons of the Legion of Honour, with General Caffarel, a little weazened warrior whom one would think incapable of anything in the shape of a sharp “deal,” to use a word applicable to the case.

Leagued with M. Wilson and the General was an adventuress—Madame Limousin, a person just as commonplace and as out-of-date as General Caffarel. The two had admission to the Elysée, and Madame Limousin kept a veritable office for all sorts of purposes, but chiefly for the “decoration” traffic.

CHAPTER VII

More about M. Clemenceau—M. Clemenceau and M. Grévy—A smasher of Cabinets—The numerous Ministries of the Republic—Rise of General Boulanger—The present German Emperor and Boulanger—My meetings with the General—Events and episodes of the Boulangist period—Boulanger's flight and fall—His Boswell, Charles Chincholle—the king of reporters—Fictionist first, journalist after—The Opéra Comique fire—Pranzini's execution—Close to the guillotine.

TERRIFIED by the approach of the storm of scandal referred to in the preceding chapter, M. Grévy tried to rally around him all his old friends and supporters. It was the case of the rats deserting the sinking ship, however. All the former parasites and sycophants slunk away from the Elysée. Old friends were deaf and obdurate, even including the once faithful Madier de Montjau, a Republican of the old Jacobin type, and another of the florid orators of the Left. Madier de Montjau was deaf physically; he was morally so when M. Grévy implored him to stand by. Not a single one of the President's old cronies would undertake to form a Cabinet, intended not so much to administer the affairs of the nation as to save M. Grévy from the storm whereof the ominous premonitory clouds were gathering over his head.



Photo]

DUC DE BROGLIE.

[*Petit*

In his difficulty and despair M. Grévy sent for M. Clemenceau and asked him to form a Ministry. The Radical leader refused, to the surprise as well as to the disappointment of the tottering President. When M. Grévy went into retirement, he often spoke about this refusal of M. Clemenceau. He used to refer to him as "*ce Clemenceau*," and once remarked: "He (Clemenceau) actually refused to enter the Cabinet the first time that he was asked to do so. Why, he could have become President of the Council. He will never have such a chance again. The man will never be a Minister."

Notwithstanding the prediction of "Père Grévy," M. Clemenceau becomes not only President of the Council, but practically master of the destinies of France in 1906. This is so momentous an event that I cannot help recording here the list of the Cabinets of the Third Republic, or at least the names of their chiefs, none of whom equalled M. Clemenceau in ability, although among them were Thiers, the Duc de Broglie, both of whom were great writers as well as statesmen, Gambetta, Ferry, and Jules Simon.

The Republic began in September, 1870, as the Government of the National Defence, under General Trochu, who died at Tours in 1896. M. Thiers, nominated *Chef du pouvoir exécutif* and then President of the Third Republic, was head of the Cabinet from February, 1871, to May, 1873, when he was succeeded by the Duc de Broglie. The latter, twice President of the Council, was followed by General de Cissey in May, 1874. Then came M. Buffet, March, 1875; M. Dufaure, March, 1876; M. Jules Simon, December, 1876; the Duc de Broglie again,

May 17, 1877; General de Rochebouët, November, 1877; M. Dufaure again, December, 1877; M. Waddington, February, 1879; M. de Freycinet, December, 1879; M. Jules Ferry, September, 1880; M. Gambetta, November, 1881; M. de Freycinet again, January, 1882; M. Duclerc, August, 1882; M. Fallières, January, 1883; M. Jules Ferry again, February, 1883; M. Henri Brisson, April, 1885; M. de Freycinet again, January, 1886; M. Goblet, December, 1886; M. Maurice Rouvier, May, 1887; M. Tirard, December, 1887; M. Floquet, April, 1888; M. Tirard again, February, 1889; M. de Freycinet again, March, 1890; M. Emile Loubet, February, 1892; M. Ribot, December, 1892; M. Ribot again, January, 1893; M. Dupuy, April, 1893; M. Casimir Perier, December, 1893; M. Dupuy again, May, 1894; M. Ribot again, January, 1895; M. Léon Bourgeois, November, 1895; M. Meline, April, 1896; M. Henri Brisson again, June, 1898; M. Dupuy again, November, 1898; M. Waldeck-Rousseau, June, 1899; M. Emile Combes, June, 1902; M. Maurice Rouvier, January, 1905; M. Sarrien, March, 1906. M. Georges Clemenceau attains Cabinet rank in October, 1906, saluted as a sort of saviour by his adulators, and positively howled at as an agent of destruction to whom M. Fallières has delivered up France, by his numerous and unrelenting adversaries.

Leaving this remarkable man, I must now go on to the Boulangist period and its various and exciting episodes, of which I was generally a front-rank spectator.

Ernest Boulanger, or "Emperor Ernest," as we



Photo]

[Piroit

ARMAND FALLIÈRES



learn from the Hohenlohe revelations he was called facetiously by Kaiser Wilhelm, was quite forgotten in his own country as well as elsewhere until the monumental "Denkwürdigkeiten," which have enlightened and entertained the world, appeared in October, 1906. That jogged our memories, to use a common phrase, and the ghost of Boulanger glimmered through the voluminous pages of the Teutonic revealer of revelations who has been unjustly stigmatised as a mere "shirt-cuff recorder." Whether mere shirt-cuff jotter or recorder, Fürst Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst deserves immortality. Writes Chlodwig about Boulanger, in recording a family supper at the Schloss on the Spree on January 23, 1889: "The present Emperor, speaking of France, expressed the opinion that Boulanger would certainly succeed. He looked forward to seeing Boulanger pay a visit to Berlin as the 'Emperor Ernest.' He was going to appoint Radziwill and Lehndorff to be in attendance on him." Poor Emperor Ernest! He never went to Berlin as a distinguished visitor, but ended his meteoric career in obloquy and in want. The man had actually been living on the revenues of his mistress, Madame de Bonnemain, for whom he discarded a prosaic but generous-hearted wife. Madame Boulanger, who had some private means, had offered to keep her husband in his old age, but he went on living with the other lady; and when she died of phthisis in the gloomy Hôtel Mengelle in Brussels, he shot himself over her grave in the cemetery of Ixelles in October, 1891.

The recent revival of the gossip about differences between Bismarck and the present German Emperor,

and notably the inkpot incident, recalls also an episode in the life of Boulanger. He was once at a Cabinet Council in the Elysée over which M. Grévy presided. Boulanger was War Minister, and had been storming about the Schnœbele incident and the doings of the Germans in Alsace and Lorraine, which nearly brought about a conflict in 1887. Boulanger was angered over the temporising and procrastinating attitude of the peace-loving M. Grévy, so he flung his portfolio on the ministerial table, overturning the contents of an inkpot on the spotless white waistcoat which the President was wearing, the season being the late spring.

The first time that I saw Boulanger was in the Chamber of Deputies shortly after the formation of the Freycinet Cabinet of January 7, 1886. M. de Freycinet was constantly referred to at that time by the absurd phrase "the little white mouse of the Luxembourg." He was supposed to be full of low cunning, but the Germans thought a good deal of him, as we also learn from the "Denkwürdigkeiten." It was current gossip that Boulanger was foisted on M. de Freycinet by M. Clemenceau, to whom the General was supposed to be related. That Cabinet included, besides the chief, M. de Freycinet, who was also Minister for Foreign Affairs, and General Boulanger, who was at the War Office, M. Sarrien as Minister of the Interior, M. Sadi Carnot as Minister of Finance, M. Goblet as Minister of Public Instruction, M. Baihaut as Public Works Minister, while M. Lockroy held the portfolio of Commerce.

Of these Ministers one, M. Carnot, was President of the Republic, helped to obliterate Boulanger, and

fell a victim to the dagger of the assassin. Another, M. Baihaut, came to great grief, and was for a time in prison. Boulanger's fate was also tragic. The General, as I said, I first saw in the Chamber. He stood up to speak on some question concerning his department, and had hardly begun when a lunatic in the Strangers' Gallery fired a shot from a revolver. The bullet whizzed over Boulanger's head and went into the wall. The lunatic, who had adopted that lively method of calling attention to his alleged grievances against the Government, was hustled out of the gallery by the ushers and carried to the dungeons of the Palais Bourbon, whence he was sent to the central police station.

Boulanger remained calm in the rostrum and continued his speech. He was then the wearer of an ordinary moustache, and had not assumed the dark-brown beard which subsequently gave him the appearance of that more celebrated and more historic character, General Prim. After that incident in the Chamber, comparatively little attention was paid to Boulanger until the memorable episode of July 14, 1886. That day President Grévy drove out to the military review at Longchamps on the occasion of the national fête. The President and the Ministers were all in their sombre official dress. Boulanger, on the other hand, captivated the crowd by his smart, soldier-like appearance on a superb black charger, newly saddled and caparisoned for effect. He even had the audacity to make the charger prance and curvet before the central seat or "tribune" wherein sat the President, a crowd of ladies, including the wives of the ambassadors, and some foreigners of distinction.

Paris then went wild over Boulanger, and Paulus, the "comic lion" and wine-merchant, sang for months with immense success the stirring "En revenant de la Revue." The more sensational events of Boulanger's career have filled volumes. I propose, therefore, just to give succinctly the political events leading up to his exclusion from the Administration and to his fall.

The beginning of the year 1887 was the most momentous in the history of the Third Republic. M. Goblet, who had succeeded M. de Freycinet in December, 1886, with Boulanger still at the War Office, was harried from all sides. Both he and Freycinet believed in Boulanger, who was hotly opposed by Ferry, Ribot, and Clemenceau. Then came the Schnœbele incident already referred to, an incident subsequently arranged on a juridical basis when M. Flourens was at the Foreign Office. In May, 1887, the whole of the Senate and four-fifths of the Chamber agreed that Boulanger was the danger and that he should be got rid of. M. Goblet was then defeated by an anti-Boulangist coalition, but on, ostensibly, a finance question, and a new Cabinet was formed by that remarkable emergency man, M. Maurice Rouvier. Into this combination entered Messrs. Fallières, Spuller, Mazeau, and Barbey, all staunch friends of Jules Ferry. The War portfolio was given to the utterly obscure General Ferron, and M. Flourens, who had been with M. Goblet, was retained at the Foreign Office.

Then followed the systematic and elaborately-planned crushing and obliterating of the common danger, Boulanger. In my experience in France I never saw anything so resolutely, and it may be

said so ruthlessly, carried out as that, except the campaign conducted by M. Combes against the religious orders and congregations. I had no conception before the Boulangist time that Republicans could so resolutely throttle their Frankensteins.

When Boulanger was ejected from the Cabinet, he was sent to a command at Clermont-Ferrand. I took a very active part in the demonstration in his favour at the Gare de Lyon on that occasion, and he remembered it afterwards. Thousands followed him into the station and wanted him to return to Paris and to march on the Elysée. I was foremost in a gang that tried to prevent him entering his carriage, and the circumstance caused me to be subsequently well watched and shadowed by the police. In fact, I had good reason to know that I was classed, if not as what is nowadays termed an "undesirable," at least as a dangerous foreign resident.

In my excitement at the time of Boulanger's departure I overlooked my work, and was guilty of one of the worst crimes that a journalist can commit. After I joined the crowd engaged in trying to get the General to return, I found with the others that he had disappeared in some mysterious manner. He had, in fact, what is familiarly called "given us the slip." Taking it for granted that the General had gone off in the train at the Gare de Lyon, I returned to town and wrote a despatch very late at night. In this I stated that General Boulanger, after a tremendous demonstration from his followers, had gone off to Clermont-Ferrand from the Lyons terminus.

To my horror and consternation, I found on taking

up the newspapers next morning that Boulanger had gone along the line as far as Charenton on the engine of the train. At Charenton he entered the carriage provided for him. The General was subsequently referred to by M. Mermeix, a follower of Boulanger to whom the name of Judas was applied after he wrote about the ephemeral hero for the *Figaro*, as the "*locomotive des déçavés*." That engine trip of Boulanger's caused immense trepidation in the offices of the English newspapers on the night that it took place. There was notably great trouble and anxiety at the *Standard* office, where Mr. Hely Bowes and Mr. Farman were awaiting for long hours definite information as to whether Boulanger had gone to Clermont-Ferrand or remained hiding with Madame de Bonnemain in Paris.

On the following day, a Saturday, I went out to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Clarke, as they were then. They were staying in the well-known Pavillon Henri Quatre at Saint Germain-en-Laye. In the same hotel were at the time M. de Blowitz, M. Meilhac, the dramatist, and Albert Wolff, the once celebrated chronicler of the *Figaro*, a German born, who had a thorough mastery of the French language and wrote like a Parisian. M. de Blowitz was tremendously anxious to know all about Boulanger's departure from one who had been at the Gare de Lyon. I narrated to him what I had seen, and notably described an appeal for a drink made by the General as he was being mobbed by his followers. I said: "*Il demandait à boire*," and M. de Blowitz, who always wanted to utter something sprightly, remarked: "*Oui, tout comme Jésus Christ*."



GENERAL BOULANGER.

I did not smile at the joke, and I think that the great little man did not forgive me for my solemnity of countenance when he had condescended to provide me with a *mot* intended to promote jocularity.

The next episode in Boulanger's career was his coming up to Paris clandestinely, and wearing goggles to throw the "shadowers" off the scent. This was an utterly foolish proceeding, for the make-up was easily seen through. After that the damaged hero made his entry into Parliament, but did not succeed there; the old parliamentary hands were too much for him. Later on Jules Ferry tried to throw ridicule on him by calling him a "café concert or music-hall Saint-Arnaud," and Boulanger had a duel with M. Floquet, which would have been one of the most hilarity-provoking events of the kind on record had he not, in his precipitate haste and inexplicable inexperience, allowed himself to be caught in the neck by the rapier of his adversary while the latter was actually sitting on some shrubs whereon he had fallen, and looking like a helpless porpoise.

Boulanger's election as a deputy for Paris in January, 1889, was a very memorable affair. The Government backed M. Jacques, a distiller, and all the opponents of the General were in a condition of great anxiety. His followers held a meeting at Durand's, near the Madeleine, but nothing came of it. The General had not the least desire to march on the Elysée and to get locked up with his friends Paul Déroulède, Rochefort, Nacquet, and Laguerre. I had seen the General on the day before his election at his house in the Rue Dumont d'Urville. There was an enormous crowd of people waiting to mob

him. He ordered that I was to be shown into his salon by his page-boy Joseph at once. He said : " You may telegraph to London that I am going to beat Jacques." I expressed some surprise at his resolute manner of uttering a prediction which might not be realised. " You need not fear," he said ; " I am going to have a total of 100,000, from which the Government will knock off 20,000 votes." I sent this to the *Observer*, and that paper, then edited by Mr. Dicey, published the prediction on Sunday, January 27, 1889. On the evening of that day the prediction was realised, Boulanger receiving nearly 82,000 votes. His popularity increased for a time, but the Government engaged that specially strong man, M. Constans, to crush him, and Boulanger fled to Brussels with Madame de Bonnemain. His party was financed by Commandant Hériot, of the Louvre shops, and also for a time by the Duchesse d'Uzès and other Royalists, although Boulanger was instrumental in having the Duc d'Aumale and the Princes expelled from the army in 1886. The Duke retorted at the time by publishing a letter in which Boulanger had written years before : " Blessed be the day that sees me under your orders." This was when the Duke had a command in Algeria. The letter was used by the General's adversaries, who were wont to call the Boulangists satirically the "*Bénis-soit-lejour*," or "Blessed be the day boys."

The flight to Brussels which finished Boulanger's career reminds me of a remarkable man who died only very recently. That was Charles Chincholle, the "*roi des reporters*." Reams and reams have been written concerning Boulanger and the promi-

nent Republicans to whom I have been referring in the preceding pages, but little has been printed about the marvellous Chincholle. Let me say something about him for the benefit of generations yet unborn.

On the day of Boulanger's flight to Brussels my colleague, Mr. J. W. Ozanne, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and I were lunching at Bignon's, in the Avenue de l'Opéra, with Lord Burnham, then Mr. Edward Lawson, and with his daughter, now the Hon. Lady Hulse, and her husband. That was in April, 1889. Conversation at luncheon turned chiefly on Boulanger, and the Universal Exhibition of that year was also discussed. It was arranged that Mr. Ozanne should call on General Boulanger and try to find out what he was going to do in view of the action taken by M. Constance, the strong man of the Government. I had to go on the same day to watch a case at the Palais de Justice. Mr. Ozanne saw the General, who blandly told him that he intended to remain in Paris and to await events. This was telegraphed to London, but in the meantime Boulanger had done what persons in difficulties in Paris are said to do when they vanish, that is, *filer sur Bruxelles*. Mr. Ozanne was thus baffled, but in the same boat with him was Charles Chincholle, who, as representative of the *Figaro*, had been the trusted confidant and the faithful Boswell of Boulanger. Chincholle was in trouble at the *Figaro* over that,¹ but he came up beaming again and resumed his position as the *roi des reporters* and the most

¹ Chincholle wrote in the *Figaro* that he was lunching with Boulanger at the time when, unknown to him, the *brav' Général* was across the frontier, and in Belgium.

potent pressman in Paris. He was notably so in the days of Félix Faure and Emile Loubet.

I was present with him once at a meeting of Boulangists at Saint-Mandé while the General was laid up after his duel with M. Floquet. I had reason to remember that meeting, for on returning from it in a fly with a wonderful journalist named Negrau, known as the "little Portuguese" or the "little Lusitanian," who was always with me during the Boulangist period, I had a narrow escape from being clubbed to death by some of the secret service men, or *mouchards*, of M. Constans. Negrau said that the *mouchards* must have taken me for Boulanger, whom I remotely resembled then. My impression was that they recognised me as one of the people who tried to prevent Boulanger from leaving the Gare de Lyon, and that they resolved to "go" for me. Fortunately, the horse harnessed to the fly was a good one, and the driver soon had Negrau and myself out of the dangerous "sphere of influence" of the secret service men. One of these fellows levelled a blow at me which, if it had touched me, would have smashed my skull. The club fell on the back part, or rather the folded cover, of the fly, and I escaped.

I heard afterwards that Chincholle had also some trouble with the *mouchards*, but they certainly could not have taken him for Boulanger. The last time I saw him was at Dunkirk, when the Tsar and the Tsaritsa landed there in September, 1901. He was then writing columns of copy for the *Figaro*. His death was very sudden. He rose up one morning complaining that he could not lift his right hand. In the evening he was a corpse, and the once powerful

roi des reporters, who knew everybody and who went everywhere, was no more. He had killed himself by sheer writing, for he was not only an active journalist on daily work, but was the author of twenty-five novels.

To see Chincolle at work for the *Figaro*, one would think that he was as enthusiastic as the youngest journalist just admitted to a profession which, in France as well as in England, is, notwithstanding what Mr. George Meredith says about "Egyptian bondage," the goal of many a man's ambition. As a matter of fact, Chincholle writhed and suffered under his daily task. This is proved by what is recorded by M. Adolphe Brisson, son-in-law of Francisque Sarcey, in one of the newspapers for which he writes.

M. Brisson met Chincholle at a place in the South where the *fêtes* of the cadets of Gascony were taking place. It was only a few months before Chincholle's death. The two journalists were lunching with M. Mounet Sully, of the *Comédie Française*, at the principal hotel in the place, and in the course of the meal M. Brisson, who had recently depreciated a novel by Chincholle, praised his letters in the *Figaro* about the *fêtes*. To his intense astonishment, Chincholle turned round sharply and blurted out: "I don't want your compliments." Then the man arose, struck the table with his fist, and roared: "I am not a journalist; I'm a novelist." M. Brisson and the tragedian, more surprised than ever, looked up at Chincholle, who denounced those who objected to accord him a place with the most famous fictionists. "I am an artist," he shouted, "with the imagination

of Dumas and the power of Balzac. I combine the observation of Flaubert with the colour and the movement of Eugène Sue. Journalism! What is journalism? The hulks, the prison, the factory, where you earn your bread by mercenary labour. Journalism is the lowest degradation, the ignoble trade which one works at while despising it."

Chincholle then rushed out of the place, shouting still that he was an artist and misunderstood. The unlucky man had obviously been taking more wine than was good for him under the sun of the South. M. Brisson's story was a revelation to all who had looked upon Chincholle as the most influential press-man of the time—the happy man who was received everywhere, and one who gloried in his profession.

Once Chincholle was a candidate for the Municipal Council. His address was as follows: "Electors of the Tenth Arrondissement! I am not going to make any promises. I am known. I have lived publicly for twenty-five years. I have been described as a worker, a zealous person, a *bon enfant*! I propose to try to deserve these qualifications—particularly the last of them. I thank in advance those who shall vote for me, and the others will not be regarded by me as enemies." Then followed his signature and his titles as president and vice-president of various associations. The electors, however, rejected the journalist, who had been quite confident of success.

Raoul Ponchon, the funniest versifier in Paris, who puts into the most entertaining rhyme ever printed events of the time, and the people connected with them, only saw in Chincholle the successful reporter who accompanied Presidents on their journeys. He

referred to the great journalist's death in the following sly couplets :—

Aujourd'hui, c'est Chinchiolle,
Notre phénoménal
Chincholle
Disons : national.

Nous l'entendons encore
Du reportage tri-
Colore
Pousser le premier cri.

Plus que le Protocole
Nécessaire à l'Etat
Chincholle
Devint un potentat.

Il promena sa panse
Au moins pendant trente ans,
En France
Sous divers Présidents.

Historien modeste,
Il racontait le fait
Et geste
Du Président Loubet.

This was the comic poet's epitaph for the departed pressman. Charles Chinchiolle was not sixty when he died. His closing years were embittered, not only by the balked ambition to which M. Brisson refers, but by domestic calamity, which tells on some men more than on others. He had a son on whom he doted, and who died while serving in the army. I saw the boy once in the uniform of a Cuirassier. He was with his father at a public function, and Chinchiolle introduced the young soldier to friends with great exultation. This youth, full

of promise, died, and Chincholle was never the same again. There was another man in Paris who suffered a loss of the same sort. It was M. Charpentier, the publisher, who issued Zola's novels. M. Charpentier also lost a son who contracted typhoid fever while serving as a soldier in a Northern garrison. After the boy's death the publisher retired from business.

Those were stirring times for Paris Correspondents, the brave days of Boulanger. Nothing since has been so exciting. The sudden passing away of two Presidents; the "decoration" scandals; the Panama bubble, ending in the death of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, a most courteous gentleman to the last; the Dreyfus Case; the desperate struggle between Church and State, including the frantic but futile efforts of the Catholics to oppose the Government and its police—all these events and crises were less sensational than those of the Boulangist period. It was a time when nobody knew what would happen next. Boulanger nearly brought France to the brink of war with Germany. He filled the hearts of the *revanchards* with hopes, and at one time he seemed to have Paris and even France at his back. Then there were his escapades; his expulsion from the army; his sudden disappearances; his political campaigns; his lucky elections, which made the Government bring in the Floquet Bill for the substitution of *scrutin de liste*, for *scrutin d'arrondissement*, thus making the return of a candidate for Parliament more difficult; his *liaison* with Marguerite de Bonnemain, a lady of title, of whom some of the

patriots said that she was paid by Constans to bring their man to grief; his trial for conspiracy against the State in conjunction with Count Dillon and Henri Rochefort; his exile in Jersey, and his melodramatic end at Brussels in September, 1891.

Attempts have been made to show that all the excitement caused by Boulanger was manufactured. This is not quite true. There were moments when the enthusiasm for him was real, when he had the people with him, and when he did not need the factitious aid of Napoleon Hayard, the so-called *empereur des camelots*. Boulanger did not take advantage of his opportunities. He lost his moment, or allowed it to slip from him through indolence, love of pleasure, and it must be added, fear. He was afraid of the Government, and the Government was on several occasions in mortal terror of him, but it succeeded in stamping him out.

Sandwiched between the various acts of the Boulangist tragedy-comedy which was played from 1886 to 1891, there were some other events which called for my attention owing to their public interest or their sensational character.

One evening in May, 1886, I was sitting in the *Daily Telegraph* office, then in the Place de l'Opéra, clearing off with Mr. Ozanne the ordinary budget of the day. Nothing remarkable had been happening just then. Suddenly the door of the *bureau* opened and in burst the office messenger, an old fireman or *pompier*, breathless with excitement, and shouting that the Opéra Comique was on fire.

We communicated the news to Campbell Clarke and went on his balcony, whence we saw the smoke

and flames ascending from the burning building. I rushed out and reached the Opéra Comique in a few moments. I tried to get in, but was stopped by M. Damala, the Greek actor whom Madame Sarah Bernhardt married. He was then acting as a sort of affable policeman, the real policemen being at the time in temporary disorder. M. Damala begged of me to retreat, as it would not only be dangerous to enter the doomed place, but the presence of non-rescuers there would hamper the work of the firemen.

Accordingly I went to a café and saw the calcined bodies of those who had been burned carried out of the house to the police station in the Rue de Richelieu, where they were deposited temporarily. Among those burned or asphyxiated were some girls of the *corps de ballet*. All the vocalists escaped, and so did the men of the orchestra. A tenor, then very popular, but who was heard of very little after the fire, was the first to escape from the house. He had always in his dressing-room a rope ladder to be used in case of fire. He used it to some advantage on that night and got out of the zone of danger, but he subsequently returned to assist in the rescue work.

Many persons had narrow escapes, notably Mr. Sewell, an English solicitor in Paris, whose hair was singed. I heard of another case of an Englishman who was at the Opéra Comique on the night of the disaster with a lady who was not his wife, or, as the French say, not his *légitime*. The man escaped, the lady was lost, and the real *légitime* over in London was surprised to hear that

she—Mrs. Blank—had been burned in the Opéra Comique fire, and that her husband escaped.

There was a silly popular report spread in Paris soon after the disaster to the effect that the fire was due to the American vocalist, Mademoiselle Marie Van Zandt, who wanted revenge for her treatment by her former admirers and adorers after she broke down on the stage of the Opéra Comique. For several years this lady had been the idol of the students, shopboys and clerks of Paris. These used to throng to hear her sing, and raved about her dazzling beauty and her celestial voice. Then she began to make enemies among the French, and especially among those of her own profession. She played into the hands of her foes by being in a strange condition one night as she went on the stage. She broke down in her part and had to be led back to her dressing-room.

An American Correspondent cabled that night to New York that Mademoiselle Van Zandt had appeared as Rosine in the "Barber of Seville" at the Opéra Comique in a state of, let us say, exaltation. This was denied, and after a rest the lady returned to the stage, but only to be hissed. Her former admirers and adorers had joined forces with her deadly foes and she was hissed and hooted. There were Van Zandt riots in the streets, and the police had to interfere. The upshot was that the lady left the Opéra Comique, where she had so long been a prime favourite and an undoubted attraction. The last time that I heard her sing was at a *matinée* organised for the relief of the families of the ballet-dancers and some others who were lost

in the fire. The *matinée* was organised by the Chief Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in his residential rooms in the Place de l'Opéra. Some of the best artists in Paris took part in the affair, and Mademoiselle Van Zandt sang appropriately "Parigi, O cara." Shortly afterwards she left her once beloved Paris for the banks of the Neva, and became for a time a favourite with the Russians.

Another interlude among the political events of the period was the crime of Pranzini, the Italian. This excited people more than other affairs of the kind since Troppmann's days. Pranzini murdered a *demi-mondaine*, Madame de Montille, *alias* Maria Regnault, in her rooms in the Rue Montaigne, quite close to the Presidential Palace of the Elysée. He cut her throat, and served in the same way her maid of all work and that person's child.

Pranzini had been preceded by another Italian named Prado, who, however, murdered only one person, Marie Aguétant, also a *demi-mondaine*, living in the Rue Caumartin, not far from the Opéra. I saw Pranzini guillotined on a summer morning in 1887, and had some trouble in obtaining leave to view the execution as I had no police permit at the time, documents of the sort being only given to Chief Correspondents. This made my work more difficult to accomplish, but I was determined to see the execution, especially as I had paid out of my own pocket a man living near the prison of La Roquette, who was to inform me by letter or telegram when the affair was likely to take place. There had been a good deal of hesitation about the fate of Pranzini on the part of President Grévy, and it was thought

that with his accustomed clemency he would commute the man's sentence.

By dint of persuasion, and by explaining the awkward difficulties of my position, I succeeded in inducing the Chief of the Municipal Police to pass me into the place where Pranzini was to be guillotined—that is to say, in front of La Roquette prison. There I found waiting two other Correspondents of London papers and an American journalist.

We saw old Deibler, now departed, come on the scene with his vehicles and his men towards four o'clock in the morning. Soon afterwards the guillotine did its work, and I shall never forget the short, stifled shriek of terror that broke the stillness of the morning as the knife fell.

L OF C.

CHAPTER VIII

President Carnot's election—Paul Déroulède and the patriots—Hatred of Ferry—M. Clemenceau's "outsider"—The Marriage a Failure Question—My talks with Zola, Dumas and others—Emile Zola at home—M. Sardou's anger—M. Ludovic Halévy's letter—War clouds—Rupture with Rome foreshadowed—The Floquet programme of 1888.

AFTER the agitation caused by General Boulanger and the fall of M. Jules Grévy, there was that brought about by the election of President Carnot. Saturday, the 3rd of December, 1887, was a very momentous day from the point of view of professional agitators and alarmists. On that day the members of both Houses went to Versailles to elect a successor to M. Grévy. Paris was in an excited condition, Paul Déroulède and his patriots were going about threatening a revolution if, as was supposed, M. Jules Ferry, the friend of Bismarck and the opponent of the *revanche*, obtained the succession of "Père Grévy." The whole city was full of troops and there was an unruly mob on the Place de la Concorde. The crowd wanted to get towards the Chamber of Deputies, and occasionally threw stones at the Municipal Guards. That was the only approach to a conflict that I could see on the eventful Saturday of September 3, 1887.

The threats of the patriots had some influence at

[*Manuel*

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU.

Photo]



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Versailles, and at the instance of M. Clemenceau, then chief wire-puller of political marionettes, Jules Ferry was shelved, and an "outsider," M. Sadi Carnot, was elected fourth President of the Republic. The word "outsider" was used by M. Clemenceau on the occasion, and President Carnot remembered it, although he owed his election to the Radical leader and wire-puller.

As soon as M. Carnot was at the Elysée those around him set the Press to work to sound his praises. The term "outsider" was soon forgotten, and the Government papers published columns about the President's grandfather, Carnot the "organiser of victory" during the First Republic.

I first saw President Carnot when he was Finance Minister in the Freycinet Cabinet of 1886, with General Boulanger, whom he was afterwards to assist others in crushing as War Minister. I next saw him soon after his election, when he was inspecting the works of the Exhibition of 1889 on the Champ de Mars. During that inspection the new President spoke to everybody around him quite freely, and even tried to ingratiate himself with the workmen who were employed by the Exhibition Commissioners. Later on the President was caricatured as an automaton, and hawkers sold on the boulevards figures representing his rigid, mathematical manner of taking off his hat and bowing to official or other crowds. This indignity had been spared to M. Grévy, who was only ridiculed by lampoons, and by the squib sold on the boulevards about the misfortune of having a son-in-law, an allusion to the trafficking of M. Daniel Wilson. M. Carnot's successor for a brief period, M. Casimir-

Perier, was also caricatured by pictures, being represented as a hideous bull-dog. When the Emperor William the First of Germany died in March, 1888, the boulevard caricaturists sent out his mock "last will and testament." Nobody ever interferes with these propagators of squibs and caricatures, who are allowed in Paris a latitude which would not be granted to them for one moment in Berlin, or, indeed, in any other European capital. We are far, assuredly, from the days when the artist Phillipon was prosecuted for drawing His Majesty King Louis Philippe as a pear.

In this year 1888, soon after the duel between General Boulanger and M. Charles Floquet, I was deputed by the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* to obtain the views of prominent Frenchmen on the peculiar question "Is Marriage a Failure?" raised by Mrs. Mona Caird. It was suggested that I should first see Emile Zola, as his name was so well known. The whole of the correspondence on this question has been published in book form, so that there is no need to return to it. For me the chief interest of it lay in my first meeting with Zola.

When I settled in Paris in the beginning of the eighties, Zola was at the zenith of his celebrity, or notoriety, as a writer. He was reported to be receiving fabulous sums for his output of fiction, and he was said by some journalists to be developing megalomania. These gentlemen also wrote that he was morose and cantankerous owing to dyspeptic troubles. I remembered all this when I was requested to see Zola, and I was anxious also about the reception which he might give me, as I was told by A. D. Vandam, the entertaining author of "The Englishman in Paris," that the

novelist was a "crusty customer." Vandam was at that time Correspondent of the *Globe* in Paris.

On meeting Zola for the first time, I found him to be a most courteous gentleman. The portraits of the creator of the Rougon-Macquart family, which I had seen, belied the original. In them Zola was represented as the morose and cantankerous person which some of the journalists reported him to be. To me, when I saw him at Médan, he was all smiles and kindness. He spent the greater part of a fine summer afternoon talking to me about marriage and other questions. The burthen of his talk was that not only marriage but other antique institutions were failures.

In the tragedy of things there is nothing so tremendous as the career and the ending of Emile Zola. This man, who had written many powerful and dramatic pages, would furnish from his own life-history abundant material for a tragedy or a romance. He rises from the position of an ill-paid clerk at a book-seller's to be the most popular and the most prosperous of French novelists. He becomes chief of a school and gathers around him a galaxy of young talent—Guy de Maupassant, J. K. Huysmans, Céard, and the others. After having been condemned in England for his over-realism he is received triumphantly in London by the Institute of Journalists. Then we have his connection with the Dreyfus Case, his letter "*J'accuse*" flung in the face of the military judges, his trials at Paris and at Versailles, his flight to London, and his return home to the Rue de Bruxelles, there to die surrounded by impenetrable mystery.

The last time that I talked to Zola was on his return from his triumph in London. Before he crossed the

Channel for the first time in his life, I had written to him asking if he would say something about England and the English ere he left Paris. He was then in his summer quarters and promptly answered me as follows:—

“MÉDAN, Sept. 9, 1893.

“MONSIEUR ET CHER CONFRÈRE,—Je ne veux pas encore vous répondre non; mais je crains bien que ma paresse ne l'emporte. Voulez-vous attendre mon retour de Londres? Vous viendrez me voir un soir à Paris, 21 bis, rue de Bruxelles, vers six heures, et je vous donnerai ma réponse définitive.

“Cordialement,

“EMILE ZOLA.”

That was the last letter which I had from Zola. I saw him in his Paris house when he returned from London, and had a long talk over his experiences in the British capital. London chiefly impressed him by its enormous size. He joked a little about Francisque Sarcey, who “trotted his great paunch over Whitechapel, which was shown to him by two policemen.” Sarcey, I believe, had been in London to lecture, before Zola’s trip to England at the invitation of the Institute of Journalists. The novelist likewise referred to the public-houses or gin-palaces, and to the miles of little dwellings which he had seen in the suburbs of the English metropolis.

When I went to see Zola at Médan in order to get his views on the question “Is Marriage a Failure?” I brought away impressions of his surroundings and wrote about them. After these impressions had appeared in print, they caused a rush to Médan on the part of numerous ladies as well as gentlemen



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

of the Press. The house was besieged for weeks. One of the scribes who was received by the "hermit of Médan," as some people called Zola then, tried to go over my ground and painted in details of furniture which I had overlooked or not seen. Another laid stress on having seen Madame Zola, to whom I had not referred at all. I happen to have in my possession a letter from Madame Zola, written to me after her husband's death, and in which she accorded me full liberty to publish a special portrait of him, and also drawings of the property at Médan, in an American publication.

After having seen Zola on the question raised by Mrs. Caird, I went to Alexandre Dumas *fil's*. He was then at Le Puys, near Dieppe, in the little villa where his father had died. Dumas also received me very courteously, but he did not go out of his way as Zola did to make himself agreeable.

Next, I went out to Marly in order to see Victorien Sardou. That cunning forger of popular plays and *ad captandum* dramas was too busy to receive me. He had an appointment with an American impresario, and as I was pressing for a few moments of conversation only, he rushed out of his room and almost spat at me. We both lost our tempers on this occasion, and behaved badly. He called me a "hack," and I retorted with the old-time retort that he was no gentleman, and that, at any rate, I was a better specimen of a gentleman than he. And all this was over a trivial matter. I believed at the time that M. Sardou was angry at the question "Is Marriage a Failure?" He took it too seriously, unlike Zola, Dumas, Ludovic Halévy, and the others,

even including Abbé Le Rebours, Vicar of the Madeleine, whom I had seen on the subject. I think M. Sardou, however, had no reason to think marriage a failure in his own case. He has had a good deal of agreeable experience of the matrimonial life. Hard work, current events, and a little philosophy soon made me forget this disastrous meeting with Sardou, which was mentioned, but with caution, in one newspaper published in Paris. I learned afterwards that Sardou had many quarrels of the sort, and that he usually made a peace-offering in the shape of an invitation to luncheon. He did not invite me to luncheon, but he sent me, some years after our tempestuous meeting, an invitation in his own handwriting to attend the dress rehearsal of his play "Madame Sans-Gêne," at the Vaudeville. This was a great honour coming from the distinguished dramatist, who, as I was told not very long ago, regretted that there was a misunderstanding between us when I tried to see him at Marly in August, 1888.

Alexandre Dumas *filis*, whom I saw at Dieppe, as already related, sent me a four-page letter on the subject of "Marriage a Failure." It was full of his worldly-wise philosophy, and was eminently characteristic of the man who was the most infinitely painstaking celebrity ever known. Notwithstanding his work for the stage, over which he "bled himself white," he was always writing prefaces for the books of other people, or letters to those who harassed him for introductions to publishers, to managers of theatres, and to editors of newspapers. One thing could be said of Dumas—he was not

jealous of those who succeeded in his own line. Moreover, he had helped many a dramatist to a first hearing. He was fond of saying sharp things about people, and his *mots* often stung. But he was full of the milk of human kindness, and would never deliberately injure anybody. In the matter of jealousy, so common among dramatists, novelists, and journalists, the younger Dumas resembled a man of a different literary type—Georges Ohnet, the prolific novelist. M. Ohnet has made a good deal of money by his books. He has been in the front rank of “popular” authors for over a quarter of a century, and still commands an audience. He, too, has helped many a struggler, and remarked some years ago, when he was asked about a rising author, that he would stand in nobody’s way, although in doing so he might have to *tirer contre ma propre troupe*.

M. Ludovic Halévy wrote me also a very characteristic letter on the “Marriage a Failure” question, and as it was not published, I give it here as a thoroughly original document. The dramatist, as will be seen, is facetious, as becomes one who wrote in collaboration with Henri Meilhac:—

“DIEPPE, Sept. 3, 1888.

“CHER MONSIEUR,—Permettez moi de me récuser. Ce sont là pour moi de trop sérieuses et trop redoutables questions. Mais pourquoi ne vous êtes vous pas adressé tout d’abord au mari de Madame Mona Caird? Aucun témoignage n’aurait été plus précieux à recueillir.

“Veuillez agréer, Cher Monsieur, l’expression de mes meilleurs sentiments,

“LUDOVIC HALÉVY.”

Taking a little freedom with the name of the gentleman alluded to in M. Halévy's letter, for which I hope forgiveness in the circumstances of the case, I wrote back to the dramatist :—

“ CHER ET ILLUSTRE MAÎTRE,—Je suis infiniment reconnaissant de votre lettre dont le contenu a été communiqué au Rédacteur-en-chef du *Daily Telegraph*.

“ Il parait que l'article de Madame Caird a été imprimé avec l'approbation de son mari lui-même. . . .

“ Veuillez agréer cher et illustre Maître, l'assurance de ma plus haute considération,” &c.

Ernest Renan, who was still alive in 1888, was also to be sounded on the subject of “ Marriage a Failure,” but he was down at his little place with the unpronounceable name, in the depths of Brittany, and I had to abandon the hope of seeing him in time. The Church people whom I approached naturally refused to say anything, as for them marriage is a sacrament and holy. Abbé Le Rebours, then vicar of the Madeleine, a very aristocratic ecclesiastic, as became one in his position at the head of a fashionable parish, gleamed blandly at me through his spectacles when I saw him at his residence in the Rue Ville l'Eveque, and said : “ My dear sir, we can have no opinions of that sort discussed.” “ I thought so—in fact, I knew it, Monsieur l'Abbé,” I replied ; “ but I have to do my duty, and ask you what you think of the controversy ? ” “ It is one,” he said, “ in which neither myself, nor anybody of my cloth, can join. In fact, the very heading of it, the question itself, repels us. Marriage is a Divine institution, and those whom

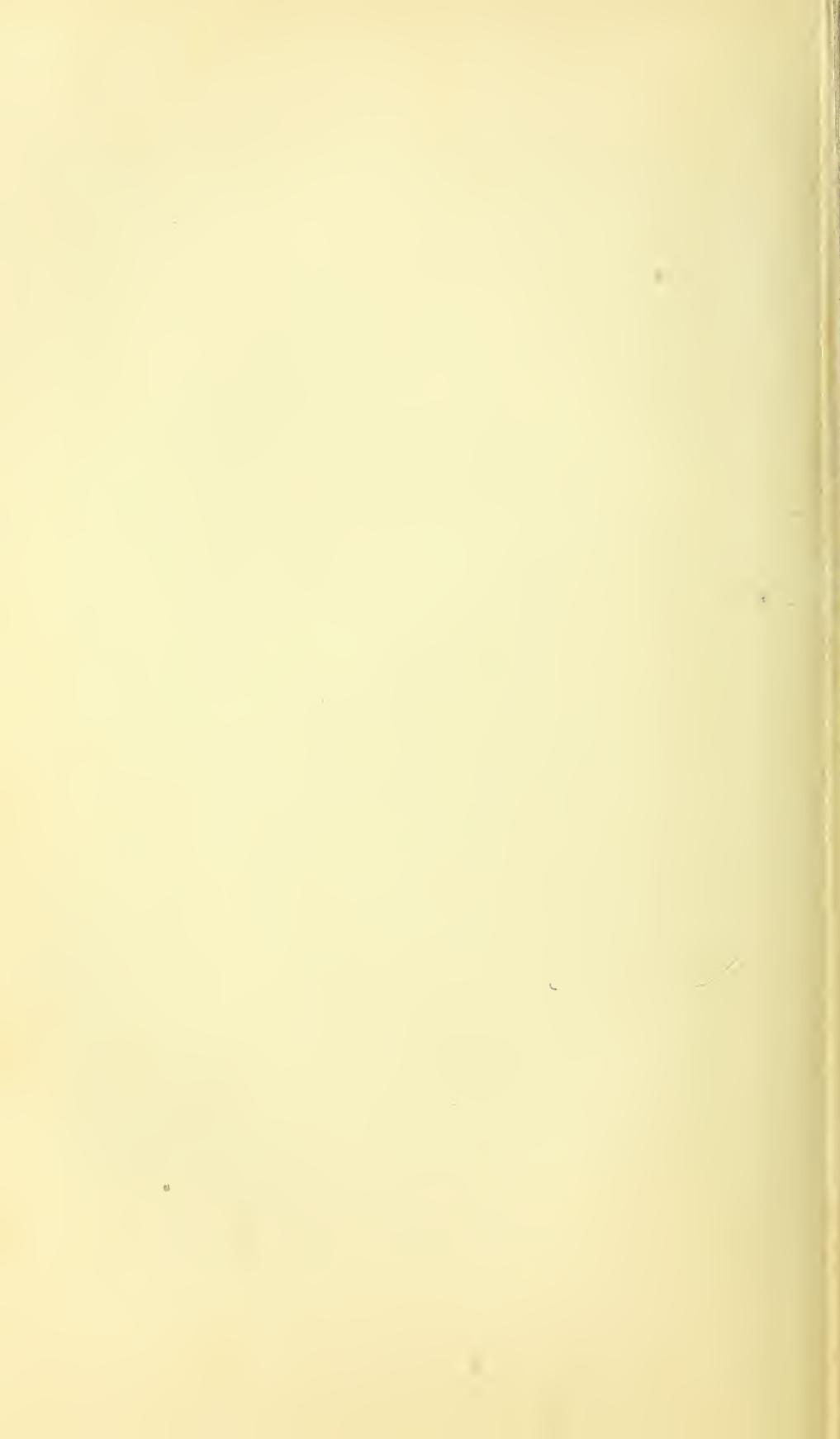


Photo]

[*Liebert*

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

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God joins, you know, let no man put asunder." And the urbane Abbé, still gleaming blandly at me through his spectacles, bowed me out with the final reminder that the Catholic Church does not tolerate divorce.

During this year, 1888, memorable to me by reason of my meetings with the French celebrities whom I have mentioned, there were still clouds in the region of *la haute politique*. The spectre of war with Germany was ever present, and although Boulanger was down, the patriots were as effervescent as they had been at the time of the Schnœbele incident.

The useful Hohenlohe memoirs again bring out the tension between France and Germany at this time very clearly. In May, 1888, Prince Hohenlohe strongly protested against the vexatious passport system for Frenchmen visiting the conquered provinces, devised by Bismarck. He was afraid that the system would lead to war, but Bismarck ruled him out on grounds of high policy. Prince Hohenlohe had a strange story from the Grand Duke of Baden in partial explanation of Bismarck's attitude. The story is obviously of the scare order, and the passages in it about the temporal power of the Pope furnish matter for jocular comment when read in the light of these days of strenuous and aggressive anti-clericalism. The story was to the effect that a Russo-French plot was hatched. France was to get to grips with Italy, and Germany would have to deal with Russia. The Italians would be compelled by the French to give back part of the old Papal States to the Pontiff. This would put Austria on the side of France, and German Catholics would also favour that country. In the

meantime the English fleet would bombard Toulon, if France took Spezia. These wild rumours were brought to Berlin by Mgr., afterwards Cardinal, Galimberti.

Later on, Prince Hohenlohe says that he saw the Crown Prince William, now Emperor, who held that the passport regulation was necessary, and said that he agreed with the military men who insisted on the advisability of bullying the French. The words quoted are : "Dass man den Franzosen übles züfügen müsse." Prince Hohenlohe says here : "I did not enter into that point, but remarked merely that the French nation was afraid of war."

This was monumentally true. The French Government had trampled the *panache* underfoot when Boulanger was put down. The destruction of what the Germans themselves knew as "Boulangismus" was plain to them, without being told by Prince Hohenlohe that the French, or at least the majority of the nation, went with the Government against the ultra-patriots who wanted back Alsace and Lorraine. Even those among the French who were temporarily fascinated by Boulanger soon returned to sober reason, and remembered 1870.

As to the extraordinary passage about the proposed restoration of temporal power to the Pope, in the story above referred to, there was not a man of any of the French Cabinets in office during the period of crisis, who cared a sou about the Pope. At the time alluded to by Prince Hohenlohe in the passages quoted, namely, May, 1888, M. Floquet, a decided anti-clerical, although he had relatives who were priests, was President of the Council, M. de Freycinet, War

Minister, M. Goblet at the Foreign Office, M. Peytral at the Exchequer, and M. Ferrouillot, head of the Public Worship Department. There were several others whom I do not name, but all were anti-clericals. They were not so thoroughly anti-clerical as M. Combes or M. Clemenceau. Both Floquet and Goblet were partisans of the separation of Church and State, but they temporised in the matter, and left the decisive step to their successors. Looking back on those days, it is interesting to note that in March, 1888, after the formation of a new Cabinet, the programme of the Government foreshadowed that Associations law which enabled M. Combes to deal a deadly blow at the religious orders and congregations or communities of pious men and women. The programme ran : "The Government invites the Chamber to proceed with measures of internal reform (other than the revision of the Constitution, which would require much consideration) in the order of their urgency. The Government would submit a Bill on Associations, as a preliminary to a definitive settlement of the relations between Church and State, so as to carry on the work of secularisation which was inaugurated by the French Revolution."¹

As to the "fear of war" at this period on the part of France, as stated by Prince Hohenlohe, it is shown

¹ "The work of secularisation which was inaugurated by the French Revolution." This sentence shows what French *Républicains de Gouvernement* had in their minds to do with the Church long before the Dreyfus case, and the incessantly alleged interference of the Vatican in French home politics. I am not holding a brief for either side, but I try to be just and impartial. This programme about Church and State was issued in 1888.

a little in the following passage of the Floquet programme of March, 1888: "The Senate would be asked to discuss the military laws already passed by the Chamber. The new organisation of the forces would augment the means of defence, and so constitute a guarantee for the maintenance of peace, to which the Government is sincerely attached." This declaration was greatly applauded by the Left benches.

And thus we glided on in peace to the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

CHAPTER IX

The Exhibition of 1889—A Lord Mayor's banquet in Paris—M. Tirard, Sir James Whitehead and the City magnates from London—Mysterious disappearance of a journalist—The so-called “reptiles” of the German Press—Bismarck's double—Boulangist *tentative de regonflement*—The Duke of Orléans and the Gamelle—Boulanger's suicide—The British Embassy in Paris—Lord Lyons and the Republicans—The Jubilee garden party.

THE Exhibition of 1889, which followed the period of political agitation identified with General Boulanger and his backers, was chiefly notable for that ugly construction known as Eiffel's Tower. This mass of ironwork became “popular” like everything that is ugly and commonplace. Before the opening of the Exhibition, the ultra-Republicans planned the celebration of the centenary of 1789, when the great Revolution was beginning. This affair nearly spoiled the prospects of the commercial people who had organised the Exhibition, as the monarchical countries threatened to keep aloof from the Fair. A compromise was effected, Russia, Austria, England, and the other European nations, with the exception of Germany, agreeing to allow their traders and shopkeepers to exhibit in Paris, unofficially or privately, that is to say, on their own

account, and unrecognised by their Governments. By this sort of pious fraud the Exhibition was saved from fiasco. The Germans who held back made up for their absence then by their hearty co-operation in the next Universal Exhibition of Paris, that of 1900.

I had very little to do with the Exhibition of 1889. The *Daily Telegraph* had sent over as "special" the late Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston, a remarkable man in many respects. I met him afterwards in the Paris office of the *Telegraph* when, with Mr. J. M. Le Sage, Mr. Clement Scott, and Mr. Bennett Burleigh, he came over for President Carnot's funeral. During the Exhibition of 1889 Mr. Kingston took nearly all the work off the hands of the Paris Correspondents, and left us little to do except to watch the political and general happenings of the time, and to register them. He wrote voluminously, but I could not help thinking that he was out of his element in doing such work. George Augustus Sala would have done it in a more picturesque and entertaining manner, but he had ceased to write much about Paris at that time. He wrote in 1885 on the Gingerbread Fair, and towards his decline he was also in Paris on light, special work.

Kingston was a remarkable writer in his own way. Like Sala, he was a cosmopolitan, and unlike Sala he was a strong authority on international politics. Besides writing leading articles, he also showed that he could equal, if not distance, any young competitors in what is known as "interviewing." M. de Blowitz himself, who did "interviewing," although it was not called by that word in his case, could never have

written those columns in which W. Beatty-Kingston recorded his meeting with Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe and his audience of Pope Leo XIII. at the Vatican, when the Pontiff alluded to the present German Emperor as "*questo giovane.*"

One of my most pleasant memories in connection with the Exhibition of 1889 is the Guildhall or Mansion House sort of banquet given at the Grand Hotel by Sir James Whitehead, then Lord Mayor of London. Sir James came over to Paris for the World's Fair with Sir Polydore de Keyser, Sir, then Mr. George Faudel Phillips, and other celebrated City men. The most genial man of the whole party was Polydore de Keyser, and he was also the most vivacious. A Belgian born, and not an Englishman, he did more than any of the others with him to make the representatives of Great Britain at the Exhibition appreciated by the French.

The Lord Mayor's banquet brought together among other people Mr. W. T. Stead, fresh from his "Modern Babylon" campaign; W. Beatty-Kingston, Campbell Clarke, Colonel Villiers, of the British Embassy, and a crowd of French celebrities, commercial chiefly, but also artistic and literary. When I went into the banquet hall, I was some moments before I could define to myself precisely whether the chairman or president at the function was the Lord Mayor, M. Tirard, then head of the French Cabinet, or Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston, the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Kingston, in truth, occupied a most commanding position at the table. He was able to see, and to be seen by, everybody. I soon discovered, however,

that he had no powdered footmen standing behind him. These stood near the Lord Mayor and M. Tirard, and they assisted in filling the champagne glasses of the guests. The banquet could not have been beaten in the City itself so far as viands and wines were concerned. The speech-making was ponderous and dull, but the speakers were brief in their utterances and did not remain long on their feet. Everybody went home early with the recollection of a magnificent dinner. My enjoyment of the feast was slightly marred by the exigencies of the special wire. It was I, and not Campbell Clarke or Beatty-Kingston, who had to telegraph to London an account of the dinner and a *précis* of the speeches delivered. In this work I had some assistance from the Lord Mayor's own reporter, or special man, whom I have never seen since, neither have I seen many of the others who were at that Exhibition banquet of 1889. Not a few of those who were there have joined the majority—Sir James Whitehead, Sir Polydore de Keyser, M. Tirard, the French President of the Council, W. Beatty-Kingston, Campbell Clarke, Oppert de Blowitz, and even Colonel Villiers of the Embassy, who was one of the youngest and seemingly one of the most vigorous of those present. Mr. W. T. Stead, who was also at the banquet, is still in the land of the living.

It was soon after this, too, that my useful friend, Negrau, known as the "little Portuguese," disappeared mysteriously. The man was only a simple reporter, but had he been able to write well he might have rivalled the mighty Blowitz. He was

of the stuff that Blowitzes are made of. He was a type of the bold, pushing journalist of the Continent who insists on approaching everybody. He did not mind being repulsed—that made him more eager to go on. He ended by making everybody receive him, and he talked familiarly with nearly everybody of importance in Paris. I first met him at the Chamber of Deputies, where he was in the habit of lobbying until he extracted something from a Member of Parliament. Occasionally he succeeded in button-holing a Cabinet Minister. At night I used to meet Negrau at Pousset's *brasserie* in the Faubourg Montmartre, where he fraternised with Catulle Mendès and several other literary and journalistic men to whom he duly introduced me, but whom I had not much time to see afterwards.

Another *habitué* of the original Brasserie Pousset in the Faubourg Montmartre was M. Antoine, then a simple clerk in a gas company, and who has since revolutionised the French stage. With these I occasionally foregathered, and Negrau also brought me in touch with many other Frenchmen who were either notable for their work or interesting as personalities. Negrau was all things to all men. He talked, as I have said, familiarly to politicians and others of prominence, and he was received by Royalists and Republicans alike, nobody seeming to care what his own special line of politics was. Neither did anybody seem to know or care as to the special newspaper or the newspapers which he represented. This was a mystery, yet he was at every function of importance in Paris, and he talked with such notabilities as the Duc de Broglie, the

Duc Decazes, the Comte de Mun, Paul de Cassagnac, the Republicans Jules Ferry, Henri Brisson, Eugène Spuller, Charles Floquet, the artists, dramatists, and literary men, and also with the policemen and the hawkers on the boulevards.

The man suddenly dropped out of ken. The last time that I saw him was on the occasion of the banquet given by Sir James Whitehead. He was not at that function, but waited in the Grand Hotel for news of it from me. This he probably sold to the French newspapers. After that he was seen no more on the boulevards, and there was a report that he had been poisoned by a woman. I was really sorry to have lost this poor fellow, but I had no time to find out what had become of him. I have had to defend his memory before Frenchmen who held that he was in the pay of a German Correspondent in Paris who was known as "Bismarck's double" owing to his resemblance to the Iron Chancellor. He was a Herr von Beckmann, and was connected with what was termed at the time the "reptile press," which was at Bismarck's call. For my part, I always found Beckmann an excellent fellow. He had to "lie very low" in Paris, in those days, with Herr Kramer of the *Cologne Gazette*, and he was never at any official functions. I do not think that Beckmann ever had any need of my friend Negrau, although the Frenchmen held that he had. This, too, was the idea of some of the foreign Correspondents in Paris, who also affirmed that Negrau belonged to the secret police. It is always easy to acquire an unenviable reputation as a political or a police spy in Paris, but it was especially so in those days.

to which I am now referring. I was put down as a police spy on the occasion of my presence in the editorial offices of M. Clemenceau. My foregatherings with Beckmann and Negrau gained for me the strange distinction of being regarded as a German spy, and my peculiar name was set down as Teutonic. Colour was also lent to my supposed connection with the "reptiles" by the fact that I had written some paragraphs in the *Telegraph* calling attention to the increasing popularity of German beer in Paris.

This was quoted with great relish in German newspapers devoted to the brewing trade, and some of the French journalists called the attention of the patriots to the matter. The result was that the same mob of patriots who had tried to prevent the production of Wagner's "Lohengrin" at the Opéra smashed the windows of a few *brasseries* on the boulevards, wherein beer of Munich and Nuremberg was sold. Since that time a change has come over the Parisians, who nowadays crowd to hear anything by Wagner and who absorb German beer without any patriotic misgivings.

The general elections of 1889 were important, as the Floquet Bill was utilised. By that measure *scrutin d'arrondissement*, previously referred to, was put in operation, and it provided that "nobody can be a candidate in more than one constituency." This was aimed at Boulanger, who was endeavouring to imitate the third Napoleon by instituting a *plébiscite*, but his day was over. The lawyers of the Chamber were too much for him, and only thirty-eight of his men returned to Parliament on the 12th of Novem-

ber, 1889, six days after the Exhibition closed. In April of the following year—1890—the Boulangists made what was termed a *tentative de regonflement*, at the municipal elections, but they were again badly beaten.

Just previously to these city elections, Prince Louis Philippe Robert Duc d'Orléans, son of the Comte de Paris, came over to France from England, for the purpose of being enrolled as an army conscript. The Prince, who had been banished from his country, was promptly arrested in Paris on the 7th of February, 1890. The Republicans did not want a new Boulanger, and saw quickly through the princely game. The Duke was not only arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to a provincial prison, after a term in the Conciergerie, where Queen Marie Antoinette, her husband and children had been long before him, but he was covered with ridicule by the Republican Press. His followers, the young Royalists, were hooted everywhere, and it was Rochefort, I think, who coined for him the nickname of "Gamelba." This curious compound was founded on the word "*gamelle*," and the name "Melba." In an address intended for French conscripts the Duc d'Orléans had said that he wanted to share the contents of their *gamelle*, or mess tin. Part of this word was coupled with the name of the celebrated Australian opera star, who was supposed to be admired by the Duke. Rochefort, who was on the Boulangist side, had, I think, no deep animosity against the Duc d'Orléans, but he could not resist the temptation to perpetrate the joke. The name "Gamelba" remained, and even to this day is occasionally applied to the



Photo]

DUC D'ORLÉANS.

[W. S. Stuart

Duc d'Orléans by the more blatant among the Republicans.

Whatever the future may have in store for Louis Philippe Robert Duc d'Orléans, I do not think that he has any chance of effecting a restoration of the monarchy. A Bonaparte might do something, but the days of the Bourbons and the Orléans family are over. The Royalists whom I knew in Paris, that is to say, the older and the more serious members of the party, hardly ever referred in my hearing to the Duc d'Orléans. They seemed, in fact, to ignore his existence, and this I attributed to the stories circulated about his amorous adventures. The younger Royalists only smiled at the gossip about the Prince, whom they called "a chip of the old block," referring to that remote ancestor of his, Henri Quatre, a monarch whose career as an ardent amorist is well-known. The serious Royalists, who never spoke to me about the Prince, would, of course, be quite ready to back him if he came forward and gave proof that he meant to do something. I found that these gentlemen were in such a frame of mind that they were ready to back anybody, including the German Emperor himself, if he would rid them of the detested and execrated Republic. This is not to be wondered at, for the Royalists have been loaded with ridicule and obloquy by the Republicans, who have also attacked their Church.

Nor is the frame of mind to which I have referred peculiar to Royalists in France. It is a matter of history that the founders of the Third Republic, and notably Jules Ferry, exulted publicly over the defeat of the army of Napoleon the Third by the Germans in 1870.

As to the prospects of the Royalists in France, there is not much to be said. Some of them are sanguine that the "King will have his own again," but others shake their heads as they see the Republic continuing without a break. Presidents and Ministers come and go, but the régime which the majority of the French have accepted is now thirty-six years old, and seems destined to go on and prosper. "We have the power," say the Republicans with exultation, "and we mean to keep it and to hold it against all attempts of Bourbons or of Bonapartes." And the Bourbons and the Bonapartes with their followers have to hang their heads in sorrow and despair, while the Republicans enjoy power and jibe at them as representatives of dead causes which have no possible chance of resurrection. And the Republicans, who pull the wires, have also a trump card for the electors when they tell them periodically that the restoration of a dynasty in France would mean eventual war. "We Republicans," they say, "are determined on the preservation of peace. See what we have done during the past thirty-six years. Never has France been so prosperous. Her commerce has increased, her alliance is sought by foreign nations. She is no longer isolated, and at the same time she is in perpetual peace. See if the Monarchists can give you that." This is the trump card of the Republicans, and they play it with success.

Other events happening in Paris in the year 1890 have not left much impression on my mind. In the following year, however, Paris was startled by the news of General Boulanger's suicide at Brussels. That was on the 30th of September, 1891, and nearly

two months later another sensation was caused by the death of Lord Lytton at the British Embassy on the 24th of November, 1891. I have not hitherto said much about the Embassy or the ambassadors. As both are interesting subjects I must here recall my reminiscences of the great house in the Faubourg St. Honoré and of some of the distinguished men who have lived there as representatives of Queen Victoria and of King Edward.

The British Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honoré was built by Mazin in the eighteenth century for the Due de Charost. During the First Empire it was inhabited by Princess Pauline Borghese, the youngest and the favourite sister of the great Napoleon. The next occupant was the Iron Duke, who bought the residence for 625,000 francs. Nowadays the same property is valued at six millions of francs, or £240,000. Sir Charles Stuart succeeded the Duke of Wellington in 1816. Next came, in 1825, Viscount Granville, who was followed by Lord Stuart de Rothesay in 1829, and returned to Paris in 1831. During the reign of Louis Philippe, Henry Lord Cowley and then the Marquis of Normanby were at the Embassy. In 1852, Lord Cowley, son of the former ambassador, was accredited to the Court of Napoleon III. Lord Lyons succeeded him in 1868, and remained until 1887, when Earl Lytton came. The latter, dying in 1891, was succeeded by Lord Dufferin, who was followed in 1896 by Sir Edmond Monson, and the present occupant of the old Hôtel Charost is Sir Francis Bertie.

My first introduction to the Embassy was on the occasion of a garden party given there by Lord

Lyons in honour of the first Victorian Jubilee in 1887. It coincided with a garden party given at the same time in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. I was rather nervous going into the sacred enclosure of the Embassy for the first time. The Consulate was familiar enough to me, as I had been frequently there on legal business, and also for passports to enable me to go to Germany and Russia. The Embassy itself I never entered until that day of the garden party. When I went inside I saluted the ambassador, and was surprised at his thoroughly unofficial aspect and apparel. He wore a short black coat, and so also did his secretary, Mr. George Sheffield, once a well-known figure in Paris, and who, I was sorry to hear, died not long since. The dress of the ambassador and of his secretary seemed actually of the free-and-easy sort when contrasted with the frock-coats of the Englishmen around and the solemn evening dress of most of the official representatives of the Republic who were present.

On the lawn of the Embassy I met all the celebrities of the day, and had talks with some of them, and notably with Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. I also saw Marshal de MacMahon, feeling, as I thought, rather uneasy among the Republicans who had brought about his resignation of the Presidency. But the most sensational figure on the lawn that day was "la belle Madame Gauthereau," a lady whose portrait in the Salon had been the talk of the season. She was a strikingly beautiful woman, and wore Greek garb, her hair being manifestly dyed a Titianesque red.

I never saw Lord Lyons after that garden party.

When he retired he went to London, and died in Norfolk House, St. James's Square. It was rumoured that he had gone over to the Church of Rome, in which he had some relatives ; and it was even given out in Paris that he was a Catholic long before he left the Embassy. I heard, however, from his former secretary, Mr. Sheffield, one Christmas, when he was dining with his great friends, Sir Campbell and Lady Clarke, at 116, Champs Elysées, that Lord Lyons was inclined to agnosticism, but that after his retirement he attended Mass regularly at the church of the Jesuits in Farm Street.¹

¹ Lord Lyons was attended in his last moments by Dr. Butt, Catholic Bishop of Southwark.

CHAPTER X

More about the British Embassy—Lord Lytton's reception—

Lord Lytton as a Parisian—His views on religion—His sudden death—His successors at the Embassy, Lord Dufferin and Sir Edmund Monson—Sir E. Monson at Brest and Mr. Gosselin at Ushant—The *Drummond Castle* medals—The English and American Colonies in Paris—Notable British and American residents—Count Boni de Castellane and Miss Anna Gould—The imitation Trianon—The divorce.

THE next time that I went to the Embassy was when Lord and Lady Lytton gave their first dinner and reception after they had settled down in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Previously the ambassador's secretary, Mr. Carew, another amiable man who died not long after his coming to Paris, showed me over the banqueting and reception rooms, which were abundantly decorated with ornaments and arms brought from India by Lord Lytton. These inspired me with memories of Macaulay and of the days when I was among the schoolboys who read his essays and found that on Clive and the other on Warren Hastings every whit as fascinating as the most favourite book of fiction. I had also been reading through Sir Edwin Arnold's "India Revisited," and with his co-operation and that of Macaulay I wrote a column of descriptive matter about the old Hôtel

Charost and its gorgeous Oriental ornamentation, by which the new ambassador to the French Republic recalled to the Parisians the fact that he had been Viceroy of the vast country over which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress. Lord Lytton, if he read the description, and I have reason to believe that he did, must have derived some ephemeral entertainment from it. I do not think, however, that he went so far as to keep it as a record, as Sir Edmund Monson did with my account of his journey to Brest for the purpose of bestowing Queen Victoria's medals on the Breton fisher-folk and others who did the rescue work in connection with the wreck of the *Drummond Castle* off Ushant.

At the reception following Lord Lytton's first banquet at the Embassy the crowd was enormous. Besides the notabilities of Paris, nearly all the people of the British Colony were there—railway agents, drapers, tailors, glovers, and shoemakers. The literary men and the principal actors and actresses of the Comédie Française, most of them personal friends of the ambassador, were there among the tailors, glovers, and shoemakers. Mademoiselle Brandès, a favourite with the ambassador, and who had not then left the Comédie Française, was present, and was admired by all the men and envied by many of the women. When I entered the reception salon on the occasion the first person who attracted my attention was the renowned M. de Blowitz. He was in the centre of a group of ladies, including Countess Lytton, and was entertaining them by his talk. The *Times* Correspondent was a great favourite with the Lytton family, and I have seen him in their box

when they attended a first night or one of the dress rehearsals at the Comédie Française. I do not think that he was much liked by Lord Lytton's predecessor, Lord Lyons, who preferred Campbell Clarke to any of the Correspondents with whom he had to deal.

It was at this function that I saw Lord Lytton for the first time. He was a small man and looked out of place in his diplomatic dress. He certainly did not correspond to the idea one forms of a Viceroy of India, so far as personal appearance is concerned, nor was he in age the "Pelham" that he was in youth. Out on the boulevards, he did not impress either. He often walked from the Embassy to the Madeleine and away up the Boulevard des Italiens. Once I saw him out with Mr., now Sir, Henry Austin Lee, and the contrast between the two men, one tall, formal, and stately, the other, the ambassador, easy-going, small, and slim, challenged attention. Lord Lytton was more of a boulevardier than any of his predecessors or successors at the Faubourg St. Honoré. Lord Lyons I never met on the boulevards, but his secretary, Mr. Sheffield, was frequently on the "Italiens." Lord Dufferin had an occasional walk on the "asphalte," but it was going out of fashion to appear there in his time. Of late years I have never met many noted men between the Opéra and the corner of the Rue Drouot, although at one time it used to be crowded with celebrities. In the afternoons, formerly, you met most eminent persons either at the bookshop which then stood not far from the Café Anglais on the boulevards, or at Tortoni's, which has been transformed from a resort of wits into a boot and shoe store. Lord Lytton's

end was sudden. No one knew that he was ailing, except, of course, his family. He was reading almost to the last, and only a few hours after a nurse had handed him a book he was dead. The sad news was conveyed to the boulevards and thence to the newspaper offices by Dr. Prendergast, who had been attending the ambassador. This doctor, an Irishman, died also rather suddenly in Paris some years back. M. de Blowitz attributed Lord Lytton's death to opium, in which he indulged to some extent, but this may be an exaggeration.

In the letters of Lord Lytton, edited by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, he is reported to have said to Lady Bloomfield : "What an ass one is to write books, as if there were not enough of them in the world already !" Now, this is rather a contradictory utterance from one who, in spite of Mr. Swinburne's satire, was not a bad poet, and had the ambition to become a good one. It is also contradictory when we find Lord Lytton writing verse in Paris, and even allowing some of his work to be translated into French for a review.¹ I referred to the religious views of Lord Lyons in a previous page, but of those of his successor I cannot say much. I know that, out of curiosity, he attended some spiritualistic séances when in Paris. His letters show that, like every literary man, he had religious problems in his mind. Writing, for instance, from Vienna in 1862, to his father, he says : "I hope and believe I am a Christian, for I heartily recognise in Christ the most

¹ Lord Lytton published "After Paradise," or "Legends of Exile," in 1887, and subsequently re-wrote in great part the "Ring of Amasis," which was translated into French.

valuable manifestation of a Divine personality, but I must own that I base my intense conviction of the truth of Christianity, as a revelation, on conclusions differing *toto coelo* from all the axioms of existing Church theology, and that, if my reason left me no choice between the acceptance of those dogmas to which theology chains Christianity (such as that fundamental one of the vicarious suffering of Christ, growing out of the previous yet more revolting hypothesis of original sin, and the gratuitous arithmetical puzzle of the Trinitarian doctrine) or the rejection of the whole, I would choose the latter alternative." Later on he wrote that "such men as Pascal and John Newman are solemn and terrible warnings against taking theology *au sérieux*. They fill me with profound melancholy, and make me almost execrate the name of religion." In 1871 he wrote: "My whole moral being revolts against the acknowledgment of any God who must be fitted into the monstrous scheme of the Christian Atonement."

These passages show clearly the place occupied by religious problems in the mind of Lord Lytton, and I believe that the same perplexing problems haunted him to the day of his death.¹

¹ Since the publication of the "Personal and Literary Letters of the Earl of Lytton" by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, we know that Lord Lytton was very actively engaged in literary work while in Paris. The letters sent from the Embassy to Lady Salisbury, Lady Betty Balfour, and others show that he followed everything. He describes General Boulanger's career, discovers (rather late, though), that Madame Floquet was a granddaughter of Goethe's Charlotte, the Lotte of the "Sorrows of Werther," passes authors in review, describes minutely a play by Sardou, notes that Meilhac is a rather elephantine sort of man, tells anecdotes, and narrates how all the novelists send him

Of his successors I cannot say much. Lord Dufferin, I know, went out to dinner a good deal, and was to be met at many houses. He was more of the *grand seigneur* than his predecessor, and impressed the French accordingly. But he was not a favourite, or, to use that ugly word, "popular," as was Lord Lytton, who pleased the French as a man of letters and the friend of artists and authors. Lord Dufferin, moreover, was in Paris at a time when the *entente cordiale* with England was not even dreamt of. The English were decidedly unpopular in Paris, and the Russian fever was at its height. During those troubled days the ambassador was a good deal away, and as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports he spent months at Walmer Castle and also on his Irish estate at Clandeboye. In his later time in Paris he consoled himself by re-studying the Greek poets and dramatists. Paris may be a fine ambassadorial post, but I always had the impression that men like Lord Lytton and Lord Dufferin were comparatively dwarfed there. Lord Lytton, as I have said, was welcome as a man of letters and an artist, but the official and commercial Republicans did not care much about these claims to consideration. Nor were they much moved by his prestige as one who had been Viceroy of India. As to Lord Dufferin, the official Republicans did not seem to care about his history and his prestige at all. A few articles appeared about him in the newspapers just before, and soon after, he took up his post at the

their books, which he has not time to read. He was, in fact, just in the position of a Paris correspondent, and in reading these letters one can hardly refrain from thinking what a splendid Paris Correspondent he would have been.

Embassy, but they were not friendly in tone. Before Tsar Nicholas came to Paris in October, 1896, Lord Dufferin retired from the Embassy. It was currently reported at the time that the English Ambassador was coolly treated in the matter of invitations to the official functions being organised for the Tsar and Tsaritsa's coming to the French capital. After Lord Dufferin had gone some of the Frenchmen began to write against him. They accused him of being full of *morgue*, and laid to his door the more capital crime of being unable to speak good French. This was supposed to be a most terrible indictment, against a diplomatist especially. The French, who, with some exceptions, attain practical knowledge of foreign tongues only by enormous difficulty, are inexorable towards the man who fails to speak their own language with fluency and accuracy. Bismarck used to say that he always mistrusted a person who, not being a Frenchman born, spoke the French language correctly. The French themselves have no suspicions of this sort, and gladly welcome as a friend any one who can converse with them on equal terms as regards grammar and pronunciation.

After the departure of Lord Dufferin from Paris, less attention than ever was paid to the Embassy by the French. The coming of Sir Edmund Monson in 1896 almost passed unnoticed. He had none of the prestige of his predecessors, and the journalists and pamphleteers had no necessity to consult biographical dictionaries about him. During his long tenure of office in Paris I was only near Sir Edmund Monson twice. Once was when he went to Brest to distribute the *Drummond Castle* medals

in April, 1897. That was intended to be a minor event, but the French, and especially the journalists, magnified it into a considerable function. I went down to Brest on a Saturday, and on the following Monday found that the ambassador was represented by Sir, then Mr., Martin Le Marchant Gosselin, who died recently at Lisbon, for the first day of the presentation of medals. By the kindness of the French Maritime Prefect, or Port Admiral, I was enabled to go out to Ushant with Mr. Gosselin on board the torpedo-destroyer the "Epervier." Mr., now Sir, Henry Austin Lee, was of the party, also Captain Paget, R.N., as well as the English Consul and Vice-Consul at Brest, and Mr. Mirrilles, the son-in-law of Sir Donald Currie, owner of the *Drummond Castle*. As we passed over the place where that liner went down, Admiral Barrera, the Maritime Prefect of Brest, had a salute of guns fired, and some prayers were also recited by a petty officer. I afterwards heard that Admiral Barrera was attacked in some of the Republican papers for the prayers, and that certain members of the Government also made him feel the error of his ways. The admiral was one of those whom the Republicans were wont to call "sons of archbishops." These were officers who had obtained promotion in the navy through, as was supposed, clerical and Conservative influence. The admiral did not long survive the attacks on him. He died a few years after the presentation of medals, and he was one of those departed Frenchmen whose deaths I sincerely regretted.

During that trip to Ushant I saw and conversed with many French naval men, from admirals to lieutenants

and petty officers. These I afterwards met on shore, and found them most genial and courteous. There was just one exception—a lieutenant who seemed to scowl at the pressmen, but I subsequently learned that he had a great quarrel with a journalist over some matter of a naval sort, and that he could not bear the “fourth estate” people after that.

The medals having been distributed at Ushant, and other places, by Mr. Gosselin, Sir Edmund Monson came to Brest on the following day. There he gave medals to local rescuers, visited the graves of persons who had been drowned in the *Drummond Castle*, and whose bodies were recovered by the fisher folk of the islands, and attended a banquet given by Admiral and Madame Barrera at the Naval Prefecture.

I next saw Sir Edmund Monson at the service in the German church, Rue Blanche, on the occasion of the death of the Empress Frederick. His successor, Sir Francis Bertie, I have never seen.

As to the Americans, I was a good deal at their Legation, afterwards an Embassy, in the time of Mr. Levi Morton. He was one of the most estimable of the representatives of the United States, and was liked by everybody. The French and the Americans have always been friendly, and they were especially so in the days of Mr. Morton, and also of General Horace Porter, who retired a few years since. Mr. Levi Morton, being a wealthy man, with an interesting wife, was a great entertainer, and had around his hospitable board everybody, Royalist and Republican, who was of note in Paris. His dinners were famous, and he was sincerely regretted by many when he left the Legation. In those days I knew all the officials

of the U.S. Legation, notably the excellent M. Vignaux, who wrote a remarkable volume a few years since on Christopher Columbus, and whose experience of Paris beats that of any living diplomatist. He has been for years an indispensable man at the U.S. Embassy, as he was at the Legation. Mr. Levi Morton, who was a banker, was succeeded by a newspaper proprietor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who owns the *New York Tribune*. Mrs. Emily Crawford was then his Paris Correspondent, but she seemed to have got into some disfavour when the Whitelaw Reids were in residence not far from where she lived on the Boulevard de Courcelles, near the Parc Monceau. Of late years she has been replaced as Correspondent of the *Tribune*, Horace Greely's old paper, by Mr. Inman Barnard, one of the most notable members of the American colony in Paris. When I first met Mr. Barnard he was connected with the *New York Herald*. I was for a long time under the impression that he was nothing more than the well-paid private secretary of the "Commodore," Mr. James Gordon Bennett. He was, in fact, put forward as that, and that only, by some of the *Herald* men who prided themselves on being journalists. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Barnard has had a remarkable career. He is one of those men of highly interesting antecedents and capabilities whom the "Commodore" manages to attract to the great American newspaper from time to time. Mr. Barnard, who is a Boston man, and a Law Graduate of Harvard, was Chief of the Staff to the Khedive of Egypt from December, 1875, to January, 1879, and acted also in Egypt as War Correspondent for the *Herald* and other news-

papers, both American and English. He held other offices during his sojourn in Egypt, and received the Khedive's gold medal at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Of the later American diplomatic representatives, who came after the proprietor of the *New York Tribune*, I can say little, but these reminiscences lead me to the subject of the colonies of English-speaking residents of Paris.

The members of these two colonies often meet on some mutual ground, but they are as different from each other as the poles. The upper grade of the British colony is more restricted, more select, and more aristocratic than that of the Americans. It is represented by the ambassador, the attachés and their families, and some old colonists, as, for instance, the late Hon. Alan Herbert, M.D., one of the very few men left of the days of Lord Henry Seymour, Sir Richard Wallace, Mr. Mackenzie Greaves, Grenville Murray, Felix Whitehurst, General D'Ainslie, the Hon. Denis Bingham, Sir E. Blount, and others who were in Paris before the Franco-German war¹ and during the early days

¹ Among those old British colonists in Paris were also Sir John Cormack; Dr. McCarthy, whose father had been tutor to Louis Philippe's children, and brought over from Cork Oifice, afterwards Sir Joseph Oifice, the discoverer of Deanville, and O'Meagher, of the *Times*; Mackenzie, of *Galignani's Messenger*; who left £7,000 and a collection of curiosities; and E. Noyce Browne, of the *Morning Post*. Browne and Whitehurst were rivals for the patronage of the Emperor. Whitehurst was less sedate than Browne, who had married a Colonel's daughter and was a family man. He himself was of humbler origin than his wife, and had a public-house in his family. The establishment was at Brentford.

of the Third Republic. There are, and have been in the British colony from time to time very notable persons of whom little was heard. They cultivated, if not the simple, at least the quiet, unostentatious life, and did not court publicity.

The American colony in Paris, if less select, or at least more democratic, than the important part of the British contingent, is strong, numerous, and above all, wealthy. There are very few poor Americans in Paris. This was borne in upon me once by a Catholic clergyman, Father Osmund Cooke, formerly of the Passionists' Church of the Avenue Hoche, who was in close touch with both colonies. He told me that he was once generously invited to send on some of his deserving poor to the American church of the Rue Bayard. There they would receive some assistance, as the upholders of the church had no poor to keep.

The Americans in Paris have their historic names from the past, as well as the English, and the greatest of these is that of Benjamin Franklin. In our times such men as Franklin have been rare in the Paris American colony, but their place has been taken, prominently, too, by the monied magnates from over the Atlantic. When I settled in Paris as a resident, twenty-five years back, little was heard of save the marriages of the daughters of American "kings" of various sorts to needy noblemen who were French or Italian. A realistic *mot* was coined by some French boulevardier—I think that it must have been Aurélien Scholl, or one of the others who used to meet at Tortoni's for the afternoon absinthe or vermouth, long ago—to describe the

process of marrying American girls to the needy noblemen. It was "*manurer les fraises*"—to manure the strawberry leaves of the coronets. This is one of the acute and cutting *mots* of which the French are masters. It has lingered in my memory with a stinging remark made once by an actress who was jealous of the candidature of an older rival for a place in the Comédie Française. "If they admit her there," said the jealous histrionic lady, "*il faut dorer le dôme*"—that is to say, make it like the Hôtel des Invalides—the hospital of old and disabled pensioners.

I do not know precisely how many American heiresses are inhabiting the houses of the old French nobility in the Faubourg St. Germain or the Faubourg St. Honoré. Their portraits and sketches of their careers appear from time to time in French and American pictorial reviews. When I settled in Paris the chief Transatlantic heiress was Miss Mackay, daughter of the Bonanza king, whom Americans used to remind me was once a porter in Dublin. Miss Mackay was married to a prince of the famous house of Colonna at the Papal Nunciature. The Mackays soon after left Paris, chiefly owing to the tremendous row caused when Mrs. Mackay slashed her portrait by Meissonnier as it did not please her. The picture was paid for, but all the artists, authors, and journalists flew to arms in order to avenge the affront offered to their great painter, the master Meissonnier. For weeks Paris was ringing with the affair, and one of the foremost foes of the American "upstarts" was M. Jules Claretie, who was then a regular contributor to the *Temps*, as he is in

these days, after a long absence from the columns of Senator Hébrard's paper.¹

The next Franco-American marriage which I have good cause to remember was that of Count Boni de Castellane with Jay Gould's daughter, Miss Anna Gould. That event seemed to have gone off under the happiest auspices. A few years after it, Parisians were rushing to the Avenue des Champs Elysées to see the imitation Trianon built with Jay Gould's money for his daughter and her French husband. The place was an exact replica of the Versailles Trianon, built for Madame de Maintenon.

The imitation Trianon had hardly been finished when there were ominous rumours of dissensions between the Countess de Castellane and her husband. It was also darkly hinted that the Gould millions were being squandered. The hints one morning came out, with a remote resemblance to hard facts, in the front page of the *Figaro*, and led to a tragedy. The *Figaro* had at that time a working connection with the *Daily Telegraph*, and it was from the *Telegraph* office that the rumours of the Castellane dissensions floated to the *Figaro*. When the paragraph about the affair appeared in the French paper, Count Boni de Castellane and his father, the Marquis, rushed to the Rue Drouot and asked to see the editor of the *Figaro*. They were ushered into the sanctum of M. F. de Rodays, and Count Boni at once taunted that gentleman with having libelled him.

¹ Meissonnier took a lot of trouble over the portrait, making not only a fine likeness of Mrs. Mackay, but doing full justice to her splendid attire, which included a gorgeous Rembrandt hat.

Before M. de Rodays could reply he received two bullets in the legs, and was disabled for months.

Now since that tragedy the dissensions in the Castellane family are of public notoriety, and have been related with great wealth of detail in English and in American newspapers. The suit for divorce brought by the Countess de Castellane, *née* Anna Gould, was on for hearing in the Paris Civil Court on the 31st of October, 1906. Although it is actionable in France to publish Divorce Court proceedings, some London newspapers at least risked prosecution. This also was done by several English newspapers in 1905, in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Macbride, in which the wife, formerly Miss Maud Gonne, brought charges against her husband. In the Castellane case the Count was referred to as nourishing fourteen ladies in luxury. Maître Cruppi, who held a brief for the Countess, said that she did not charge her husband with extravagance and with trying to keep money from her, although she could do so, but her chief reason for bringing the action was owing to his cruelty and to his infidelity. Once in 1895 the Count pinched his wife until the blood came, and he soon after that boxed her ears. He had, it was alleged, five flats and a villa at Neuilly for mistresses, once misconducted himself with a lady at a country house, and on another occasion pretended that he was dying, and asked for a certain woman to be sent to cheer him up in his last moments. His wife made the doctor go to see him. The medical man soon pierced through the sham, and made the Count get out of bed. It was after that the Countess resolved to sue for a divorce.

That divorce was granted on November 14, 1906. The Court accorded a divorce to the Countess "on account of the wrongs and grievances inflicted by the husband, and gives to her the custody of the children, whom she may not move from French soil without the authorisation of their father."

And this was the end of the great marriage between the scion of a noble French family and the daughter of the wealthiest man in America. How well I remember the interest taken in the engagement of Miss Anna Gould to Count Boniface de Castellane, in February, 1895. Count Boniface, or Boni, is related to the Talleyrands through Joséphine, daughter of Dorothea, Princess of Courland and Sagan and Duchesse de Dino. Dorothea had been favourite niece and nurse of the celebrated Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, who served so many masters. She lived with him in the hôtel or private residence in the Rue Saint Florentin, near the Tuileries, afterwards occupied by Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. Dorothea married Edmund de Talleyrand, and her daughter Joséphine married the Marquis Henri de Castellane. The latter was grandfather of Count Boni, who married Jay Gould's daughter. There was a Marquis Maurice de Talleyrand, who had married a Miss Joseph Beers Curtis, of New York, and was subsequently divorced from her. This was a precedent for the Castellane-Gould marriage, which has also ended in a divorce.

The Castellanes were for some years after marriage united enough. The Countess became a strong Nationalist as well as Royalist. In June, 1899, when there were demonstrations on the great race-

courses over the assault on President Loubet at Auteuil, committed by Baron de Cristiani, the Countess joined the *manifestants* of the Nationalist side, and was going about shouting, as some of the Frenchmen said at the time: "*Vive l'amée! Vive l'amée!*" This imperfect pronunciation of French on the part of the young Countess was, as usual, productive of mirth to those priding themselves on their perfect utterance of that language.

No reference, however fragmentary, to the American colony in Paris would be interesting without including that remarkable man, Mr. James Gordon Bennett. It cannot be gainsaid that of all the foreign residents in Paris the proprietor of the *New York Herald* has the most predominating place. He is a *richissime*, a "multi-millionaire," a "newspaper king," a foremost figure in all events, especially those of a sporting character, happening in Paris, Nice, Cannes, or Monte Carlo. I have seen Mr. Bennett in various places—in his splendid residence in the Avenue de Champs Elysées, at his Paris office, in a *brasserie* refreshing himself with a glass of four-penny beer, in the very thick of a crowd, driving four-in-hand, riding in the Bois, and on the top of an omnibus. At one time he is in the outskirts of Timbuctoo or Teheran, at another enjoying a stroll on the Paris boulevards, smoking a pipe of fragrant tobacco on his balcony at Beaulieu, or watching the *petits cheveaux* gambling game in a seaside casino. And all the time he has his hand on the working of his newspapers. Nothing escapes his attention in the way of news. He has had the very best reporters that money could buy, and he has also had able

writers. He is a very Moloch for men, and has used up hundreds of notable journalists. Mr. Bennett was born in New York in 1841, and seems to be one of those men who are built to go on for ever. He had a fall from his mail-coach once in Paris. The fall would have killed two ordinary men, but it did not kill him. He was in the hands of the surgeons for months, and then recovered his usual strength. I saw him walking on the boulevards soon after his recovery. He was as brisk and vigorous as ever, and, as his fellow-countrymen would say, "hard as nails." The strangest thing in connection with Mr. Bennett is that his name is never printed in his own newspapers, but he gets an international advertisement through his patronage of automobilism. He has also a habit of keeping out of the American and European editions of the *Herald* the names of persons whom he does not like.

CHAPTER XI

Americans in Paris—Mr. J. G. Bennett—Mr. Joseph Pulitzer—Other Americans—Sardou's “Thermidor”—Origin of the “Bloc”—The Empress Frederick in Paris—Her cold reception—Death of Prince Napoleon—The bloodstained shirt and M. Constans—Franco-Russian foregatherings—A prelate's prosecution—M. Constans and M. Laur—The “*Fournée des Gifles*,” or a political Boxing-day—Ravachol the dynamiter.

ONE of those who were out of favour for many years with the powerful proprietor and director of the *Herald* was the elder Coquelin. When the latter was starring in the States some years ago orders were issued from Paris that his name was never to be printed in any editions of the *Herald*. I do not know if M. Constant Coquelin cared much about this ostracism from the columns of an influential newspaper. I know that he once told Campbell Clarke that he never read any but French newspapers. Of this I had my doubts, in the first place because the two Coquelins are from Boulogne-sur-Mer, know English well, have often been in London, and in the second place French actors by no means disregard what the foreign Press may have to say about them. It was not a humorous fancy that prompted the obliteration of M. Coquelin's name from the *Herald*,

but displeasure mething that had been said by the great French median. It was at the time passing strange to note that all the minor persons accompanying M. Coquelin, the satellites around the star, were duly mentioned and often favourably noted in the *Herald*.

One of the predominating figures at "first nights" in Paris is Mr. Bennett, but he only attends *premières* of the sensational sort. I have never seen him in any of the Montmartre or boulevard *guignols* or boxes. He never misses a new play by Sardou, or a new "creation" of Sarah Bernhardt. He is a frequent visitor to the Opéra, but I think he prefers the drama to music. This I infer only from an entertaining anecdote of the great newspaper magnate narrated by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in one of his papers. This runs that when once on board his yacht the *Lysistrata*—or rather the *Lysistrate*, for I think Mr. Bennett took the name from M. Maurice Donnay's play, and not straight from Aristophanes—the proprietor of the *Herald* made a man of music who was in attendance sing over and over again, while accompanying himself on the piano, the song about Misther Riley:—

"Are you Misther Riley that kapes this hotel,
Are you Misther Riley they spake of so well?
Then begor, Misther Riley, you're lookin' quite well."

But the "Commodore" is fond of repetition, and has kept up for years in his Paris edition the excruciating jokes of the "old Philadelphia lady" and "Patrick." Another eccentric feature of the *Herald* of Paris consists in the letters published in its columns, in some of which Mr. Bennett jumps

on his correspondents, while in others he is jumped on himself. In spite of the antique and repeated jokes and the eccentric letters, the Paris *Herald* is a mine of news, and its reviews of literature, art, music, and the drama are usually done by competent men. As I have already pointed out, Mr. Bennett has the knack of attracting remarkable journalists to his paper. Of these, among the most remarkable were Stanley, Russell Young of old, and in later times, Barnard, Meltzer, Gordon Smith, and Aubrey Stanhope. There have been other capable men on the *Herald* in Paris as well as in New York, but their names escape my memory. From time to time some notable Frenchmen—Henri Rochefort, for instance—have contributed to its columns.

Another prominent American in Paris is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the *New York World*. His brother, Albert Pulitzer, is, or was until recently, a resident in Paris. Joseph Pulitzer does not now come to Paris so frequently as he did towards the end of the last century, when his sight began to fail. In the early eighties I used to see Mr. Joseph Pulitzer reading the newspapers in a humble establishment, known as Neale's Library, in the Rue de Rivoli. This place was enlarged later on and is now in the hands of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. At Neale's Library of old a good many celebrities might be met, but it never had the prestige of Galignani's, where, in the days gone by, were to be seen Thackeray, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Frank O'Mahoney or "Father Prout," G. A. Sala, Edmund Yates, when he was on the *New York Herald* staff, and a host of other men distinguished in various walks of life.

The Americans in Paris whom I knew best were, of course, the journalists. These latter were frequently coming and going, particularly those of the *Herald* and *World*. Mr. Pulitzer's capacity for absorbing men is as great as that of Mr. Bennett, and I have seen many a *New York World* man, from Mr. Ives to Mr. Stethson and Mr. McKenna. Among the more permanent journalists serving American papers in my time were Lamar Middleton of the *Chicago Daily News*, Barnard, already referred to, Valerien Gribayédoft, who is artist as well as writer, and is known among his friends as "Grib" *tout court*, and Victor Collins, an Irishman who wrote for the *New York Sun*. Mr. Conway, who for a long time represented the famous "Willie" Hearst in Paris as Correspondent of the *New York Journal*, I never met. I believe that he went over to assist Mr. Hearst in his unsuccessful campaign for the governorship of the State of New York. Conway belonged to what used to be known as the "fallen angel" or "spoiled priest" lot in Paris. There are about half a dozen of these, English and American. Nearly all work for the Press, but I believe that one or two ex-ecclesiastics have not been able to get beyond shops or stores, and are obliged to "sell things" in order to keep themselves afloat. Some of the "fallen angels" have made remarkably good journalists, and write ably for the English and American Press. One thing is noticeable about them, and that is, they do not attack their Church, as some of the French ex-ecclesiastics are inclined to do. They have never been so truculently disposed towards religion as M. Charbonnel, for instance,

who "threw his cassock on the nettles" one day, and the next was inditing fierce attacks on his former colleagues in the columns of a most venomous anti-clerical paper.

Leaving minor matters, I must now call up some of the other more important or interesting events of the year 1891. The year, as I have noted already, was remarkable for two events which happened towards its close. These were the suicide of General Boulanger and the death of Earl Lytton at the Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

I must go back to the beginning of the year, when in January, 1891, Sardou's *Thermidor* led to disturbances at the Théâtre Français and in the streets. As is well known, Sardou had depicted Robespierre in a manner which the Republicans, Radicals, and Communists deemed unfavourable. I saw nothing of the rows at the theatre, for the reason that Campbell Clarke held me back from the place, and said that he would go himself. I believe that he was under the impression that I would join in the demonstration against Sardou, who had received me so angrily at Marly in 1888. I was very sorry not to have seen the disturbances, and it is probable that I would have had some part in them, as I had in those of the Boulangist period.

I was present in the Chamber of Deputies, however, when the disturbances over *Thermidor* were brought on for discussion. It was then that M. Clemenceau launched the simple word "*bloc*," which "caught on" everywhere, and which has since come to mean so much, a whole party in Parliament being known as "*blocards*." M. Clemenceau, in his

speech about Thermidor denounced any attempt to ridicule or make little of Robespierre, and declared that the Revolution and its men must be accepted *en bloc*.

In the following February there were some minor disturbances, this time over the visit of the Empress Frederick of Germany to Paris. The Empress was asked by her son to invite French artists to send their pictures to an exhibition about to be opened in Berlin. Prince Hohenlohe states in his memoirs that the Empress gave mortal offence by first going to Bonnat and others, appearing to overlook such men, for instance, as Carolus Duran. I was rather surprised to read that Carolus fired up about this, and applied a nasty name to the Empress. Some of the overlooked artists may probably have endorsed, if not participated in, the commotion caused by the visit of the Empress. This was attributed to the Patriotic League, or the Boulangists, who wanted an excuse for bringing themselves forward. The Empress Frederick had accordingly to curtail her stay in the inhospitable city, and I was at the Gare du Nord when, attended by the German Ambassador and his family and staff, she hurried over to England. Her son, the Emperor William, took his revenge for the affront to his mother and to himself by increasing the measures of rigour in Alsace-Lorraine. The French have not forgotten Alsace-Lorraine, but the Germans are viewed with less hostility at present in France, and especially in Paris, where they participated largely in the last Universal Exhibition. Moreover, since that time, 1900, German traders in Paris have increased in numbers, and they have no need now to give themselves out as Austrians or Swiss.

Shortly after the agitation over the Empress Frederick's visit, there died at Rome a man who once filled a large space in Parisian history. This was Prince Jerome Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III., and husband of Princess Clotilde of Savoy,¹ daughter of Victor Emanuel, grandfather of the present King of Italy. Prince Napoleon, as he was called in Paris, when they did not use the nickname of "Plonpon," in memory of his absence from the Crimean campaign, lived in the Avenue d'Antin, and was heard of a good deal. While full of the Bonapartist spirit, and mindful of the traditions of his family, he cultivated the society of Republicans, and was regarded as a Freethinker, because he attended the hogs' pudding banquets organised by anti-clericals on Good Fridays for the purpose of annoying the Catholics, who fast rigidly on that day. I do not think that Prince Napoleon attended these banquets in his later years in Paris. In any case, it is certain that his attitude towards the Church changed when he became old, either through aversion to the policy of the Republicans, who were beginning the campaign against Rome which developed to such an enormous extent in this century, or owing to the influence of his wife, the Princess Clotilde, who has led the life of a lay nun. There is no reason why this Princess should not be canonised eventually by her Church, as were St. Elizabeth of Hungary and other royal saints. In spite of the examples of her father and her husband, both notorious free-livers and by no means given to

¹ Princess Clotilde was originally in love with the Duc de Chartres, when he was at the Turin Military School. To prevent a marriage she was "made over" to Prince Jerome Napoleon.

acts of piety, she has retained throughout life her original fervour and devotion. I last saw the Princess Clotilde at the funeral of Princess Mathilde Napoleon.

Prince Napoleon died hard, and his last *mot* characterised the man. "I can succeed in nothing," said he on his deathbed, "not even in dying." Another man of a far different mould, and differing also in station from Jerome Napoleon, said before he passed away, "I am dying beyond my means." This, too, might apply to "Plonplon," who had got through a large part of his fortune when he was expelled from Paris, with the other princes of families that had reigned in France. His repudiation of his son, Prince Victor, before he died, caused a split in the Bonapartist party. Prince Jerome had left the succession as leader of the party to Prince Louis, his other son, but the latter did not want it. Whatever the heritage may be worth in the future, it is absolutely valueless now, and Prince Victor is not likely to try to do anything rash while the Empress Eugénie and his mother, Princess Clotilde, are alive.

Among other events in 1891 was the shooting of several persons by the troops and gendarmes during the strikes at Fourmies in the North of France. This led to a fearful agitation in the Chamber of Deputies, which was fomented by the production before the house of a bloodstained shirt, pierced by five bullets. The producer was Ernest Roche, a Boulangist, who had also belonged to the Communist party, and was one of Rochefort's trusted men. I know Roche very well, and have had many a meeting with him. He comes from Bordeaux, was originally a lithographer, and soon after arriving in Paris made a mark as an

eloquent speaker, with a tendency towards pathos, at assemblies of Communists and Socialists. Then he was patronised by Henri Rochefort, whom he adores, wrote for the *Intransigeant*, and was elected to the Chamber for a Paris district. Roche, who can be logical as well as melodramatic and emotional, usually obtains a hearing in the Chamber, unlike his master Rochefort, who, when a deputy, could not make his voice reach all the benches, and used to be amazed to find his parliamentary colleagues indulging in rather boisterous conversation while he spoke. It was no wonder that he left parliamentary life in disgust, calling the deputies "*paperassiers*," and that he resolved to devote all his energy to his old work.

Roche, after having displayed the bloodstained shirt with the bullet holes in it, called for the impeachment of M. Constans, who had sent Rochefort into exile with General Boulanger and Count Dillon. M. Constans was then Minister of the Interior in the Cabinet formed by M. de Freycinet on March 17, 1890, which lasted until February 27, 1892, when M. Emile Loubet became President of the Council.

M. Constans was not impeached at the instance of M. Ernest Roche, but he was destined to fall in the following year owing to his pugilistic attitude towards another Boulangist, M. Laur. Two events of greater importance happened before the close of the year 1891. The first was the visit of Tsar Alexander of Russia to Admiral Gervais, at Cronstadt. The Tsar went on board the Admiral's flagship and listened bare-headed to the "Marseillaise." There was wild enthusiasm in Paris over this, and the com-

pliment was returned by the introduction into France of the Russian hymn in honour of the Tsar. This was played by all the regimental bands and sung by the local and parochial *orphéonistes* or choral societies, and the Russian fever raged. All this happened during the summer of 1891, and in the November of that year, the same month in which Lord Lytton died, took place the prosecution of a French prelate, Mgr. Gouthe-Soulard, who was brought before a Paris Court for having written a vehement letter to M. Fallières, who was then Minister of Justice and of Public Worship. The Minister, owing to a street riot caused by the irreverent action of French pilgrims at the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel the Second in the Pantheon of Rome, issued certain orders. The conduct of the pilgrims caused them to be hooted and hustled in the streets of Rome. Pilgrims of other nationalities were also made to suffer for the attitude of the French, who were mostly young men. M. Fallières ruled that the French prelates or priests were not to take any more pilgrims to Rome without having previously obtained the permission and the sanction of the Government. Mgr. Gouthe-Soulard demurred to this order and had to come up from his palace at Aix to the Palais de Justice of Paris, where he was condemned to a fine of 3,000 francs. This Gouthe-Soulard incident was the starting-point of that hostility which the Republicans accuse the French Catholics of entertaining towards the existing form of government in France. All the Reactionaries endorsed the prelate's letter to M. Fallières, and denounced the Government. Catholicism in France thence began to be identified with the

cause of the Royalists more than ever, and to be a good Catholic meant to be an opponent of the Republic. This antagonism or hostility of the Catholics was used as a formidable weapon against them during the agitation over the expulsion of the religious orders and the riots caused by the separation of Church and State.

At the same time there were, and there are, Republican Catholics, but the others—the Reactionaries—carefully remind them that neither they, nor the late Pope Leo XIII., who laboured hard to reconcile the Church and the French Republic, got much advantage by their full acceptance of the present form of Government. On the contrary, as the Reactionaries say, the Republic conceded nothing, and its administrators deceived and cajoled both Leo XIII. and his successor Pius X.

I have a vivid recollection still of the remarkable events of the year 1892 in France. In the January of that year I saw the Minister of the Interior, M. Constans, jump from his place and strike M. Laur, a Boulangist. It was one of the wildest scenes that I ever witnessed in the Chamber of Deputies. Men of different parties and groups were howling, shrieking, cursing, and shaking their fists at one another. Desks were banged, books, papers, and inkpots were flung about, and it seemed as if the roof of the world were about to fall in. Laur, who led to this fearful din, had called the attention of the House to the attacks made on M. Constans in Rochefort's paper, the *Intransigeant*, and he wanted to know what the Government proposed to do in the matter. Here M. de Freycinet, who was President of the Council

and War Minister, moved the previous question, whereupon Laur said that the Government was trying to screen a man, marked and execrated by public opinion. Thereupon M. Constans struck the deputy, and the day, which was January 19, 1892, was known as the "*Journée des Gifles*." M. Constans expressed regret for his act of violence and loss of self-control, and a committee which was appointed to look into the affair declined to advise proceedings against a Senator. The career of M. Constans as a Minister was finished soon after that, and he subsequently went as ambassador to Constantinople.

I confess that I was as sorry for the downfall of Constans as I was for that of Ferry, although the former had marked me as a partisan of Boulanger and had me watched, and Ferry's strong anti-clerical policy was opposed, as was that of M. Combes afterwards, to my ideals of justice, freedom, and fair play.

This year of the Constans episode was also that of the dynamite explosions. Of these, one occurred quite close to where I lived. It was the outrage done by Ravachol in a house in the Rue de Clichy wherein lived, on the topmost floor, M. Bulot, an assistant or deputy of the Procureur-Général of the Republic. This assistant had distinguished himself by his vigorous denunciation of anarchists, and he was marked by Ravachol. The explosion occurred on a Sunday morning, and I ran out when I heard the dull, ominous report, which shook the houses in my street. Entering the Rue de Clichy, I made my way to the house, and found there Aurélien Scholl. He was a neighbour of mine, and when I accosted him he

was by no means in the mood to make jokes or to emit witticisms. He was only partially dressed, and had jumped out of bed to discover what was the matter. He lived exactly opposite the house nearly blown up, or rather blown down, by Ravachol. At first he thought that his own house had been dynamited, but as the roof was not falling in, he believed that an attempt had been made to damage the Sacré Cœur basilica at Montmartre. On going into the street he saw at once where the affair had happened. I left Scholl climbing a ladder placed against the damaged house. He wanted to see if anybody had been killed or injured. This was not the case, but the bomb exploding on the staircase had seriously damaged the house, which had to be propped up and repaired from top to bottom. My attention was temporarily taken away from this dynamite explosion by instructions which I received to ask Father Forbes, the Scotch Jesuit, then living in the house of the Society in the Rue de Sèvres, what he proposed to do in view of his expulsion from France for having said from the pulpit that the army was a school of moral and physical corruption for the youth of the country,

Strangely enough the noise of the next serious dynamite explosion, that of Véry's restaurant, I heard while sitting in the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*, then near the Bourse. Véry's was blown up by the Anarchists as Ravachol had been arrested on the information given by a waiter there. The owner of the restaurant and his wife were fatally injured, and a customer had a narrow escape. It was only a small eating-house dignified with the name of restaurant. I was on the spot a few moments after the explosion, which had

completely gutted the shop, leaving the ceiling and the walls bare. Everything that had been in the place in the way of fixings and furniture was reduced to atoms.

Ravachol was subsequently condemned to the guillotine, not, of course, for the damage done by him to the house near me in which M. Bulot lived, but because he had murdered a so-called hermit from whose hut, near Lyons, he took 30,000 francs. With this equivalent of £1,200 the dynamiter helped many of his comrades, and was able to furnish them with the explosive stuff which caused so much alarm and destruction throughout Paris in 1892. The other explosions of that terrible year, when people were expecting to be blown up at any moment, were at the house of the Princess de Sagan in the Rue de Grenelle, at the residence of M. Benoist, a judge, on the Boulevard Saint Germain, at the Lobau barracks of the Municipal Guards near the Hôtel de Ville, and in the police station of the Rue des Bons Enfants, near the Louvre. The latter was a fearful affair. The bomb had been left at the offices of the Carmaux Mines Company, Avenue de l'Opéra. The Anarchists had marked this company after the strikes had broken out in the mines, and they accordingly despatched a dynamiter to the Paris office.

CHAPTER XII

Dynamite outrages—The Panama bubble—The Anti-Semitic campaign—M. Drumont and the Jews—Jewish officer killed in duel—Baron de Reinach's mysterious death—M. Clemenceau and Dr. Herz—The sick man of Bournemouth—The Clemenceau-Déroulède duel—The “pot de Vin” ballet—The Panama cheques—Foreign Correspondents expelled—Admiral Avellan's visit—The question of Siam—Anti-English feeling—The dynamiters Henry and Vaillant.

INSIDE the door of the offices of the Carmaux Company the explosive was found, and the *concierge*, fearing to touch it, sent for the necessary policeman. The latter boldly took it to the Commissariat or station near at hand, that of the Rue des Bons Enfants. There he placed it on a table before his chief and it exploded instantly, killing the man who brought it and four others. I saw the fragments of the bodies being put into sacks half an hour after the explosion, which I had heard as I was on my way to the office of the *Telegraph* to begin the work of the afternoon. I shall never forget the scene in the police-station of the Rue des Bons Enfants. The men who had escaped were actually crying. They were dazed, dulled, stupefied, and a daring anarchist or two might have done what they liked with them. That explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants was one of the most terrible of the series.



Photo]

EDOUARD DRUMONT.

[Petit

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It was soon forgotten, however, as the first murmurs and mutterings of the Panama cyclone were making themselves heard. There were also the beginnings of the fierce fights between Semites and Anti-Semites, Jews and Christians, which were to culminate in the Dreyfus case. Nothing definite was done in the Panama business until the close of the year 1892. I must therefore take the Jewish affairs first. Hebrews and Christians, or, to be more correct, Hebrews and French Catholics, had been at war ever since the failure of the Union Générale Bank, which was founded in 1876 with a capital of four millions of francs, increased afterwards by M. Bontoux to twenty-five millions of francs. It failed, and its story is told in Zola's book "*L'Argent*." Catholic investors were ruined, and the Rothschilds, against whose financial supremacy the founders of the Union Générale fought, remained masters of the market. The French Catholics were beaten, as the Barings were beaten in 1893. Then came Edouard Drumont—"Enfin Drumont vint," to alter Boileau's line about Malherbe. This able journalist, who is a veritable Hebrew in appearance, has often been set down as a Jew. The Hebrews, however, repudiate him, and deny that he belongs to the Chosen People. He comes from the North of France, and was for some years on the staff of the *Liberté*, but he left that paper because it was financed by the Israelite Péreires. In 1886 Drumont's "*La France Juive*" appeared, and caused a terrible uproar. He had to fight with Charles Laurent and with Arthur Meyer, a born Jew, who is now one of the pillars of Catholic Christianity.

Drumont next founded the *Libre Parole* with, it is said, the money of the Jesuits, but that is as doubtful as everything else said about those mysterious men who follow the rules of St. Ignatius. Any way, the new paper opened fire on the Jews in general and on Jewish army officers in particular.

Down at Melun, a large garrison town, a Captain Crémieu-Foa took exception to the articles of the *Libre Parole*, and fought Drumont and one of his staff named Lamase. It was resolved to keep the duel with Lamase out of the papers, but Captain Crémieu-Foa's brother gave a report of the encounter to the *Matin*, and the Marquis de Morès, one of the seconds of Lamase, challenged Captain Meyer, who had been a second for his Jewish co-religionist, Crémieu-Foa. Captain Meyer was killed, and the antagonism between Jews and Catholics became envenomed. The campaign of the *Libre Parole* was not stopped by any means after these events. It raged with fury during the Dreyfus case, when the country was nearly torn asunder by those who were for the exiled officer and those who execrated him. On one side were the Royalist and Nationalist Catholics, with their papers the *Gaulois* and the *Libre Parole*, and on the other the out-and-out Republicans, the Radicals, the Socialists, the majority of the foreign colonists, and even some of the Catholics.

On special occasions during the long Dreyfus crisis the *Libre Parole* offices on the boulevard were brought into special prominence by a placard displayed, inscribed with the words "*À bas les Juifs!*"

This so enraged A. D. Vandam, author of "The Englishman in Paris," that one night when I was out on the boulevards with him, he wanted me to join him in a rush to the editorial sanctum of Drumont, whom he meant to challenge. I had some difficulty in persuading Vandam not to get himself into trouble over Drumont's diatribes, especially as he had important work concerning the Dreyfus Case in hand at the moment. And at the same time Vandam, although in appearance an unmistakable Hebrew, had but comparatively little sympathy with his race. He had long been under the influence of Clifford Millage, of the *Daily Chronicle*, who nearly made him become a Catholic.

The funeral of Captain Meyer, who was brought to Paris to be buried, was a great Jewish demonstration. Some did not regard the demonstration as serious. Herr Beckmann, the German to whom I have previously referred as Bismarck's man in Paris, was of a different opinion. I met him at the funeral, and he uttered a prophecy which has been verified by events: "This," he said, "will be productive of a terrific fight for supremacy on the part of the Jews. Mark my words, the Jews are not going to stand any nonsense. They will pull France to pieces first." I thought of this utterance a few years afterwards, when Joseph Reinach talked of the determination of himself and the other Dreyfusards, *tout chambarder* for the purpose of getting freedom for their man.

This allusion to Joseph Reinach brings me to the strange affair of his uncle, the Baron. That was an *affaire Reinach* for a time. It was a month's

mystery of Paris, and the death of Baron de Reinach led up to the Panama cyclone and caused a Cabinet crisis. There were many touches of Greek tragedy in the terrible Panama business. The mysterious death of Baron de Reinach was one, and the mournful downfall of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was the other. The chief impression that I have of the time is the pathetic scene at the country house of the Count, when he complained of the prolonged absence of his son Charles, who had been arrested with Messrs. Fontane, Cottu, and Eiffel after the death or suicide of Baron de Reinach. The old man, the famous canal-planner, was not arrested, but he was included in the charges of fraud and violation of the Companies Act. We all know what happened at this time. Deputies were accused of having received bribes from the Panama Company, which wanted to float a loan. Baron de Reinach was one of the distributors of gold, being aided by Arton, *alias* Aaron, a financial adventurer who, with so many others connected with the events of this period, led a double life, having a quiet, humdrum, highly-respectable family in one street and a flaring mistress in another. His master, Baron de Reinach, had what was termed a *buen retiro*, or snuggery, in a street off the Champs Elysées, where he kept a dancer of the Opera. The campaign against the distributors and receivers of Panama cheques was begun in the Chamber on November 21, 1892, by M. Delahaye of the Right, who declared that three millions of francs had been given to over one hundred members of Parliament. A committee was then appointed to inquire into the charge. Only a little later M.

Emile Loubet resigned the Presidency of the Council because he would not agree to the exhumation and post-mortem examination of the body of Baron Jacques de Reinach. There were other incidents of which I have a vivid recollection.

I was in the Chamber of Deputies when its President, Charles Floquet, admitted in a faltering voice that he had taken three hundred thousand francs from the Panama Company, but, he added, it was for the purpose of using it for the State. The money had gone in the campaign of the Government against Boulanger, but the Right and the Nationalists insisted that M. Floquet had pickings out of it for himself.

I was also at the Chamber on those memorable occasions when M. Rouvier, Minister of Finance in the Loubet Cabinet, had to retire as he was called a "Panamist," when there was a violent agitation over the suspension of several Deputies and Ministers, and when Paul Déroulède, founder of the League of Patriots, boldly denounced Clemenceau as the friend of Dr. Cornelius Herz, a wire-puller in the Panama affair.

This scene has been related in different ways. M. Clemenceau's friends in England talk of Paul Déroulède as a frenzied fanatic, who made himself the laughing-stock of the French Chamber when he attacked Clemenceau and coupled him with Dr. Cornelius Herz. On the contrary, Paul Déroulède showed great courage at the time. Clemenceau had been for years the master, the dominator of the Chamber. He was alternately hated, admired, execrated, and flattered. Accordingly, there was no

laughing at Déroulède, however melodramatic he may have been in his utterances and gestures. There were many of his opponents there who secretly applauded his attack on the masterful man who was feared and hated. I saw Clemenceau pulling himself together, and trying to assume an air of calmness to bluff the gallery, or rather the galleries. It was with suppressed rage that he uttered the words, "Monsieur Paul Déroulède, vous en avez menti."

There was a duel and nobody was hurt. The denunciation of Déroulède, however, had its effect. The connection of M. Clemenceau with the "sick man of Bournemouth," Dr. Herz, who was "wanted" so badly during the Panama crisis, had a powerful influence on the popular mind. M. Clemenceau was out of Parliament for a long time, and had to return to his journalistic and literary work. He has certainly come to the front again with a vengeance, but he had a long time to wait. The strange thing was that other men who had been affected by the crisis did not remain in the cold shade of oblivion so long as M. Clemenceau. M. Rovier, although said to be steeped to the waist in the Panama trouble, was indispensable, and had to be recalled to office. M. Loubet, although branded as "Panama Loubet" almost daily in the *Libre Parole*, became President of the Republic. But M. Clemenceau was forgotten, and the popular mind accepted the story of his enemies that he as the agent of Cornelius Herz, and M. Rovier as the man most intimate with Baron Jacques de Reinach, caused the latter to disappear. The Baron, it was said, was offered a pistol by M. Clemenceau, who advised him to use it and vanish from earth, where his presence was compromising to others.

In the years to come, all these tragedies of the Third Republic, when read of in history, will seem like a revival of mediæval methods in the nineteenth century. The “Mysteries of the Third French Republic” will make a sensational title for a writer of the future.

There was another man who dared M. Clemenceau as well as Paul Déroulède. That was M. Andrieux, now dead. Andrieux was a most active and aggressive politician, and was in all the turmoil of the Grévy period. He had a memorable quarrel with Jules Ferry in the tribune of the National Assembly at Versailles when the revision of the Constitution was discussed there in 1884. He had been Ambassador to Madrid and Prefect of Police. During the Panama crisis in 1893 Andrieux declared that M. Clemenceau had the list of 104 deputies who had been bribed, and that he had passed it over to Dr. Cornelius Herz. Nothing came of this assertion, but M. Andrieux produced an alleged list with a mysterious person marked in it as X. After all, there was little revealed about the “Panamists.” A banker, M. Thierrée, declared before the Committee of Inquiry that Baron Jacques de Reinach had drawn twenty-five cheques. Two of these, of a million francs each, were for Dr. Cornelius Herz, and there were two of the value of 25,000 francs each for Senators Albert Grévy and Léon Renault. A deputy, Antonin Proust, was also implicated as having been in a former syndicate to guarantee the Panama loan of 1886. This Antonin Proust was known as a fast liver. He frequented the green-room of the Opéra, and was supposed to be on the very best terms with Rosita

Mauri, who was then the star ballet-dancer. This very ballerina, who is a little dark woman now teaching her art at the Opéra, and by no means a remarkable beauty, was supposed to have turned the heads of many official persons besides Antonin Proust. I saw her in a ballet at this period, and in one scene she had to appear balancing an antique pitcher on her head. The ballet was appropriate to the events of the time, and the wits of the boulevards called the pitchers which Mauri and other dancers carried "*pots de vin*," in allusion to the bribes received by the "Panamists" of the Senate and Chamber. It was thenceforward known as the "*ballet des pots de vin*." Another man who went down in the Panama crisis was M. Baihaut, a former Minister, who received a large sum. He was known as "the man with the beautiful wife," another Marino Faliero "*della bella moglie*." Madame Baihaut, who had before been "*la belle Madame Armangaud*," was expensive as well as beautiful, and took a good deal of keeping. Her husband was imprisoned with Blondin, an official of the Crédit Lyonnais.

All sorts of people were supposed to have received "*pots de vin*" as well as the senators and deputies. Money was freely distributed by Arton, *alias* Aaron, acting for the Panama Company, in newspaper offices. M. Hébrard, director of the *Temps*, was supposed to have received about £80,000. A similar sum was said to have been given, and no doubt was, to a financier of German origin, who was paid to back the Panama Company on the Bourse. In the fanciful list published by the Marquis de Morès in the newspaper *La France* later on, men were made to receive so little

as twenty and thirty pounds. M. de Blowitz was currently reported to have "touched" a cheque for £4,000, and a minor Correspondent of an English paper was said to have been satisfied with a cheque for £40.

There was commotion when it was boldly asserted that Baron Mohrenheim, Russian Ambassador to the Third Republic, was among the "*pot de vineurs*" of Panama. I think that the compilers of the fanciful list asserted that he had received about £20,000. No notice was taken of the assertions made in the French papers, but the Correspondents of foreign journals who had reproduced the rumours about the Russian Ambassador received notice to quit French territory within twenty-four hours.

The Correspondents expelled were four in number—a German, an Italian, a Hungarian, and an Englishman. I knew only one of them, the German, Herr Otto Brandès, who represented the *Berliner Tagblatt* in Paris. Herr Brandès, a tall, good-looking and affable Teuton, had been in the German diplomatic service, and had fought in the campaign of 1870-71. Leaving the diplomatic service, he embarked with heart and soul in journalism. I never knew a man so enthusiastic about his craft. While he was in Paris he carefully attended the Parliamentary debates, and his favourite phrase, "*Ça se corse*," when discussion was becoming serious in the House, was frequently quoted in the Press gallery. He used to equal Herr Singer, of the *New Free Press* and Signor Caponi, then of the *Tribuna* and the *Perseveranza*, in his attention to Parliamentary affairs. More than these, however, he watched and reported everything of any

interest happening in Paris. He was at all the first nights, and I have seen him studying a trumpery show opened at Belleville.

All this was done for the benefit of the readers of the *Berliner Tagblatt*, but Herr Brandès had to pay for the echo from Paris about Baron Mohrenheim. He and his family were hooted at Asnières, outside the city, where they lived, and the windows of their villa were broken. Brandès went to England, to which country his wife belongs, and never returned to Paris. The Russian Ambassador was thus avenged by the French Government.

Later on came Admiral Avellan and his Muscovites from Toulon. The Russian sailors were hugged in the streets of Paris, and cynics who hinted that it would be well to invite them to a banquet of tallow candles were nearly assassinated. It was all "*Vive la Russie*" but there were not wanting Frenchmen who reminded the enthusiasts that they would have to pay dearly for the friendship of the Tsar.

Just before the Russians came there was some entertainment afforded to the English in Paris by the Norton fiasco. M. Millevoye alleged in the Chamber that he had proof from correspondence found at the British Embassy, and given to him by Norton, a coloured man of Mauritius, that several French politicians had been bought over by England. M. Clemenceau was supposed to have had £20,000 in the "deal" with the English Government. All this was believed for a time, but the documents were found to be as apocryphal as those in the Parnell case. The correspondence was forged in the most barefaced, and at the same time in the most imbecile, manner. The

spelling was atrocious, and some of the allusions to persons and events were what an inelegant writer called "cock-eyed." The writers of the spurious letters were said to be Mr. Lister and Mr. Lee, of the British Embassy. The forgers had evidently taken Mr. Lister's name at random, but Mr. Lee, who is now Sir H. Austin Lee, K.C.M.G., C.B., was then, as he is at present, one of the most familiar figures in Paris society. Before he came over to succeed Mr. Carew as private secretary of the Earl of Lytton, he had a well-filled career. He had been on many Royal Commissions, and had acted as private secretary to Sir Charles Dilke, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Mr. James Bryce, and Sir J. Ferguson. He is now Councillor of Embassy, Commercial Attaché, Resident English Director of the Suez Canal Company, and member of the Managing Committee of the same. It was this high and distinguished official who, according to Norton, was writing bad English to a colleague who was replying in the same fashion, and making allusions to Miss Maud Gonne, who at this time first appeared on the Paris horizon. Norton and Ducret of the *Cocarde* were justly punished for their acts.¹

Some livelier events happened at this time and called my attention to the streets again. Senator Bérenger had protested against a masquerade organised in the district near Montmartre by students. A procession went round the Moulin Rouge, and a woman of the town appeared as a Montmartre Godiva

¹ It was not known clearly if M. Millevoye and his friends were hoodwinked by Norton or not. There was a theory at the time that Norton was only used as a tool by those who wanted to raise hush-money by means of the forged documents.

on horseback. Some of the students were prosecuted for this, and one of the biggest riots that I ever saw out of Ireland at election time raged for hours in the Latin Quarter. The students rushed along the Boulevard Saint Michel destroying everything before them. They tore down kiosques, smashed windows, and fought the big men of the city police. They were no match for these burly constables, who walked over them, and soon gained the mastery. A man, not a student, was killed by a porcelain matchbox used as a missile in a café, and this caused more rioting, but the police were again victors, as they always are in Paris.

In the region of *la haute politique* diplomats and journalists were discussing the Siamese boundary question. With this I had nothing to do, but I know that it caused my colleague, Mr. Ozanne, many journeys to the Embassy and to the French Foreign Office. The French Foreign Office was disposed to be very reticent in those days when France and England were not friendly. There was little to be gleaned there about the Siamese question, and Mr. Constantine Phipps, then at the British Embassy, was the chief informant of the English journalists. The tension between France and England at the time was indicated to a certain extent by the articles of the Hon. G. N. Curzon and of Mr. Demetrius Boulger in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Curzon, whose motto is "Salus Indiæ suprema lex," denounced M. de Lanessan, Governor-General of the French Far-Eastern settlements, for having sent troops to take Stung-Treng and Khong island on the Mekong, by virtue of the fact that the French had erected forts in the region in 1884. Mr. Boulger, on his side, com-

mented on the vanity of the *grande nation*. The matter, fortunately for the hopes of the founders of the subsequent *entente cordiale*, and notably of Sir Thomas Barclay, was settled towards the end of 1893. France and England agreed to an "*État tampon*," a "buffer State," and all danger of collision was avoided. The Siam controversy which had begun in 1884 between M. Jules Ferry and Lord Lyons was ended.

At this time I lost touch with the Chamber of Deputies to a considerable extent. I was not there when M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, was beginning to make felt his own influence and that of his party. I was present, however, when the Anarchist Vaillant threw his bomb. I saw the tall, gaunt figure of a pale-faced man rise in one of the galleries and fling something. There was a flash, then the noise of an explosion, and smoke. No great damage was done, but Vaillant was tried and guillotined in February, 1894. On February the 12th Emile Henry, another Anarchist, threw a bomb in the *Café Terminus*, near the *Gare Saint Lazare*. I was at the *Théâtre Français* when that happened, and heard of it from young Vitu, as he was then, son of Auguste Vitu, who for long years was dramatic critic of the *Figaro*, an important post, in which he was succeeded by Emmanuel Arène, the Corsican senator, who was one of those politicians said to have received some of the eggs out of the Panama basket. Emile Henry did not do much damage any more than Vaillant. He evidently wanted to kill off a few of the *bourgeois* people frequenting the *Café Terminus*, where they listened every evening to the

music of an indifferent orchestra. Henry, in trying to escape, put a few bullets into a policeman, who bravely grappled with him and held him until help came. The dynamiter, recognised and identified as the man who had carried the bomb to the offices of the Carmaux Company previously, thus causing the disastrous explosion in the police Commissariat of the Rue des Bons Enfants, was guillotined on the Place de la Roquette by Deibler, who was very busy towards the close of 1893 and in the beginning of 1894.

Before 1893 finished we had the general elections, and the deaths occurred of Marshal de MacMahon and Charles Gounod. The elections were notable for the defeat of the redoubtable M. Clemenceau in the Var, and when that event was known in Paris, shouts of "*À bas les Anglais*" were raised. The news came to Paris very late from the Var, and I obtained it at the office of the *Gaulois*, where there was undisguised jubilation over the fall of the man whom the Conservatives know as the "*homme sinistre*." At this period, however, the Conservatives had to go into mourning over the electoral defeat of the great Catholic champion, Count Albert de Mun, descendant of the philosopher Helvétius and of Madame de Staël, who was ousted from the new Parliament, as well as M. Georges Clemenceau, leader of the Radicals.

CHAPTER XIII

Death of Marshal MacMahon and Charles Gounod—Death of Jules Ferry and H. Taine—Max Lebaudy and Liane de Pougy—The Delilahs of the Third Republic—The assassination of President Carnot—His funeral described by Clement Scott—President Casimir Perier—Verdi at the Opéra—French and Italians—M. Casimir Perier's resignation—Death of M. Waddington.

THE Republicans gave grand State funerals to Marshal de MacMahon and Charles Gounod, both of whom died in the autumn of 1893. The Marshal's funeral was the finest military display that I have ever seen, with the exception of that at the interment of Baron Bauer, an Austrian War Minister, who died while I was in Vienna some years back. Baron Bauer's funeral was attended by the Emperor Francis Joseph. His Majesty walked on foot after the mail-clad knight on horseback who followed the bier and is known in Vienna as the "Iron Rider." In the *cortège* were all the variegated uniforms of the Austro-Hungarian army. Paris could not show such military variety on the occasion of the Marshal's funeral, but there were nearly one hundred thousand troops out, and these were the *élite* of the army. The Russian Admiral Avellan and his men joined in the funeral of the former President of the Republic,

whose body was carried to the crypt of the Hôtel des Invalides, there to rest with those of the first Napoleon and some of his great captains.

The funeral of Charles Gounod was an artistic one, like that of Rossini during the closing days of the Second Empire, and that of Ambroise Thomas later on. I only saw Gounod once, when he was conducting his "Redemption" at the Trocadéro. This oratorio, first heard at the Birmingham Festival in 1882, was one of his great successes, but he was a man of many failures. In his old age he was very patriarchal in appearance, and when I saw him at the Trocadéro, a few years before his death, his face bore traces of melancholy.

Two other persons of dissimilar careers and of great reputation—Jules Ferry and Hippolyte Taine—also passed away, but in the earlier part of 1893. Their funerals were almost unnoticed, at least by the crowd. Ferry had lingered in politics for a time as President of the Senate, but he was clean forgotten by the people. As for Taine, who killed himself by overwork, he was only remembered by scholars and literary people when he vanished from the scene of his monumental labours.

Before I close my narrative of events in which I was interested and in touch with during 1893, I must refer to two persons who were brought into prominence that year. One was Max Lebaudy, and the other was Madame Liane de Pougy. Max Lebaudy was brought out owing to his extravagant expenditure. The "*petit sucrier*," subsequently known as the "millionaire conscript," inherited part of the six millions of francs left by his father, the sugar

king of Paris. Max set steadily to work to get through his share of the paternal estate, when his mother, Madame Lebaudy, interfered and he was put into the hands of a *conseil judiciaire* which was to check his prodigality. While Max was spending a few millions of francs his mother, whose efforts to have a *conseil judiciaire* appointed were frustrated, was living on a few hundreds, and would hardly go to the expense of keeping a maid-servant. To Max Lebaudy I shall have to refer later on, as he again came out prominently when he had to join the army as the "millionaire conscript."

Madame Liane de Pougy began to be heard of in November, 1893, when one of her *suivantes*, an acute woman, tried to blackmail the Marquis de MacMahon, grand-nephew of the Marshal-President. The Marquis, a full-blooded man of thirty-six or thirty-seven, was one of Liane de Pougy's earliest adorers. He spent large sums of money on her upkeep, and her servant tried to get more out of him. There was a lawsuit, and as far as I can remember the Marquis paid a good deal to get out of the affair.

Liane de Pougy I first saw in a box at the Opéra Comique. Her hair was then dark and she wore a tiara of diamonds. Afterwards she dyed her head and seemed a blonde. Under either flag she is, or rather was, a most beautiful woman, more beautiful even than the "*belle Madame Gauthereau*" of the eighties. Madame de Pougy was originally married to a naval officer, from whom she was soon separated. I saw her with various men from time to time, and she must have had

dozens of admirers and adorers, among those best known being the Marquis de MacMahon, Max Lebaudy, and M. Bischoffsheim. Young men and old crowded around her. Younger sons robbed their fathers and mothers and borrowed heavily for her, as was done in the case of Cora Pearl during the Second Empire. This, too, has been done for Madame de Pougy's rivals in beauty, Emilienne d'Alençon, who was connected with some of the "Panamists," the "beautiful Otero," "*la belle Cassive*," of the shapely limbs, formerly of the Folies Dramatiques and then of the Théâtre des Nouveautés on the Boulevard des Italiens, at whose feet the impecunious son of a prominent Republican politician shot himself a few years since. The affair happened at Lyons, where the lady had gone to fulfil a professional engagement. I think that Liane de Pougy was far superior to any of these by birth, and her beauty in youth was of a more refined type than theirs. She imitated them in going on the music-hall stage in order to display her charms to the best advantage and to make more money, as her *train de vie* was enormously expensive. It was reported at one time that she was about to marry that erratic half-genius Jean Lorrain, the man of many rings, who wrote short plays for her, and who died only recently, of spinal decay. I do not know if Madame de Pougy ever entertained this notion, but had Lorrain lived and the marriage taken place, the union of two such strange creatures could not have lasted many months. Madame de Pougy gets well advertised and kept before the public owing to the numerous accidents which happen to her. Once

she pretended to take poison and was ill for some weeks. Some time after her horses were stolen, and in October, 1906, she was slightly injured in a street accident. The English newspapers referred to the affair under the attractive heading "Paris Beauty Run Over."

Anarchists, as we only too well know, were again prominent and murderous in the year 1894. I find from my notes that the first explosion of the year took place at Foyot's restaurant, close to the Luxembourg and the Senate. By a strange irony of circumstances, at Foyot's on the evening of the explosion in April, 1894, was the "literary Anarchist" Laurent Tailhade. He was dining with a young person of interesting appearance when the dynamiter loomed up at a window and laid his bomb on the sill. The explosive was not intended for Tailhade, but for any *bourgeois cossu* who might be dining at Foyot's, which is a noted place for good cooking and good wine. The dynamiter would no doubt have been glad to see dozens of *bourgeois* blown up; but as it was, he only broke the window and nearly blinded for life a literary man who affected to be in sympathy with Anarchy, and who admitted recourse to "the resources of civilisation," as the Fenian dynamiters used to say.

This extraordinary man Tailhade, who was the author of the phrase "*que le geste soit beau*," or that anything is admissible when done with a fine movement, has of recent times abjured what he formerly adored. After having descended so low as the anarchist sheet the *Libertaire*, we found him

“weeping on the waistcoat” of M. Arthur Meyer, and writing articles for the fashionable and Conservative *Gaulois*. He went in, as a matter of fact, among the men whom he had so often branded in his fierce, tortuous, and tormented prose. There has been no style in French literature so strange as that of Tailhade, except, to a certain extent, that of Jean Lorrain. But the latter was comparatively subdued and refined, whereas Tailhade is brutally realistic. I have never read anything more vigorous and terrible than the following passages on Paris of the past. They are from Tailhade’s series of articles “Les Reflets de Paris,” and are well worthy of quotation: “Il est commun, poncif, rebattu, et même journalistique, dans les matins où somnole une verve collabescente, de dire adieu au pittoresque et de lamenter ce qui fut le Paris d’autrefois. Jardins moribonds, architectures désuètes, carrefours assainis, boîtes à locataires et cages à punaises, les murailles antiques paraissent, un moment avec leurs papiers déteints, leurs portes crevées, leurs escaliers béants, avec les taches innomables qu’ont faites à leurs parois cinq cents ans d’humanité, puis branlent au coup de pioche et croulent dans un hourvari soudain, parmi les nuages de poussière et les cataractes de plâtras. Ici des générations défuntes ont vécu la vie, ont aimé, ont souffert; des vieillards se sont endormis dans la paix du néant, des mères ont rythmé d’une chanson inquiète le souffle des berceaux. L’adultère a gravi ces marches dérobées; des étreintes d’amour et des spasmes de mort ont fait vibrer ces murs déserts, ces demeures profanées. Pulvis et umbra sumus.”

Nor is Tailhade tender towards his contemporaries. Of the poet Verlaine, "Lélian, poor Lélian," who died in 1896, he wrote : "Verlaine, si admiré, si admirable, encore que lourdement surfait, traina aux bras de son ami Cazals l'alcoolisme et la vermine de ses derniers ans. Malgré le prestige de la gloire, malgré l'esprit délicieux des moments lucides, on ne pouvait aimer cette loque de poète qu'avec un mouchoir sous le nez."

Of Edouard Drumont he wrote : "Ce petit employé de l'Hôtel de Ville en 1867, a gardé la crasse insaponifiable des bureaux." This is Drumont the unsoapable, with his *face d'égoutier*, and his "barbe hospitalière qui consternerà d'envie, parmi les bien heureux, le pédiculaire Benoît Labre." Maurice Barrés, genial man as he is, has not escaped the lash of the terrible Tailhade. The author of "Les Déracinés," "L'Appel au Soldat," and "Leurs Figures" is reproached for his personal appearance, notably "son dos circonflexe, sa voix dure et sèche d'eunuque, sa jaunisse d'envieux, ses dents à pivots, son air emprunté de cuistre qui met pour la première fois les pieds dans un salon." And again, his "cheveux plats de sacristain, nez crochu, oreilles telles un rebord de pot de chambre, avec je ne sais quoi de godiche et de constipé qui fait songer à un foetus en rupture de bocal."

Of François Coppée, Academician, poet and converted sinner, Tailhade wrote : "Coppée a qui ses infirmités et sa haute dévotion impartirent le sobriquet d'Agnus Dei."

Of Christianity this fearful man wrote, before he threw himself into the arms of Arthur Meyer : "Le

Christianisme inventé par les esclaves a ravalé jusqu'à la plus honteuse barbarie le monde gréco-romain effacant tout vestige de raison et de beauté, et a posé sur l'univers, comme une chape de plomb, son manteau de folie et de laideur."

Tailhade, after he recovered from his injuries received at Foyot's restaurant, returned to his literary and journalistic work, and had to go to prison for some time by reason of his inflammatory articles in the violent newspapers of the Anarchists. The latter desisted for some time from frightening the public, and all went on smoothly until that Sunday, the 24th of June, 1894, when President Carnot was assassinated at Lyons by the Italian Anarchist Caserio Santo. This murderer was supposed to be avenging the rigorous action of the French Government towards Italian workmen in salt mines in the South of France. Caserio may have also been influenced by French Anarchists who had a desire to revenge the dynamiters who had been sent to the guillotine.

The news came late to Paris on that Sunday night. We in the office of the *Telegraph* first heard of it from the policemen at the Bourse. The confirmation came from the newspaper offices and the Elysée, where the terrible news had been broken to Madame Carnot and her sons. On the following Sunday the murdered President was accorded one of the most magnificent funerals ever seen in Paris. The late Clement Scott wrote of it, in his own style, that "it was roses, roses all the way." The funeral wreaths were immense, and came from all parts, denoting the popular feeling over the act of the Anarchist. Clement Scott was over with Mr. Le Sage, the late

W. Beatty-Kingston, and Mr. Bennett Burleigh to write up the funeral, which filled nearly two pages of the *Telegraph*, about seven men in all being on the task.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh was over chiefly to keep an eye on anything exceptional that might happen. All sorts of things had been expected—revolution, dynamite bombs, more assassinations of public personages, but nothing occurred.

M. Casimir Perier was quietly elected on the 27th of June, 1894, and he walked in the funeral of his murdered predecessor. This was courageous enough on the part of the new President, whose squat, thick-set form was noticeable in front of the chief mourners and was a mark for bomb or bullet.

A few days more and all was forgotten. President Carnot was placed near his grandfather, whose remains had been brought from Magdeburg for interment in the Panthéon. Caserio Santo was guillotined in August, 1894, and the deed perpetrated at Lyons passed into history. It is wonderful how soon the French, nowadays, recover from shocks, alarms, surprises, and crises. Time was when the whole nation vibrated over the least thing—the fall of a Cabinet, for instance. But they went on as usual after President Carnot's assassination, which had been preceded by menaces of foreign war, the Panama crisis, and many changes of Ministry. This apparent apathy of the French nation has been attributed by some observers from abroad to the fact that the people know full well that, whatever may happen, the administration of the country will go on. It will be controlled by the Chamber, which has more power

in this respect than the House of Commons. The bureaux of the Chamber are not only Boards of Inquiry but real and influential administrative committees. There is a good deal of truth in all this. The French people are, no doubt, confident that whatever may happen in the way of a financial scandal, a political assassination, or a Cabinet crisis, the affairs of the country will be in good hands. But there was another reason, and that was predominant in Carnot's time, more perhaps than it is now, when a younger generation has come on the scene. It was this, that the French people, and especially the Parisians and residents in departments bordering on and not far from the metropolis, had suffered so severely from the effects of the great upheaval of 1870-71, that they desired peace and quiet at any price.

Great things were hoped from the new President, Casimir Perier, whom I saw at close quarters in the Opéra on the night of the first performance in Paris of Verdi's "Otello," which had been produced about a year or two before at the Scala in Milan. I had the good fortune to attend both the dress rehearsal and the *première* of "Otello." At the dress rehearsal I was quite close to the maestro Giuseppe Verdi, then making his last visit to Paris. The scene was most interesting to me as well as to the others who were privileged to witness it. Verdi sat at a table in what may be termed the pit of the Opéra, the usual seats being cleared away. Near the Italian composer were seated M. Sardou and M. Gailhard, manager of the Opéra. It was during this rehearsal that Verdi, referring to Madame Rose Caron, said "Ho trovato

la mia Desdemona." At the *première* of "Otello," next evening, President and Madame Casimir-Perier were in their box and Verdi, amid great clapping of hands and shouting of "*Vives*," appeared in a box near the stage, wearing the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour.

There was a rift in the lute, however. Public opinion was then dead against the Italians owing to the rioting in the South of France salt mines and to the assassination of the unlucky President Carnot. Accordingly there were those at the Opéra that night who murmured at the honours conferred on Verdi and deprecated his music. French composers present were jealous and sneered at Verdi's best effects as claptrap. Nothing pleased them, not even the splendid singing of Alvarez and of Rose Caron, who was especially impressive in the closing scenes of the opera of "Otello."

One of the most acrid of Verdi's critics was that now vanished wit and boulevardier, Aurélien Scholl. I sat next to him in the orchestral stalls, and when I applauded Alvarez in the "Farewell for ever" scene, Scholl scowled at me through his eyeglass, that monocle once so well known at Tortoni's and at Bignon's, and said: "What are you doing that for? Why, man, it's all claptrap, and only fit for a *beuglant*. They wouldn't stand it in a third-class music-hall." This was overheard by old Signor Caponi, correspondent of the *Perseveranza* and other Italian papers, who was near. Caponi almost wept for joy over the reception given to his far more distinguished fellow-countryman, and as he heard Scholl's bitter remarks he shook his head,

whereupon the Frenchman took pity on him and said good-humouredly : "Eh bien, mon vieux Caponi êtes-vous content, hein ?" and the old ex-Carbonaro smiled faintly. Caponi was still living when I left Paris, and seemed destined to go on for years in his lonely bachelorhood. He outlived poor Scholl, who died a few years ago.

Scholl had been married to the daughter of an English brewer, and was divorced from her. They did not live together so long as Count Boni de Castellane and Jay Gould's daughter, and Scholl was supposed to have £1,000 a year from the brewer as peace money.

After that night at the Opéra President Casimir Perier's star began to wane. The hopes entertained of him declined. The Moderate Republicans, to whose party he belonged, were overborne by Radicals and Socialists. A Socialist had been returned for the President's own borough of Nogent-sur-Seine. Then ensued the death of Auguste Burdeau, President of the Chamber of Deputies, who was Casimir Perier's best friend, and over whose dead body he wept. Next came the trial of Captain Dreyfus, in December, 1894, and the sentence passed on him angered not only his co-religionists, but also the Socialists who were opposed to the Army. These, known as Anti-Militarists, made a good deal of noise over the sentence on M. Dreyfus and upbraided the President of the Republic for having given way to the War Office staff.

Towards the close of 1894 the Socialists renewed their attacks on the President of the Republic. Their



JEAN CASIMIR-PERIER.

newspapers were venomous and talked of raising ghosts or skeletons. It was thought that there was about to be another big scandal, or crop of scandals. And all this time Madame Casimir Perier was being terrified almost out of existence by the dozens of threatening letters from Anarchists as well as from scoundalmongers and blackmailers which were reaching the Elysée every day.

We had the news of President Casimir Perier's resignation on the night of January 15, 1895, and were rather staggered by it. The country, as usual, bore it well, and it was in reality only the politicians and the journalists who were excited. The man in the street, and even the publicans or *marchands de vin* in the street, did not care a button about the resignation of the President of the Republic.

M. Casimir Perier stated that he resigned as the Chamber of Deputies had refused to sanction the separation of the powers, that is to say, the separation of its own authority and the authority of the Council of State. This question had been discussed in the Chamber on January 14, 1895, and led to the fall of the Dupuy Cabinet. The discussion was over the guarantee of interest payable by the State to the Orleans and the Midi Railway Companies. The Council of State decided that the guarantee should be payable until 1956, the end of the period of concession, and not until 1914, as the Government wished. M. Millerand, a Socialist, subsequently known facetiously as the "Baron," proposed during the discussion that M. Raynal, a former Minister who had carried through the negotiations with the railway companies, should be prosecuted for criminal

neglect. The House agreed to a committee being formed for the investigation of this matter. M. Raynal, be it noted, was Minister of the Interior when M. Casimir Perier was President of the Council of Ministers, or Premier, from November, 1893, to May, 1894. In that Cabinet, too, were M. Burdeau, M. Spuller, author of the celebrated phrase about *l'esprit nouveau*—the new spirit, which was to be one of toleration, and which gave hope to the Catholics, and General Mercier, who was so prominent during the Dreyfus agitation.

After M. Millerand had called for the prosecution of M. Raynal, another deputy, M. Trelat, brought forward an order of the day that the Chamber respected the principle of the separation of powers, that is to say, of its own authority and of the authority of the Council of State. The Government endorsed this, but the House rejected it, and M. Casimir Perier seized it as his motive for wishing to leave the Elysée. This principle of the separation of powers he described in his message as the foundation-stone of every liberal régime. He added that he did not wish, nor had he power in the absence of a voted budget, to ask the Senate for the dissolution of a Chamber which, through its political impotence, ran the risk of becoming revolutionary. Finally, M. Casimir Perier said that he had hoped the Presidency of the Republic would have been defended by those who had urged him to accept it, but it was not. His friends, his troops in fact, had made common cause with the Socialists.

Thus went out the President who had given such hope on his election—and no wonder. He came of

a family of political eminence. His grandfather was Prime Minister, to use the English term, in 1831, and his father, who died in 1876, was Minister of the Interior under M. Thiers. He himself, when President of the Council of Ministers, seemed to be a strong man with a will of his own and great determination. But the "*paperassiers*," whom Rochefort had denounced in his own case, and the Socialists had proved too much for him.

M. Casimir Perier, now dead, led the life of a private gentleman, sometimes in Paris and sometimes in his country residence at Nogent-sur-Seine. He crossed the Channel occasionally with his son. In fine weather he was often met bicycling with his son along country roads and lunching at a wayside inn, although he was one of the richest men in France.

Many French notabilities passed away during the closing months of President Carnot's tenure of office, and also during the short stay of M. Casimir Perier at the Elysée. M. Waddington, son of English parents who had adopted French nationality, and who was English to the French, although they had him as a Cabinet Minister and an ambassador, died in January, 1894. I saw him once at the residence of Campbell Clarke, who was a friend of his. M. Waddington was first married to a French lady, Mademoiselle Lutteroth, and next to an American, Miss Mary Alsopp King. Among others whom I have seen and known a little, and who died in 1894, were Leonide Leblanc, the friend once of the Duc d'Aumale, who died in February, 1894; Count Ferdinand de Lesseps; and M. Burdeau. Léonide Leblanc was a labourer's daughter, who, although she

had not passed through the Conservatoire, entered the Comédie Française through the influence of her ducal admirer. Late in life she fell in with a rich "Panamist," who when he once talked of sitting where the Duc d'Aumale used to sit in the old time, was scornfully reminded by the actress, then getting old, that he had only taken over the Duke's leavings.

CHAPTER XIV

Léonide Leblanc and her rivals—Auguste Burdeau's career—Madame Alboni and her gendarme—The passing of the “Reptiles”—The Madagascar expedition—Rochefort's return from Portland Place—A famous *couturier's* career—Charles Worth of Lincolnshire—His Royal and Imperial patrons—His methods of work and his prices—Death of Dumas the Second—A theatrical funeral—Max Lebaudy's sad end—The Vampires—The romance of Armand Rosenthal.

THIS Léonide Leblanc, whom I saw buried in February, 1894, was one of the most fascinating women of her time. Her decline was darkened by the success of younger and more aggressive women, such as Madame Liane de Pougy, Armande Cassive (for whom foolish young Bixio shot himself, as young Duval had done for Cora Pearl), Cléo de Mérode, who riveted the momentary attention of a monarch, and four or five others who were, and are still, to a certain extent, the favourites of millionaires. All these, however beautiful, were eclipsed by the stately and statuesque actress who was the “*amie*” of the Duc d'Aumale. Intellectually she rose high above any of them, and she was similarly superior to Cora Pearl the horsey and to another woman of the Second Empire, Marguerite Bellanger, who in her decline married a petty officer of the British Navy. And

yet Léonide Leblanc was only a labourer's daughter. The vanity of earthly things came home to me as I saw her thinly attended funeral going slowly towards Père La Chaise on that dull day in February, 1894. Auguste Burdeau, to whose death I have referred in the previous chapter, was like Léonide Leblanc in this, that he came from nothing. His father was a workman, and he himself was apprenticed to a weaver in Lyons, where he was born, in 1851. A studious boy, he was noticed by somebody, and was sent to Paris, where he won a prize for philosophy in 1870. He fought in the war and was wounded, became subsequently a professor of philosophy, and entered Parliament in 1885. He acquired a reputation for financial ability, reported on the extension of the Charter of the Bank of France, and had a memorable lawsuit with Edouard Drumont, who accused him of being in the pay of the Rothschilds. Burdeau died as President of the Chamber of Deputies in December, 1894. His wife died in 1896, watched, it was said, to the last by secret service spies who were supposed to be after the papers—that is to say, the compromising letters, if any—left by her husband. The lady was born in Chili, and had Irish blood in her veins. Her first husband was a M. Burdeau also, being the brother of the politician. The latter married her after she came to Paris in her widowhood and without much money, as her husband, who had been a commercial traveller, had little to leave her.

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps died, like M. Burdeau, in the last month of 1894. His passing attracted as little notice as did that of the Comte de Paris,

who died in exile. The Comte de Paris was suffering from cancer, and it is also supposed that his death was hastened by the Boulangist agitation, in which many of his adherents had joined. By a strange circumstance, I heard of the death of the Comte de Paris in September, 1894, before any of the French or English journalists. I was calling on a famous star of the Opéra, who was to give me a special portrait of herself to be published in an illustrated paper mainly devoted to reproducing photographs of actresses, singers, and ballet-dancers. The ballerina whose portrait I was to receive was under the patronage of one of the most prominent Royalists, who paid for her flat, her carriage and horses, and her coals. He happened to be in the place when I called and communicated the news to his "*chère amie*," who told me about the Count's death. I must say that the "*chère amie*," and also her venerable mother, spoke of the loss to the Royalist party with great feeling, and the older lady wept.

Reference to the Opéra reminds me that the year 1894 likewise saw the death of that great singer Madame Alboni. This lady died in Paris, where she had lived so long. She passed away in the same month that President Carnot was assassinated at Lyons. She had been first married to the Marquis of Pepoli, and her second husband was a Major Zièger, a stalwart Alsatian who belonged to the Paris Municipal Guards, and used to be known as "Alboni's gendarme." In remembrance, no doubt, of her husband's connection with the Municipal Guards, Madame Alboni left a large sum of money in her will to City of Paris charities, controlled by the "Assistance Publique" department.

There also vanished from life's busy scene at this period Herr Ludwig Cramer, a strange personality, not French, but German. Cramer, who was long Correspondent in Paris of the *Cologne Gazette*, was at one time the most hated foreigner domiciled in France. He was supposed to be, like Beckmann, to whom I have already referred, one of the principal spies of Bismarck, as well as one of the most active representatives of the so-called "reptile Press." Cramer could not have an office in Paris through fear of the mob getting at him, especially in those days when the people were still excited over Alsace-Lorraine, and went about on the day of the national fête smashing the windows of *brasseries* wherein German beer was sold. In lieu of an office the Correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* went to a café to do his work, and spent twenty francs daily in the establishment. To his surprise one evening, the landlord of the place gave him notice to quit, being afraid, as he said, lest the patriots should wreck the place when they knew that M. Cramer was there. Accordingly Cramer had to go to all sorts of hole-and-corner places to conduct his correspondence. He never appeared at the Chamber of Deputies or at public functions, but put forward to represent him at such places a diminutive German gentleman with a face resembling that of Charles XII. of Sweden, as seen in pictures of that famous king and warrior. This deputy, a most harmless and inoffensive man, was known as the Baron de Scheidlein. He went regularly to the Chamber of Deputies, where he had a large scroll of paper before him, on which he generally had to inscribe but the mere fact of the

German Ambassador's attendance at the debates. This used to engender mirth and jokes in the "tribune" or box allotted to the foreign Press, and the "baron" was frequently reminded, with irony, that the Ambassador was in his seat. Von Scheidlein never seemed to mind the jokes. He booked the presence of the Ambassador calmly, and went on looking into the Chamber from his height. The "baron" was for a long time Secretary of the Foreign Press in Paris, but it brought him little prestige. It was doubtful if he could do anything for the press but the poorest "reportage." No one ever saw anything signed by him in German papers, and he always looked a crushed, resigned man who had no chance of distinguishing himself. His lot was made worse by the French, who attributed to him every slip perpetrated by the printers of the *Cologne Gazette*. Thus for years he and Cramer too, in an indirect way, were saddled with the enormous *gaffe* in the description of a great funeral in Paris, which appeared in their paper. This was that "Monsieur Corbillard" walked at the head of the cortège. For long years the French indulged in this "Corbillard" joke, and the *Cologne Gazette* men were represented as having taken a hearse for a man, as somebody else did with the Piræus.

Baron de Scheidlein disappeared from Paris soon after Cramer's death. I believe that Cramer, when he broke down, was generously assisted by the Countess Marie Muenster. His end was sad, and not unlike that of some other correspondents of the foreign Press in Paris, who have passed away far from relatives, and from real friends, and lacking

funds to pay for medical assistance and for medicines. This, I have been told, happened in the case of a most able writer, a lady, who died a few years ago in Paris. She had written many volumes, had corresponded for newspapers, and her work occasionally appeared in the leading reviews published in London. She died in her prime, full of promise never destined to be realised.

Two writers of a far different kind disappeared likewise towards the end of 1894, but not into the tomb. They had to "leave their country for their country's good." One was Edouard Portalis, and the other his sometime assistant, Raoul Canivet. I knew these men, especially Canivet, who was one of the most entertaining of Frenchmen.

He was a *roturier*, but Portalis was of high lineage, and was supposed to have got through a large fortune. He took to journalism, wrote splendid articles, but not being able to earn sufficient money for his numerous needs, he tried to blackmail the proprietors of clubs where it was supposed that gambling went on. This led to his prosecution. Canivet was in the same boat, and was also the recipient of private and confidential State documents from M. de Lanessan, who was recalled from the Far East in December, 1894. That has not hurt M. de Lanessan, who is to the front again in politics, whereas Canivet has disappeared. Canivet when managing the *Paris*, an afternoon paper, was strongly backing M. de Lanessan's go-ahead policy as regards Siam.

During the earlier part of 1895, soon after the election of President Felix Faure, the *haute politique*

predominated for a time, and foreign correspondents were chiefly engaged watching developments after England backed out of joining Russia, France and Germany in the matter of the claims of the victorious Japs, who had crushed their neighbours the Chinese. The three powers just mentioned had protested against the Shimonoseki Treaty; but nothing came of this, and the Far East began to be forgotten—comparatively so, at least, until the ruder awakening of the great conflict in which the Russians, the friends and allies of France, met at the hands of the terrible Japs the same fate as the Chinese.

In this year also the French were occupied with the Expedition to Madagascar, which ended with the capture of Antananarivo by General Duchesne's troops in September, 1895. Some attempts were made in Paris to get up enthusiasm over the departure of a rather large body of troops from the capital for the seat of so-called war. There was little enthusiasm, however.

The days were over when departures of soldiers evoked popular acclamation and made Parisians generous in their distributions of wine, food, and tobacco to the disappearing heroes. The soldiers whom I saw in 1895 starting from Paris seemed to march towards Madagascar with the utmost apathy, and many of them looked melancholy as they thought, no doubt, of the prospect in store for them in a far-off, unknown country, where they might have to leave their bones, "poor beggars, their bones."

Henri Rochefort came back to Paris from London, under the amnesty law, while preparations for the expedition to Madagascar were being pushed forward.

The grey-headed Mephistopheles of French politics—for he looks like the diabolical tempter of Doctor Faustus—reached the Gare du Nord on Sunday evening, February 3, 1894. His friends and followers turned out in large numbers to meet him. Nearly all the Nationalists and Boulangists were there. Maurice Barrés, novelist and deputy, was a prominent figure, and Ernest Roche, faithful disciple of the master, went tearing through the streets in the master's carriage, shouting and stirring up the enthusiasm of the mob. Only Rochefort's bitterest enemies were sorry to see the man back in his old haunts after his exile, however comfortable, in Portland Place. That exile, after all, was in reality pleasant enough, for Rochefort, if he regretted the Bois and the boulevards, often found enjoyment in London. He used to drive in grand style through Bond Street and Piccadilly. I once saw him, delighted as a boy, in a gondola at the Exhibition in South Kensington where Venice was reproduced. He had two ladies with him, one of whom was, I think, Madame Adam, the old friend whose money assisted him after his escape from the French penal settlements in New Caledonia. On his return to Paris from London, Rochefort resumed his old life, varying his light literary work by the customary excursions to the races and to the auction-rooms of the Rue Drouot. He also wrote his Memoirs, but I do not think that they attracted much attention, for the reason that they had all been discounted before. Rochefort's adventurous and agitated life had been too frequently written about, and that with copiousness of detail, to make his memoirs seem fresh. He



HENRI ROCHEFORT.

has certainly been one of the most curious figures of the nineteenth century. He is still, in the new era, attracting a fair share of attention as a long-lived celebrity of Paris who is at every fête and function, looking fresh and fit enough, notwithstanding the inroads of time. Some years back, when he had that notable newspaper duel with Madame Sévérine, whom he taunted with being the *marmite*, or nourishing-pot, of Labruyère, a once famous journalist and duellist, the lady retorted by describing Rochefort as having one foot in the grave and being a decrepit, wasted old man. This was a false description, particularly at the time, for Rochefort was then as full of life and go as ever he was. Late in life Rochefort, who has had at least two families of children, married a Belgian lady, Mademoiselle Vervoort, whose brother uttered that famous dictum, already quoted, that there are two classes of journalists, one for the dead dogs and one for good business. I first saw this lady at Versailles Assembly, where she was with Rochefort in 1884, on the occasion of the debates over the proposed revision of the Constitution. She was always dressed perfectly, but I do not know if she went to Worth or not. She could hardly have done so in 1884, if she partook of Rochefort's antipathy to the English; for Worth, it will be remembered, was an Englishman. That antipathy on the part of Rochefort lasted until he was in exile in London after the Boulangist fiasco. When he returned to Paris he had lost it.

Mention of Worth recalls to me the fact that this celebrated *couturier* died in March, 1895. I saw him once at his rooms in the Rue de la Paix. I had

been attending the marriage of the daughter of Baron and Baroness Gustave de Rothschild with Baron Leonino of Milan, a relative. It took place in the Synagogue of the Rue de la Victoire, near the bank of the Rothschilds in the Rue Laffitte, and was a very magnificent affair. All Paris, and all London as well, was interested in it. As I wanted to say something in my account of the wedding relative to the dresses of the bride and the bridesmaids, which had been designed by the renowned M. Worth, I went to see that gentleman. He kindly volunteered to send one of his leading ladies to help me in the delicate matter at issue, but having subsequently communicated with Baroness Gustave de Rothschild on the subject, a peremptory order came from that lady, forbidding any mention of her daughter's wedding garment in newspapers. M. Worth was very sorry, and so was I. I never saw him any more. He died in his villa at Suresnes, outside Paris, leaving his great business to his sons.

Charles Worth was born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, and was the son of a solicitor, who did not prosper in life. In 1838 young Worth was apprenticed to Messrs. Swan & Edgar, and about seven years later was in Paris, employed in the shop of one Gagolin, a silk mercer. In joint partnership with a Swede, Charles Worth, of Bourne, took the place in the Rue de la Paix which has had empresses, queens, and princesses among its patrons and frequenters. He was first patronised by Russian grand-duchesses, chiefly, I should think, through the instrumentality of his Swedish partner. The firm also began to be noticed in the newspapers, and then came the Empress

Eugénie, Princess Metternich and the ladies of the Tuilleries. Those were days of splendour and luxury, but Worth never lost his head. He was a votary of the simple life, or was at any rate what the Irish would call a "fine, honest, decent, respectable man," who was domesticated and brought up a family. I have heard that he distinguished himself greatly by inventing a walking dress composed of a short skirt and a jacket of the same material.

Not very long before he died Worth made the following rather interesting statements about his work and his patrons : " Those ladies are wisest who leave the choice to us. By so doing they are always better pleased in the end, and the reputation of the house is sustained. Curiously enough, the persons who realise this fact most clearly are precisely those whom you might fancy the most difficult to please. For example, a telegram comes from the Empress of Russia, ' Send me a dinner dress ! ' Nothing more. We are left absolute freedom as to style and material. Not that the Empress is indifferent in the matter of dress. Quite the contrary. She will sometimes require that all the ladies' costumes at a certain ball be pink, or red, or blue. And her own dresses are always master-pieces of elegance. The point is that she trusts our judgment rather than her own. In the same way recently we have received over twenty telegrams from Madrid for ball dresses, and we shall make them up as we think fit. We can finish a costume in twenty-four hours. French ladies have ordered a dress in the morning and have danced in it at night. I once made a gown for the Empress Eugénie in three hours and a half. That would not, of course, do for elaborate work.

It often takes weeks to complete an embroidered gown. For the Coronation of the Tsar and Tsaritsa we had to make a Court train. It was for the Empress, and was covered with magnificent embroidery in real silver. Women were engaged on it night and day for six weeks. As to prices paid we have had 120,000 francs for a single gown, the lace alone costing 118,000 francs. We have sold a cloak for 45,000 francs, of which 44,000 francs went for the fur. We have worked for all the Courts, but never for Queen Victoria."

Charles Worth was buried very simply, with Protestant rites. He was soon forgotten in busy Paris. Six months after him a greater man, Louis Pasteur, died, and Dumas *fil* passed away also. Dumas died in November, 1895. I saw him only a few weeks before he fell ill. It was near the Madeleine, and after having saluted him in the customary French fashion, I complimented him on his apparently robust health. "Yes," he said, "I am fairly well, but I am tired, although I have only walked from the Gare St. Lazare down here, and that reminds me of age." There was a dreamy look in the usually bright, penetrating eyes, and the dramatist also walked with some difficulty. He was no longer the brisk, active man whom I had met on the road between Dieppe and Le Puy a few years previously. Dumas died the victim of a cold caught in the damp weather of late autumn. His neighbour at Marly, M. Sardou, had invited him to attend the unveiling of Emile Augier's statue, and Dumas went to Paris for the purpose of doing so on a wet and chilly morning. M. Sardou passed through the ordeal of bad weather unhurt, but

Dumas returned home coughing and sneezing. He had to take to his bed, and was nursed carefully until he died by his second wife, the daughter of a former actor at the Comédie Française, and by his daughters.

It was a strange scene, the burial of Alexandre Dumas in the Montmartre Cemetery. All the theatrical people of Paris were there. I had not seen so many of them in the melancholy place since the funeral of Perrin, a director of the Comédie Française. It was the last act—the curtain ringing down on the dead dramatist, who was literally carried from the stage to the grave. *Vanitas vanitatum!* He went to the tomb his hearse followed by the whole company of the Théâtre Français. It was curious to note the stage faces, pinched and pale or yellow in the cold air. M. Le Bargy, as one of the official chief mourners, was manifestly out of place there. The brilliant *jeune premier* looked seedy, shabby even, off the boards. So too did Mademoiselle Brandès and the others who beamed in beauty by night at the footlights. Madame Réjane was in a theatrical mourning dress, sable cloak, black-plumed hat, and jet ornaments. Emile Zola appeared near the vault in a fawn-coloured overcoat which was out of keeping. Victorien Sardou looked like an undertaker, and was evidently overcome with grief, for he had a hand in the dead man's undoing.¹

The friends of Dumas fils still venerate his memory at an annual dinner organised by one of his most faithful henchmen. Only a few weeks after I had followed the funeral of Dumas to the Montmartre Cemetery young Max Lebaudy, the *petit sucrier*

¹ Sardou admitted this himself. As I have previously shown, he had Dumas out on a cold, wet morning.

and the “millionaire conscript,” died of pulmonary consumption. The youth was really hastened to the tomb by his feverish life, and also by the rigour of military discipline which he had tried, but unsuccessfully, to elude. He was surrounded by a crowd of vampires before he died. Some of these had bled him for money, promising to get his term of army service cancelled. Others blackmailed him and wanted hush money for keeping compromising paragraphs out of the papers. He was nursed in his last moments by Mademoiselle Marsy, of the *Comédie Française*, who was supposed to be his devoted and disinterested friend. Anyhow she was more devoted and disinterested than Liane de Pougy, who endeavoured to tap his relations for money on the strength of documents in her possession. Max died in December, 1895, and in March, 1896, the adventurers who had endeavoured to bleed and blackmail him were tried for “chantage.” The record of the trial is classified at the Palais de Justice as the “*affaire des chantages contre Max Lebaudy*.” The men accused were De Cesti, Balensi, who was a banker, the Vicomte de Civry, and Jacques Saint-Cère. The latter was the most remarkable man of the lot. He was really one Armand Rosenthal, a German Jew who succeeded as a journalist in Paris. He wrote on foreign politics for the *Figaro*, on Society matters for the *Vie Parisienne*, and was also retained for the *New York Herald* by Mr. J. G. Bennett, whom he once protected from an assault in a place of nocturnal revelry. Rosenthal rented a large and luxurious flat in one of the expensive streets near the Opéra, and there, in the days of his glory, he received not only celebrities in art, literature and the drama,

but Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors. He was married to the divorced wife of a distinguished German, and she assisted him in his peculiar journalistic work. At the trial of the blackmailers of Max Lebaudy, Rosenthal would have got off cleared had not his past been brought up. Nobody could prove that he had actually blackmailed the *petit sucier*, but the presiding magistrate referred at some length to a previous conviction for breach of trust and confidence. Rosenthal had, in fact, been condemned by default to thirteen months' imprisonment sixteen years before his alleged blackmailing of Lebaudy. At the time he was an adventurer in France, and sold real or spurious jewellery. In this connection he was accused of having pawned watches entrusted to his keeping for repair by women of no reputation. The production in court of the previous conviction was the death-blow of Jacques Saint-Cère, who could no longer show his face in the offices of important newspapers. Then he founded the *Cride Paris*, a weekly sheet, but this did not enable him to keep up his old *train de vie*, so he died. Some say that he poisoned himself, others hold that he lives somewhere still under an assumed name. The man was the nephew of Mgr. Bauer, a Jew who became a Catholic, a prelate of the Church of Rome, and domestic chaplain to the Empress Eugénie. Mgr. Bauer was one of the most extraordinary prelates who ever wore the purple. During the Second Empire he was seen everywhere, even behind the scenes at the Opéra. He was an imitation, to a certain extent, of one of those *Abbés de Cour* who flourished in the seventeenth and in part of the eighteenth century. After the fall of the Empire

he disappeared, and was heard of no more. I have been told that he was occasionally seen on the boulevards in the eighties dressed as a layman. One of the brothers of this ecclesiastic was a sort of stock-broker or banker in Madrid. As to the father of Jacques Saint-Cère, he was said to be a man who had attained importance as a cook or caterer for high personages at Berlin.

Of other events in 1896 besides the trial of the blackmailers of Max Lebaudy, which took place in the month of March of that year, I propose to speak in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV

M. Méline and the *Affaire*—Ambroise Thomas and the Conservatoire—Cléo de Mérode and the Kings—M. Cernuschi the Bi-metallist—The Coming of the Tsar—Dr. E. J. Dillon on the Imperial visit—The Charity Bazaar Fire—A visit to Fleet Street—Opening of the *Affaire*—My talk with Maître Demange, Defender of Dreyfus—Madame Hadamard's Tears—Maître Demange's Prediction—The “Leakages,” and the “Bordereau.”

EARLY in 1896 M. Méline, who uttered during his tenure of office that unlucky phrase “There is no *Affaire Dreyfus*,” formed his Cabinet, which lasted until June, 1898. M. Méline would, no doubt, have been glad to see the *affaire* hushed up, but the champions of the transported Captain of Artillery were too strong for him. He had accordingly to swallow his unlucky phrase and to retire before the force of the storm. His term of power was marked by many events of varying importance. Only just before he formed his Cabinet, in April, 1896, one of my most esteemed and valued friends in Paris, the composer Ambroise Thomas, died in his residence at the Conservatoire in the Faubourg Poissonnière, of which he was director. He was not a great composer, but he was a fine old Frenchman. I was introduced to him by Jules Garcin, a celebrated

French violinist who was for some years before his death director of the concerts at the Conservatoire. Garcin was a near neighbour of mine, and made me acquainted with many of the celebrities of his profession, but as usual I had little time wherein to cultivate their society. What I saw of that society impressed me favourably, and I found the French men of music most interesting and agreeable persons. I was of opinion when meeting and foregathering with them that there was less rivalry and more good-fellowship among them than was the case with the people of the stage, the authors, and the pressmen.

Ambroise Thomas had a splendid funeral service at the Trinité Church, the same place where Alboni had sung over the coffin of Rossini, just before the war of 1870 broke out. Rossini's funeral service was described by Felix Whitehurst, of the *Telegraph*, in his own glowing way. I think that the service for Ambroise Thomas was equally elaborate. Services of the kind are always magnificent in Paris, and the colleagues of dead musicians exert all their art to make them so.

It was about this time that another person connected with the operatic world of Paris began to attract attention. This person assuredly had not been identified, like Ambroise Thomas, composer of "Mignon" and "Hamlet," with high art. I allude to Mademoiselle Cléo de Mérode, of the operatic ballet. She was not a star, but she was beautiful and wore her hair plaited over her ears. She does this still, but it no longer attracts the attention of kings. Because the King of the Belgians had noticed her in the *foyer de la danse*, she was called Cléopold by

the journalists and the name remained. The King had been attracted, not only by her appearance, but by her name of Méröde. She has, it appears, some relationship with the Belgian noble family whose name she bears, but her mother was a minor actress of Vienna. The public attention called to this interesting person made all her companions at the Opéra jealous. One of these, a statuesque Italian, Mademoiselle Torri, with whom I once talked over the case of Cléo de Méröde, clinched the argument by the remark : "Que voulez vous ? Elle n'est pas une artiste, mais elle est une belle femme." Cléo fancied that she had claims to artistry, and after having left the Opéra went on tour and danced in Greek fashion before the Germans and Russians with some success. Cléo was also to the front in May, 1896, when Falguière exhibited her as a nymph in the Salon of the Champs Elysées. It was naturally considered that she had posed to the sculptor in as absolute a manner as Pauline Bonaparte, Princess Borghese, had posed to Canova. Cléo wrote to the papers to state that M. Falguière had worked from her bust only. The matter then dropped, as they say in some newspapers, and Paris began to be interested in something else.

In this same year I find recorded in my notes the deaths of M. Cernuschi, Jules Simon, and Eugène Spuller ; also the engagement of Major Patrice de MacMahon to Marguerite, daughter of the Duc de Chartres and sister of the Princess Waldemar of Denmark ; the farewell fête given by Lord Dufferin at the British Embassy ; the expulsion of Liane de Pougy from Russia ; the passing of the Duc de Nemours ; the squabble over Abel Hermant's "La

Meute," which the Prince de Sagon and his son Hélie de Talleyrand, Max Lebaudy's society guide, resented; the quarrel between Léon Daudet and M. Simon, newspaper director; and the visit of Tsar Nicolas II. to Paris.

On these Parisian happenings I propose to touch briefly. The three men to whose deaths I refer—Cernuschi, Jules Simon, and Spuller—I knew fairly well. Cernuschi, the Italian Crœsus and champion of bimetallism, who became a naturalised Frenchman, was a notable personality. He conquered Paris more by his wealth than by his campaigning in favour of bi-metallism. I once went to hear him lecture on this hobby of his, and came away without having understood a single word of what he said. The subject of the lecture was arid, and the lecturer spoke Italian-French. He was the despair even of the technical reporters who sat under him. In private M. Cernuschi's French was intelligible enough, but in public, as a speaker, he was terrible. In his splendid house on the borders of the Parc Monceau, full of Buddhist statues and souvenirs, he once gave an entertainment which I attended in company with a thousand others. In the midst of it he jumped on a table, waving a tricolour, and sang the "Marseillaise," to emphasise his feelings towards France and the Republic. He was a fine, patriarchal figure, and was noted for his generosity. He was frequently "tapped" by needy politicians and journalists and rarely refused a loan or a donation. It is doubtful if many of those who were in debt to him followed his funeral.

Jules Simon, who was partly Jewish and partly a



Photo]

EMILE COMBES.

[*Gerschel*]

Celt, passed away soon after his meeting at Berlin with the Emperor William, who consulted him on some economic questions of the day. He used to live in a house close to the Madeleine, his near neighbour being Henri Meilhac the dramatist. These two dissimilar men talked when they met of anything but politics. Meilhac was a man of the theatre, and spoke about it freely. Jules Simon could talk well on the same subject, for he had been Minister of Public Instruction, &c., and in that capacity had a good deal to do with at least the endowed playhouses. As a politician he followed every movement keenly, was deeply interested in English affairs, and had, I believe, known Richard Cobden, John Bright, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Gladstone.

Eugène Spuller, the *gros Badois*, in allusion to his German origin, was not so scholarly as Jules Simon, but he was a good writer and an efficient speaker. I once heard him and M. Rouvier boast at a commercial banquet in the Hôtel Continental of their very humble origins. One was the son of a mason, the other of a cooper or something of that sort, and they both became Cabinet Ministers. Unlike M. Rouvier, the *gros Badois* was a comparatively poor man.

Of the other events besides these deaths the most noteworthy was the coming of the Tsar and Tsaritsa in October, 1896. The preparations for that event were on a stupendous scale. Not only were there triumphal arches and flags everywhere, but the trees near the Rond-point of the Champs Elysées were covered with artificial flowers, according to a scheme planned by a decorator of theatres. I chiefly remember the

Tsar's visit owing to the fact that it brought me into touch for the second or third time with that remarkable man Dr. E. J. Dillon. That well-known authority on Russia, its rulers and its people, was sent over to Paris for the Tsar's visit by the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. With him came Mr. J. M. Le Sage, who organised the correspondence during the visit. Four Correspondents, including Dr. Dillon, did the work and the watching, for it was expected that a bomb might blow to bits at any moment the Tsar, the Tsaritsa, and their friend President Felix Faure, not to speak of the baby Grand Duchess Olga. It was said that the Tsar would go about as a Haroun-al-Raschid, that he would throw off all official trammels for a while, and, in fact, imitate his uncles the Grand Dukes who "do" Paris from top to bottom, in what has been known for long years as "*la tournée des grand Ducs.*" I think the Tsar Nicholas is not strong enough to stand that sort of *tournée*. It would soon kill him off, or cripple him. Here is how a very witty French writer, "one of the crowd" of witty writers, described what the Tsar's uncles do when they are in Paris. He refers chiefly to the Grand Duke Vladimir, but "*Ex uno*" may be said. "C'était l'autre soir à la Comédie Française. Salle comble, soir de première. Un grand silence. La scène est pathétique. Des yeux se mouillent de larmes. Tout à coup, à l'avant scène—l'avant scène de droite—un ronflement éclate, un ronflement sonore—un roulement de tambours, un grondement d'orage, qui arrete les comédiens en scène et fait sursauter la salle. Les mains croisées sur le ventre, les jambes allongées, la tête appuyée à la cloison de la loge, le Grand-duc Wladimir dort du sommeil du juste.

"Il ne faut pas lui en vouloir. C'est la fatigue. Il est debout depuis le matin. Il a couru Paris dans tous les sens. Il a visité les coins pittoresques de la capitale, il a essayé deux automobiles, il est entré, dans quelque quinze magasins, il a déjeûné dans un grand cabaret—et on sait comment déjeûne un grand duc—il a essayé une troisième automobile, il est allé aux courses, il a fait un tour au Bois il est allé rendre quelques visites, il s'est promené sur la boulevard, il est monté un moment au cercle, il est rentré s'habiller, il a dîné dans un grand restaurant—and on sait comment dîne un grand-duc—it s'est rendu ensuite au théâtre; après, il a soupé—puis. . . Mais glissons. Et il a recommencé le lendemain. Et c'est comme ça tous les jours. Alors, n'est ce pas, ou peut bien l'excuser!"

This French picture of a Grand Duke's day in Paris is not by any means exaggerated. At the same time I have known some foreign—that is to say, non-French—millionaires, who put in an equally strenuous time while staying in Paris. The fact was that they did not know how to fill up their time, and they wanted a new excitement or emotion every moment. I have known some of them to fling their money around in cafés, but I have never seen any of them so absurdly generous and extravagant as the English millionaire who threw bank-notes to Covent Garden porters.

Tsar Nicholas went around Paris secretly, in a closed carriage, once or twice during his visit in October, 1896, but he did not tire himself. All the newspaper men were watching his merest movements. Everything that he did and everything that he said was carefully chronicled.

Dr. Dillon's performances in the way of producing copy on this occasion were enormous. He was ailing, but he wrote nearly six columns about the illuminations of Paris, and three or four concerning the new bridge intended for the Exhibition of 1900 and called after Tsar Alexander the Third.

Mr. W. T. Stead has already put on record the capacity for work, the versatility, and the achievements of Dr. Dillon. I can only add that he is the most marvellous writer whom I have seen at work. When he first came to the office of the *Daily Telegraph* in Paris, he wrote all day and far into the night. When he finished his correspondence from Paris for the *Telegraph* he started to write magazine articles for London, articles for a Russian paper, and in between he contrived to revise the proofs of a book devoted to the higher criticism of the Old Testament. I saw him once equally busy when he was *Telegraph* Correspondent in Vienna. In order to accompany me around the Kaiserstadt he broke off writing an elaborate article on Russian finance and the translation of a document in one of the Semitic languages. That he can write pure and faultless English is proved in his book on the sceptics of the Old Testament, a copy of which he was good enough to send me with his autograph.

The year 1896 concluded with one or two events worthy of notice. In November died Mgr. d'Hulst, rector of the Catholic Institute, and a prominent figure in the Chamber of Deputies. He had been brought up by Queen Marie Amélie, and was supposed to be of Royal parentage. He was an able debater and speaker of the academical sort, and wrote a good

deal in the review called the *Correspondant*. An interesting event of the same period was the apotheosis of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, organised by her burly friend Henri Bauer, formerly an influential dramatic critic, but who has disappeared from the ranks of the active writers of Paris.

I have good reason to remember the year 1897. In April of that year I was at Brest and Ushant, for the distribution of the *Drummond Castle* medals previously referred to, and soon after I returned to Paris occurred the disastrous fire in the charity bazaar of the Rue Jean Goujon. By a strange coincidence that fatal blaze, in which the Duchesse d'Alençon and many more ladies were burned, horrified the world almost exactly ten years after the destruction by fire of the Opéra Comique. The latter establishment was burned down on May 25, 1887, and the disaster at the charity bazaar occurred on May 4, 1897. The horrors of the bazaar fire linger unpleasantly in my memory. Women and girls in light spring attire were burned beyond recognition. Men fought like wolves to get out of the Gehenna, and the weaker were trampled under foot. Some of those who were incinerated had only a few steps to take in order to reach a place of safety. The funerals of the victims were productive of more horror. The coffins contained only charred remains, which could not have been identified by the relatives. A neighbour of mine lost his daughter in the blaze, and some charred bones were brought to him and his wife a few days after. I went to the funeral, which was conducted in the customary elaborate way of the French. There was a fine religious service, a walk past the mourners, each

person invited shaking hands with them and murmuring some words of condolence or consolation, and then the sad burial in the family vault, with more prayers by the priest.

Shortly after this I was over in London for the Victorian Jubilee of 1897, and had the peculiar experience of lodging for a fortnight in one of the upper rooms of the *Daily Telegraph* office in Fleet Street. During that fortnight I was kept busily employed as one of the numerous recorders of the events of the Jubilee. This was a novel experience for me after years of absence from London. It made me remember the time when I sent a leader on the infallibility of the Pope to the Editor of the *Telegraph*, and when I used to look with awe into the recesses of Peterborough Court, and gaze with wonderment at the windows of the old building in which were then the offices of the great daily. Well, by the irony of things, I was actually living in the new offices of the *Telegraph* in June, 1897. I had most substantial breakfasts brought to me by the housekeeper every morning, and then I descended to the editorial rooms for instructions as to what I had to do for the day. The work was easy at first, although I had to produce copy on Saturday. As the day of the Queen's journey through London drew nigh there was more to do, and more difficulty in doing it, owing to the crowding in the streets. I found that after I had been to a place and made my notes there I was unable to reach the office by hansom or 'bus for the purpose of throwing my jottings into shape. It was necessary to fight my way through the crowd, and thus to be late with copy. How I longed on those occasions for the wide streets

and avenues of Paris, where, in the most excited times, and when people are out in crowds, there is always room to move, or at least to get around by devious ways to one's destination. On the day of the Jubilee procession I was posted on Constitution Hill, and had to take up the narrative of the Royal progress after Clement Scott, who was more or less comfortably stationed in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, where he saw the start. I was under the impression that in the small space for observation allotted to me there would be no chance of finding matter for copy. I managed, however, to get enough inspiration for nearly two columns of glowing prose. I described the Queen surrounded by the "captains and the kings," although I looked in vain for monarchs, and the only captain whom I recognised among those following the Sovereign was Captain Acland, a Naval A.D.C., since promoted to a higher rank, and whom I had met a few weeks before at Brest, whither he came in H.M.'s guardship *Alexandra*, on the occasion of the presentation of the *Drummond Castle* medals. On the day after the procession I was at Windsor and Eton. At the latter place I had the pleasure of being received by that famous Headmaster, Dr. Warre, and also by the Provost, Dr. Hornby, who gave me some facilities for recording Queen Victoria's Jubilee visit to the college. I wrote my account of the visit at Eton, but had immense difficulty in getting through the crowd to the Windsor station. I reached this place at the same time as Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, who had been watching the Queen's arrival in the Royal borough, and whom I recognised on the platform of the station. My difficulties were not over when, after

having long waited for a train, I got one and reached Paddington. In Praed Street no cabbies would take me owing to the crowds. At last, in the Edgware Road I met a driver who agreed to put me down somewhere near Chancery Lane. He did so, but I had to fight my way to and through Fleet Street on foot, and when at last I reached the *Telegraph* office I found the sub-editors howling for my copy. I was not "up to time," that was certain, and there was no use in attempting to explain the numerous causes of my delay to Mr. Le Sage, who was too awfully busy to listen to any explanation whatever.

These are, however, memories of London, and my business lies with memories of Paris. I had not been back long when the tremendous Dreyfus affair was revived, and when a storm began which raged through France and Europe for nearly ten years. Its first feeble mutterings were heard in 1896, and it only subsided in 1906, by the reinstatement or "rehabilitation" of Captain Alfred Dreyfus.

I had something to do with the reopening of the *affaire*, although it was not chronicled in histories of the case. In the summer of 1896 I received a letter from Mr. W. Gilliland, who was acting for a time as Managing Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* in the absence of Mr. J. M. Le Sage. Mr. Gilliland told me that Sir Edward Lawson, now Lord Burnham, would like me to see some members of the Dreyfus family relative to the agitation which was arising over the case of the disgraced and transported artillery officer. I accordingly went to the house of Madame Hadamard, mother-in-law of Captain Dreyfus, who lives in the Rue de Châteaudun.

Madame Hadamard, a good-looking woman in spite of the advance of time, received me in her drawing-room. She showed traces of intense sorrow, and seemed as if she must have been weeping ever since her son-in-law was degraded and sent across the seas to that horrible hut in Devil's Island where he long lingered in what appeared to be hopeless captivity. She said that her daughter, Madame Dreyfus, was too ill, too prostrated by grief, to receive anybody. Then in reply to my queries she affirmed that she and all her family had full confidence that her son-in-law's innocence would be proved, and that the hour of his liberation would come in due time. "But go and see Maître Demange," said Madame Hadamard; "he is sure to receive you, as the Editor of the *Telegraph* sends you for information."

Thanking the distressed lady, I drove at once to the residence of Maître Demange, in the Rue Jacob, not far from the Palais de Justice. It was evening, and the rooms of the celebrated lawyer who defended Captain Dreyfus at the court-martial in Paris which had convicted that officer were filled with clients of both sexes waiting for consultations. Maître Demange kindly interrupted his work to receive me. I found him with his secretary in a comfortable and finely furnished study, sitting at a table covered with documents. His appearance reminded me a little of that of Sir George Jessel, the celebrated Jewish lawyer whom I used to see and hear long ago in the old Courts at Lincoln's Inn. Maître Demange looked at the letter which I had received from London and then said, "You can tell your chiefs that in my heart and soul I believe that Alfred Dreyfus is an

innocent man. His innocence is to me clear, and it will one day be proved. I can say no more to you on the subject. There cannot, in fact, be anything more said on the subject. For the present M. Dreyfus must remain where they have sent him. I cannot do anything, nor can his relatives, but the day will come when justice will be done."

Edgar Demange spoke truly. Justice was done, but only after a decade of commotion and convulsion such as the world had never seen before over the case of one man, and will never, in all probability, see again. I do not think that it is necessary to refer at any great length to the *affaire*, which has been well threshed out in the newspapers of the world. Who that reads newspapers does not remember the history of it? Who does not recall the names of the principal actors in the drama, and remember that it originated in the "leakages" discovered by the Intelligence Department of the French War Office? These "leakages," or secret information concerning the National Defence, were going on since 1892. The German and Italian military attachés, Von Schwartz-Koppen and Panizzardi, were supposed to be receiving information from some French officer. Then the Intelligence Department employs Madame Bastian, charwoman at the German Embassy, to bring them all the fragments of papers collected by her in the offices which she had to clean out every morning. In this way came to the French authorities the document with the words "*Ce canaille de D*—," supposed to have been written by the German Emperor, other documents appearing to show that Major Von Schwartzkoppen was receiving information direct



Photo]

[Gerschel

ALFRED DREYFUS.

from the French War Office, and finally the *bordereau*, or note about guns and troops, which was the work of Esterhazy, but was attributed to Dreyfus. Soon afterwards it was decided to arrest Captain Dreyfus, an artillery officer, son of an Alsatian manufacturer.

I often wondered what induced Alfred Dreyfus to enter the French Army. An able Jew, devoted to work, issue of a hard-headed, money-making, commercial stock, he goes through the military schools, joins the army and is a staff probationer. He is so clever, so devoted to work, and withal so proud of his attainments, far superior to those of his Christian colleagues, that he becomes an object of envy and jealousy. Now, in trade, in the commercial line of his Jewish forefathers, some of whom had been pedlars, but became successful and opulent, Alfred Dreyfus, by the exercise of those very talents which made him enemies in the army, would have risen to pre-eminence as a merchant prince.

He chooses the army, however, and the result is only too well known. Military degradation, banishment to Devil's Island, the torture of heat, flies, mosquitoes, and the "double buckle" for four years, and finally, after enormous suffering and anxiety, the new trial and then the "rehabilitation." And sandwiched between the various episodes of the *affaire*,¹ connected directly with M. Dreyfus himself, were the trial of Esterhazy, the trial and the ruin of Emile

¹ This means the *Dreyfusian* episodes, such as his arrest, his supposed escape from Devil's Island, his appeals from prison, his redoubled punishment, his home-coming, &c., as distinguished from collateral affairs.

Zola, the suicide of Colonel Henry, who had falsified documents for the purpose of blackening more deeply the supposed traitor, the partial ruin of Colonel Picquart, who took up the case of his fellow-Alsatian, and the mysterious sudden death of President Felix Faure.

My meeting with Maître Demange, after I had seen Madame Hadamard, mother-in-law of Captain Dreyfus, was the signal for the outburst in favour of a new court-martial. My record of Maître Demange's brief but pregnant communication appeared next day in the *Telegraph* and attracted immense attention. The Jews of London throbbed in sympathy with those of France and Germany. The Gentiles, too, began to wonder if there had not been some foul play, or at least a miscarriage of justice. The *Daily Chronicle* next took the case up, and a man of letters lectured in London on the *affaire*, giving reproductions of the *bordereau* on a board. In Paris, Bernard Lazare had published his pamphlet and Senator Scheurer-Kestner, M. Joseph Reinach, M. Trarieux, and Matthew Dreyfus opened their campaign and formed what was called the Syndicate. Then France became divided, and the Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards vilified and denounced each other in public and private. The battle raged, not only in the Press, but in Government offices, in banks, shops, and private families. I knew one family where the daughters were for the army and against Dreyfus, and the sons emphatically in favour of the wronged artillery officer. There were Catholics, lay and ecclesiastic, for Dreyfus, as well as the Jews, the atheists, the Agnostics, the Freethinkers and the

Freemasons. In England, and even in Ireland and Scotland, the majority were for Dreyfus. It was interesting to note that, while Père Du Lac and other Jesuits who had educated staff officers, such as Colonel du Paty de Clam, General de Boisdeffre and Miribel, were accused of having pulled the strings in the Dreyfus case, Jesuits in England and Ireland were in favour of the unlucky officer. I remember that a distinguished and eloquent Irish Jesuit, Father Kane, once preached in Dublin actually in favour of fair play to the Jewish captain who was being daily branded as a traitor by the majority of the French Catholics. This was one of the many anomalies of the *affaire* which is still discussed in France, even after the officer has been reinstated in the army, and promoted.

CHAPTER XVI

Alphonse Daudet's death—His family and friends—M. Léon Daudet on France and England—Emile Zola's letter "J'accuse"—His trial—Colonel Henry's suicide—The Fashoda alarm—Lord Kitchener in Paris when Sirdar—His arrival with Baratier at the Gare de Lyon—Death of Mr. Hely Bowes, a notable journalist—The mysterious Death of President Faure—His secretary's statement—Legends of "La Belle Juive" and the lady with the violets—M. Faure's personality and picturesqueness.

ALPHONSE DAUDET died in December, 1897, just as the Dreyfus affair was being revived. The death of the novelist passed almost unnoticed. He had long been ailing at his country seat near Corbeil and Melun, and was physically a wreck when I last saw him in Paris. That was at the Gymnase Théâtre where he went to witness the unsuccessful adaptation of one of the novels of the Goncourt brothers. Edmond de Goncourt, the survivor of the two brothers, was also at the first night. He passed away rather suddenly at Daudet's house in the country, and his death gave a shock to the author of "Les Rois en Exil," "L'Evangeliste," "L'Immortel," and "La Lutte pour la Vie." When I began regular journalistic work in Paris, in 1884, Alphonse Daudet was one of the most prominent of

the literary men there. He had a wide audience, and was supposed to command a large income from his books. I cannot say that any of these interested me as I was interested by Anatole France, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, the Goncourts, Prosper Mérimée, and to a certain extent by Zola, Ohnet, and Mendès. I read a good deal of Daudet, but I was somehow repelled by his greed for "actualities." He rammed all sorts of daily happenings into his novels, and captured all sorts of people who were notorious, or who were brought suddenly into prominence, for his characters. "Numa Roumestan" is rather a good study of Gambetta, but the people in "Les Rois en Exil" and "L'Evangeliste," some of whom I knew in real life, seemed to be drawn in for mere effect, nor could they have been artistically handled by the author, even if he tried to handle them in that way. Tom Lewis in "Les Rois" is Mr. John Arthur, a commercial man, once a most prosperous member of the British colony of Paris. He was especially prosperous in the days of Napoleon the Third, but towards the end of the last century he was in deep financial difficulties. Daudet did better with Miss Booth, afterwards Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, of the Salvation Army, who is the Evangelist. One of the last books written by Daudet was his "Trente ans de Paris," in which he recounted his early troubles, which were of a very serious nature. He had an uphill struggle, but it was not quite so terrible as that experienced by his friend Zola, or by Sardou. I used to meet Daudet frequently on the boulevards in the eighties, and he always reminded me of the artist, or painter, rather than the man of letters. His black, wavy hair he wore long, and

he liked cloaks and flowing ties. He also looked the real Southern, the Méridional who had some drops of Saracenic blood in his veins.

The Daudet family is a thoroughly literary one, more so than that of Victor Hugo. Ernest Daudet, brother of Alphonse, is no mean historian; Léon Daudet, son of the novelist, is a weaver of fiction as his father was, and he is one of the most incisive writers for the Nationalist Press. His mother, Madame Alphonse Daudet, likewise keeps up the strong literary reputation of the house. Léon Daudet is, however, the chief writer of the family. Some of his work is so good that I decline to admit the ruling of my friend Steinlen the artist, who called Léon Daudet "*un fils à papa*." This was during a row caused by one of Steinlen's caricatures, to which Léon Daudet and his quondam brother-in-law Georges Hugo took offence. Steinlen, who is a hard-working draughtsman, meant by his phrase "*fils à papa*" that Léon Daudet was prosperous in life owing to his father's money and influence, whereas he—Steinlen—was the "*fils de ses œuvres*."

I cannot resist quoting some of Léon Daudet's prose as I quoted some of that of Laurent Tailhade. In 1903, for instance, when King Edward visited Paris, Daudet wrote about German and English influence on Frenchmen: "Le génie de notre race est à la fois très particulier, et très malléable. Fait d'orgueil et d'impressionabilité, il présuppose chez l'adversaire et le vainqueur, des qualités de premier rang. La raison entre en nous par les fissures de l'enthousiasme . . . chose étrange l'homme d'état Anglais, Whig ou Tory, continue d'hypnotiser notre

personnel an pouvoir. Que pense de moi (depuis Ferry à Delcassé), le Cabinet de Londres? Quelle idée se font de moi, Disraeli, Gladstone, Rosebery, Salisbury? La génération de politiciens démocrates formés par les loges et la brasserie considère avec admiration, cette aristocratie d'affaires qui gère élégamment le plus grand comptoir du monde. Les orchidées, les redingotes, les éponges monstres de leurs Chamberlains et de leurs Arthur Balfours, font rêver nos Camille Pelletans." It must be mentioned, with reference to the "big sponges" of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, and to M. Camille Pelletan, that the latter politician was at one time constantly the butt of Conservative and Nationalist sarcasm on the ground that he had a rooted objection to baths, and that he never combed his hair. M. Pelletan had his hair cut, and presented a smart appearance, soon after his marriage with a schoolmistress while he was Minister of Marine in the cabinet of M. Combes.

M. Daudet next tries to dethrone J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer, who, he says, are only quoted in France nowadays by M. Clemenceau, and he holds that for the past twenty years there has been nothing worth reading in English literature except the novels of George Meredith.

"On a bien essayé de nous glisser dans la paco-tille, Rudyard Kipling, mais nous sommes devenus malins, et nous avons de la résistance."

Hear also M. Daudet on M. Combes, the Minister who waged war with so much determination against the religious orders. "Nous sûmes bientot que cet illustre M. Combes etait un ancien prêtre défronde." This, by the way, is not quite true, for M. Combes

never received full sacerdotal orders, but no matter. "Remarquons en passant le rôle considérable que les apostats et les rénégats auront joué dans la politique contemporaine. Le grand philosophe de la secte fut Ernest Renan qui prit la chose avec une mollesse enjouée, et déclara, une fois pour toutes, que rien ici-bas n'a d'importance. Celui qui s'émancipe de ses serments fait volontiers de cette émancipation une règle de vie et une doctrine. Les plus intrépides parmi nos laïciseurs et nos proscriteurs sont des ratés de la vocation religieuse. Ils la rendent responsable de leurs anciens échecs et de leur propre insuffisance. Ils ont en haine ceux qui sans défaillir, sont demeurés serviteurs de Dieu."

M. Daudet, as may be seen from the fragments of his prose quoted, is a "*fils à papa*" inasmuch as he can write well. Whatever may be his private reputation, and his adventures as a man about town, he can observe, reflect, and put the result of his observations and reflections into fluent and forcible prose.

Hastening on to 1898, I find that in the January of that year I made a close acquaintance with the Palais de Justice. This was a place which I never cared for overmuch, principally owing to the difficulties put in the way of a journalist there whenever a *cause célèbre* is being heard. The trial of Emile Zola for his furious letter "*J'accuse*," in which he attacked the officers of the court-martial before which Captain Dreyfus appeared, and also the chiefs of the army, lasted three weeks. Zola was put on trial with Perreux, manager of the *Aurore*, in which the letter "*J'accuse*" appeared. Some of the foreign journalists,

notably Dr. Goldmann, of the *Frankfort Gazette*, must have lived at the Palais de Justice during those three weeks. At any rate, they had all their meals there. The energetic Goldmann was crunching thick ham sandwiches every day, and writing out his despatches for Frankfort at the same time. I was usually at the Palais towards evening, and the case continued late. It concluded on the night of February 23, 1898, Zola being condemned to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. Perreux had a sentence of four months and the same fine as Zola. I had some trouble in verifying the exact terms of the sentences at a late hour, and while I was driving to the office in a cab with my copy, I was horrified to find that an evening paper which I bought on the way brought out an edition in which it was brazenly asserted that Zola had been acquitted.

The year 1898 was fertile in alarms and surprises. Zola appealed, had a second trial at Versailles in May, was condemned and disappeared to England. In the ensuing month M. Meline resigned, having obtained only a very meagre majority in a debate on the general policy of the Government. He was succeeded on June 28, 1898, by M. Henri Brisson, who had M. Delcassé as Foreign Minister, and M. Godefroy Cavaignac as War Minister.

Now came the suicide of Colonel Henry in Fort Mont Valérien at Suresnes. It happened in September, 1898, while I was on a holiday trip. I had been to London, to Boulogne-sur-Mer, and then, notwithstanding the warm weather prevailing at the time, to the South of France. After having visited Monte Carlo and enjoyed its summer desolation, there being

only about a dozen people in the Casino to respond to the croupiers' call, I stayed a week at Marseilles. It was there, while walking in the early morning on the quays, that I saw the headings of the newspapers in the kiosques, "Suicide du Colonel Henry." I bought the *Petit Marseillais*, and there in a long letter from Paris read the details of the tragedy in Mont Valérien which changed the whole face of the Dreyfus case.

To tell the truth, although the Marseilles people are supposed to be excitable, they did not seem to be much perturbed by the suicide. I myself was in fact the person who was most excited about it. The Marseillais took it all quite calmly, and did not discuss it and gesticulate over it. They went on eating their *bouillabaisse* as usual, and at Pascal's, where I had mine with a bottle of local Cannet wine to wash it down, nobody seemed to trouble about the colonel's suicide and the new aspect of the Dreyfus case.

It was far otherwise in Paris. When I returned there from Marseilles I found the men in the street engaged in discussing the *affaire*. There was never so much commotion before over any event. M. Godefroy Cavaignac, who had believed in Henry, and in the *bordereau*, and everything piled up against Alfred Dreyfus, resigned his portfolio as War Minister. General Zurlinden succeeded him, and soon resigned also, General Chamoine being appointed. Revision was the result.

In this same month of September the Empress of Austria was assassinated at Geneva by Lucchesi, and Paris as well as every other city was thrilled by the news. The French Anarchists and Anar-

chists of other nations living in Paris kept themselves very quiet at the time, as the assassination of the harmless Empress Elizabeth was resented in France.

Then we had the Fashoda alarm and menaces of war between France and England. The Sirdar, afterwards Lord Kitchener, who had ousted from the Nile mud Major, afterwards Colonel Marchand, was execrated by many patriotic Frenchmen. Marchand was extolled as the greatest and the most daring of explorers. The meeting at Fashoda between the tall and commanding British officer of the Egyptian army, and the small, almost puny, Frenchman of the Colonial Service, was strong in its contrasts. This I realised when I saw both Lord Kitchener and Colonel Marchand some time after in Paris.

The Fashoda affair and the *affaire Dreyfus* marched together, as the French say, in those closing months of 1898. On October 5th the Court of Cassation was called upon to declare whether or not a "new fact" tending to prove the innocence of Alfred Dreyfus, convicted of high treason, had come to light. The "new fact" was the suicide of Colonel Henry, and M. Manau, Procureur Général applied for the revision of the case, to the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, on behalf of Madame Dreyfus.

Next ensued the fall of M. Henri Brisson's Cabinet over this very question of revision, on the first day that the Chamber met after the recess following the General Election of May, 1898. M. Dupuy formed the new Cabinet on October 31st, M. Delcassé being retained at the Foreign Office, M. Lockroy in the

Naval Department, and M. Peytral at the Exchequer. M. Brisson had fallen on October 25, 1898, and on the following evening the Sirdar, then Sir Herbert Kitchener, came up to Paris from Marseilles, where he had landed on his return from Egypt. I went down to the Gare de Lyon to see the Sirdar arrive, and found the station crowded with enthusiastic French patriots. They had come, not to meet the Sirdar, assuredly, but to welcome home and to acclaim Captain Baratier, who had been one of Marchand's companions and assistants in the expedition across Africa, from the West to Fashoda and the Nile.

I never knew if the arrival by the same train in Paris of the Sirdar and of Baratier was a mere coincidence, or if it had been decided by Marchand's backers to send on their man then in order to make the English "*avaler un couleuvre*." Baratier and those with him were in the middle carriage of the train as it came into the station, and as they were seen at the windows, a tempest of *vivats* burst out and was continued for about a quarter of an hour. Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and another officer, Captain Rawson, who was accompanying the Sirdar, were in a carriage near the end of the train and stepped out quietly on the platform, received by nobody, unless the representatives of the London papers who were present, and M. Lemoine, Messrs. Cook's agent, could be said to be their welcomers.

I saw Sir Herbert Kitchener looking curiously at the crowd of men and women who were acclaining Captain Baratier. Then he turned away and was piloted by M. Lemoine to a vehicle which took himself and the officers with him to one of the hotels of

Messrs. Cook & Son, near the Gare du Nord. That was the first and last time that I saw him who has become Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. As to Major or Colonel Marchand, his temporary competitor for a few acres of Nile mud, I saw him first when he marched with his blacks in the annual review of troops on July 14, 1899. But the Fashoda affair was destined soon to be forgotten, and the *entente cordiale* had the effect of causing it to be buried. Marchand was promoted Colonel, but did not prosper. He met with the same apathy that was shown to the French explorers and colonisers of old, and there are those who hold that he injured himself by his own persistent impatience, grumbling, and cantankerousness.

In the height of the excitement caused by Dreyfus and the Fashoda affair, the British colony in Paris, and especially those among them who were correspondents of newspapers, received a great shock owing to the sudden death of Mr. Hely Hutchinson Bowes, who had represented the *Standard* under the Johnsonian régime for over thirty years. It had been several years since any Correspondent had died in Paris. The representatives of the *Morning Post* and of the *Daily News*, Mr. Noyse Brown and Mr. G. M. Crawford, went over to the majority in the early eighties. Mr. Bowes was a small, wiry man, full of energy, bubbling over with wit, apparently built to pass eighty, but he began to grow very feeble in 1897, and had to be attended by a man-servant to the office of the *Standard*. He ought to have retired, but as he needed money for an expensive family, he continued to work on. One night in the early part of November, 1898, he went

home to his house in the Rue Bassano from the *Standard* office in the Rue de la Paix, and complained to Mrs. Bowes that he felt suddenly ill. I heard that he died in his arm-chair a few hours after he had complained to his wife of being in pain. Mr. Bowes had in early life been connected with *Galignani's Messenger*, as his father was. He spoke French of Paris, and was even wittier in that language than he was in the tongue of his forefathers. You looked in vain for any of the wit in his correspondence, which was political and arid, but his conversation was most entertaining. Maître Cluny of the Paris bar, once sat beside Hely Bowes, without knowing him, at a public dinner, and was fairly dazzled by the little Englishman's caustic observations, sallies of wit, *bon mots*, and jokes, all emitted in faultless French. After the dinner Maître Cluny went about inquiring who was the brilliant little Englishman who had so entertained and dazzled him.

Hely Bowes was long assisted in his Paris work by Mr. Thomas Farman, who afterwards became Correspondent of the *Tribune*, and between them they turned out very serious sheaves of correspondence for their important paper. A good deal of it was rejected owing to exigencies of space, and also because Mr. Hely Bowes, when wound up to go on some political topic in which he was interested keenly, could not stop himself, and accordingly he wrote occasionally much more than the *Standard* required. This has often happened to other Paris Correspondents of London newspapers, who, imagining the British public to be as interested as they are themselves in some French political question, write too much about

it, and are then surprised because their copy is cut down, bowdlerised, eviscerated, or rejected altogether.

I have referred to events in 1898 as exciting. The ensuing year opened amid still greater excitement. The battle of the newspapers over the Dreyfus revision raged fiercely, and the discussion of the case in public and private was keen. Go where you would, the *affaire* was sure to be brought up.

Then in the middle of February, 1899, ensued the mysterious death of President Félix Faure. That came as a thunderclap to everybody. We heard it at the *Daily Telegraph* office, then near the Bourse, about ten o'clock in the evening. My colleague, Mr. Ozanne, and I were talking to Mr. d'Alton Shee, a young Frenchman of Irish descent, about his friend Wallon, a man who had gone out to try to see Captain Dreyfus in Devil's Island, and who was to write some reports from there for the *Telegraph*, as well as for the French newspaper to which he usually contributed. Suddenly there was a telephone ring, and the news of the President's death came. Mr. d'Alton Shee, who was to have received some money for transmission to his friend Wallon, had to go away without it, as the sudden death of the President of the Republic necessitated all the attention of the office. We had to set to work in order to collect details of the death, and this was a difficult thing to do at eleven o'clock at night. Then a biographical notice of the deceased President, the circumstances of his election, and a narrative of happenings during his tenure of his post, had to be transmitted to London. All this kept us at work until far into the night.

On the day following President Faure's death Paris

was full of the most extraordinary rumours and the most fearful reports of scandals. It was said that Félix Faure had died in the arms of a woman, that he had been poisoned by a *belle Juive*, who was in the pay of the Dreyfus syndicate, and that he had committed suicide to avoid terrible revelations about himself, about his family, and about the family of his wife, whose father had been in trouble with the law, and so on. These rumours and reports attained such dimensions that the private secretary of the deceased President actually published in the columns of the *Figaro* an authentic narrative of M. Faure's movements and acts on the day of his death. By this it was proved that M. Faure did not leave the Elysée Palace by a secret exit on the evening of the 16th of February, 1899, and that he died in his own room after having been indisposed there for some hours before his death. All this did not prevent the dissemination of scandalous gossip.¹ On the day before the President's funeral M. Sébastien Faure, an Anarchist, published in his paper alleged full details, with plans, of the President's visit to a lady on the afternoon of his death, and of his removal in a dying condition from the lady's boudoir to the Elysée. For weeks tongues wagged over all this scandalous gossip, and the lady was sometimes said to be the wife of a Belgian artist, and sometimes it was given out that she was a pretty actress at one of the subsidised theatres. Colour was lent to all these scandalous rumours by the fact, which was well

¹ There was also a rumour that a lady who had been visiting the President at the Elysée left a bunch of poisoned violets on the mantelpiece of his study.

known, that Félix Faure was fond of going about Paris occasionally in disguises. Sometimes he did not disguise at all, but drove about the streets in his ordinary clothes, not in a carriage but in a common *fiacre*, or fly. I have once or twice seen him driving in this way towards metropolitan districts which are by no means fashionable. Thus the mystery of his death deepened. What was true about it was that when he felt his last end approaching, he called his wife and begged her pardon for any wrongs that he might have done her during their long years of union. There was no priest at the Elysée to attend the dying President, and it is recorded that somebody, probably the President's daughter, now married to a literary man, M. Goyau, threw open a window and shouted to the servants or guards to go for a priest. Anyhow, it is true that a priest attached to the Madeleine was stopped in the Faubourg St. Honoré by a servitor at the Elysée, and was requested to go to see M. Faure, who was very ill. The ecclesiastic, who was returning from a dinner-party, and was not, in the circumstances, provided with the holy oils and so forth, called on a colleague and sent him to the Elysée, where he found the President *in extremis*.

Félix Faure was one of the most ornamental of the "civilian" Presidents of the Republic, and he was almost a soldier. It must be remembered that there were two military and picturesque Presidents, General Trochu, who did not hold office long, and MacMahon. Thiers was an undersized "*pékin*," Jules Grévy a solemn-faced and be-whiskered barrister, Carnot a rigid, geometrical figure with a black beard, Casimir-

Perier a plain, prosaic person who might be anybody, while M. Loubet and M. Fallières are of the successful yeoman or farmer type. Félix Faure was solidly grand, and at the same time was a fine specimen of a man. Some compared him to a general of the United States Army, others held that he looked like a successful London City man who was also a colonel of militia or volunteers. M. Faure, it must be remembered, saw a good deal of service in the war of 1870-71 as a commander of mobiles, and he rode well. At army manœuvres he usually galloped with the generals, and wore a specially smart suit of clothes with a peaked cap, which gave him a military appearance. He was also a grand man when *en voyage*. He travelled like a monarch, and it was said that the ex-tanner of Touraine and former ship-owner at Havre had his head turned by his position, and that he was rehearsing for the rôle of king or of emperor.

CHAPTER XVII

President Loubet—M. Déroulède's attempted *coup d'état*—M. Loubet at home—M. Waldeck-Rousseau's return to politics—His career at the Bar—General the Marquis de Gallifet—From carpet-knight to hero—Home-coming of Dreyfus—Baffling the press—Fort Chabrol and its defender—The French and the Boers—Paul Kruger and President Loubet—The exhibition of 1900—The Tsar and Tsaritsa at Compiègne—Republican ladies—Madame Waldeck-Rousseau and the cake.

ON Saturday, the 18th of February, 1899, everybody connected with politics and newspapers was at Versailles for the election of a successor to President Félix Faure. There was the traditional luncheon at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, and then the lobbying, the gossiping, and the voting. To the tall and commanding Félix Faure succeeds a dumpy little man, Emile Loubet, who has been several times a Cabinet Minister, and is known as a plain, practical politician, nowise brilliant, but a ready speaker, versed in the law, experienced also in other ways, and there are no scandals about him or his wife, or their relatives. The Nationalists call him "Panama" Loubet, but that does not matter, nor do the rotten eggs matter when they are thrown at his carriage as he drives back from Versailles, after his election to the highest office in the State. M. Emile Loubet

only shrugged his shoulders at the shouts of "Panama" and at the hurricane of putrid eggs. He consoles himself always, does M. Loubet, with *mots*. He has certain caustic and almost witty phrases ready to his tongue, and he can even, as a man once said, "*lancer des traits de bonhomme acerbe.*"

I was at the Elysée on the day of President Faure's funeral. It was the 23rd of February, 1899. M. Loubet came along in his carriage, escorted by cuirassiers, and walked into the mansion of mourning which he was soon to occupy. He seemed at the time to be the calmest, most self-possessed, and most matter-of-fact man whom I had ever beheld. Nothing moved him, not even the placing of the huge coffin or casket enclosing his predecessor in the funeral car. At the service at Nôtre Dame, I also saw M. Loubet unmoved. I have heard that his wife, Madame Loubet, took the new honours also in a matter-of-fact fashion. A phrase attributed to her at the time was, "*Nous allons en augmentant.*" As everybody knows, both M. and Madame Loubet, like their immediate predecessor and their successors at the Elysée, are of humble provincial origin. They both come from Montélimar, in the South, or in the beginning of the South, where M. Loubet's father drove mules to market and where Madame Loubet's people sold pots, pans, and all manner of domestic utensils.

On the evening of the day that President Faure was buried in the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, M. Paul Déroulède tried his hand at a species of *coup d'état* but failed. He wanted to get General Roget, who was returning to Reuilly barracks at the head

of the regiments which had been at the funeral, to march on the Elysée and capture the place. General Roget, a quiet, unassuming warrior, who looks as if he were a brother of Ernest Reyer, the composer of "Salammbô" and of "Sigurd," would do nothing of the sort. So M. Déroulède was arrested, and his attempt at a *coup d'état* was heartily hissed and ridiculed. Failing to effect a *pronunciamiento* in France, he went to Spain, the real land of *pronunciamientos*, and remained there until he was pardoned and permitted to return to the land of his birth in December, 1905.

This was a very lively time for all newspaper people. During it we were reinforced at the *Telegraph* office by Dr. Dillon, who returned to Paris later on for the purpose of trying to meet Captain Dreyfus on his coming to France for the second court-martial. Comparative quiet ensued for a few months after the election of M. Loubet, but a great uproar was caused by the action of a Royalist, Baron de Cristiani, who, in a mad moment, attempted to assault the new President at the Auteuil races on Sunday, the 4th of June, 1899. The President's hat was struck, and the Baron was arrested. On the following Sunday—Grand Prix day—the whole of the course at Longchamps was guarded by an army of soldiers and police. This tremendous display of force led to the fall of the Cabinet, and M. Dupuy, who had been President of the Council since October, 1898, was succeeded by M. Waldeck-Rousseau. And in the meantime the Court of Cassation had ordered the revision of the Dreyfus case, and the Captain was coming home from Devil's Island in the cruiser *Sfax* to be tried by court-martial at Rennes.

Now ensued a momentous period, and the new Cabinet formed was expected to do great things. Here was Waldeck-Rousseau in power, after a long absence from active service in politics, and he had General the Marquis de Galliffet, another most interesting man, as his War Minister. M., or rather Dr., de Lanessan, his troubles in the question of Siam and his quondam connection with Portalis and Canivet being forgotten, becomes Minister of Marine; M. Millerand, the Socialist "Baron," is at the head of the Department of Commerce; and M. Caillaux is Chancellor of the Exchequer. M. Delcassé, who seems immovable, remains at the Foreign Office.

Of these men M. Waldeck-Rousseau and General de Galliffet were the most notable. Waldeck-Rousseau, whom I used to see frequently at the Palais de Justice after he had returned to the Bar, was, so to say, born in the law. His father was an advocate at Nantes, and he himself became a barrister at an early age. Entering the political arena, he captivated Gambetta, who had him as his Minister of the Interior from November, 1881, to January, 1882. He was subsequently in the Cabinet of Jules Ferry from February, 1883, to April, 1885. While he was at the Interior, Henri Rochefort labelled him *Waldeck le pompadé*, owing to the fact that he was always carefully dressed and groomed. M. Waldeck-Rousseau was generally, in fact, very neatly attired, and was often compared to a well-groomed Englishman, although I have seen him at the Palais de Justice wearing very indifferent pantaloons under his advocate's gown. After Jules Ferry's fall in 1885, M. Waldeck-Rousseau was seen rarely at the Palais



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

Bourbon. He went to the other Palais, that of the law, and had there a lucrative practice for long years. He was retained in the Panama affair for, I think, Charles de Lesseps. He acted as advocate for Max Lebaudy, the "millionaire conscript," and was the first to unmask the frauds of the notorious Madame Humbert. While he was at the bar, M. Waldeck-Rousseau was elected a Senator, and in 1895 his political friends put him forward as a candidate at the election for President of the Republic in succession to M. Casimir-Perier.

There is no doubt that but for the terrible malady which made him a martyr, and caused his death, M. Waldeck-Rousseau would have become President of the Republic. He would have lent some dignity to the position. His wife, daughter of a fashionable tailor, who left her a large fortune, would have made an admirable *Présidente*. She would appear every whit as aristocratic as Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon, Duchesse de Magenta, and would have known better than that lady how to treat the Republican *parvenus* and *struggle for lifeurs*, to use a word invented by Alphonse Daudet, who were invited to the Elysée. In spite of the amorous adventures with which he was credited when he was Minister of the Interior in the old days, M. Waldeck-Rousseau remained to the last a most devoted husband. Pious Catholics who remembered that he originated the law against the religious orders saw the hand of Providence in the afflictions which beset his wife and himself. Madame Waldeck-Rousseau was suffering as well as her husband. She was obliged to bear a most painful operation in a convent which was under the ban

of the bill against monastic institutions brought in by her husband. The lady recovered after the operation, but, later on, when her partner had to bear the knife of the surgical specialist, he died. The Catholics who blamed Waldeck-Rousseau were told that he did not intend to apply the measures against the monastic and conventional people so rigorously as they were applied by his successor, M. Combes. They were also reminded that the deceased statesman had as a personal friend a Dominican friar, Père Vincent Maumus, who frequently saw him before he died.

The other interesting man in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet of 1899 was General the Marquis de Galliffet. This man is every inch a soldier, and is the smartest of soldiers even in his old age. He was furious because he had to retire from active service, having attained the age of sixty-five, although he only looked then about fifty. During the Second Empire the Marquis de Galliffet was one of the carpet-knights at the Elysée. He was among those who "capered nimbly in a lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasures of a lute," but he broke with all this and sought hard service as a cavalryman in Africa. In 1862 he married a daughter of the banker Charles Laffitte. In the Mexican War the Marquis de Galliffet was severely wounded in the stomach, and hovered for a time between life and death. The wound did not require that the Marquis should be provided with a *ventre d'argent*, as some have asserted. During the Franco-German War the Marquis de Galliffet was in the thick of the heaviest fighting. At Sedan he was in the cavalry charge which drew from King William of

Prussia the exclamation, "*Ah! les braves gens!*!" The Marquis was made Brigadier-General on the field of battle for his bravery on this occasion. There was periodical controversy, however, as to whether General de Galliffet commanded in this famous charge or not. The honour was also claimed by General de Beauffremont. When the Commune was put down Galliffet entered Paris at the head of the troops. A serjeant brought to him Henri Rochefort. The non-com. was holding a revolver over the head of the pamphleteer, and was ready to shoot him at a word or a nod from the General. "No, don't shoot him," said Galliffet; "they would say that I wanted revenge." Rochefort was accordingly taken to the prison at Versailles, whence he was subsequently sent to the penal settlements of New Caledonia with others who had been associated with the Commune. He owes a deep debt to General de Galliffet.

There used to be a rumour in Paris that General de Galliffet was the real originator, with M. Joseph Reinach, of the agitation in favour of Captain Dreyfus. Of this I know nothing, except that M. Reinach, when engaged as an officer of the territorial army at some manœuvres, acted as aide-de-camp to the Marquis de Galliffet.¹ The two also foregathered a good deal in political circles and in salons in Paris. I do not think anybody could wring this secret, if secret it be, out of the General himself. He is one of the mutest men in Paris when approached for questioning purposes. When he does vouchsafe a reply it is an

¹ I quote an authority later on who shows that General de Galliffet took M. Reinach on his staff to please the War Minister.

enigmatic, Delphic oracle sort of utterance, and the cleverest man could make very little out of it. As becomes the *beau sabreur* that he is, General the Marquis de Galliffet has had many an adventure of the sentimental kind. He was a prime favourite with the ladies. I have heard that once when at Madame Adam's he ventured to pass his hand over that lady's splendid shoulders, and for his boldness he received a light slap in the face. I do not know if this is an invention of some French father of lies or not, and Madame Adam, like General de Galliffet, is not addicted to giving secrets away to inquirers, nor to answering indiscreet questions. My informant, who had the story from somebody else, believes that the clever Madame Adam was talking volubly and excitedly about politics, or about the Dreyfus case, and that the General, to calm her, or to show his apathy for the subject of conversation, passed his hand over her alabaster shoulders.

The smartest of French generals did not remain throughout in the famous Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, which lasted three years, from June, 1899 to June, 1902. The Marquis de Galliffet resigned in May, 1900, and was succeeded by that entertaining man, General Andre, who has since written those illuminating memoirs for the *Matin* in which he "gave away" some of his former political colleagues.

This Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet was not formed a month when excitement arose over the arrival of Captain Dreyfus on board the *Sfax*. There was a good deal of money spent by the newspapers in trying to find out where he was to land. Some thought that he would come to La Rochelle, others to

Brest, others to Nantes. Dr. E. J. Dillon went for the *Telegraph* to Brest, and hired a boat there. Some millionaires had their yachts cruising outside Brest, and watched for the coming of the *Sfax* with keen expectancy. Nobody seemed to have thought of Quiberon, that little point on the Breton coast which is famous in history. It was to this place that the *Sfax* came, on July the 1st, 1899. No journalists save two were there, out of the multitude of pressmen watching all along the Breton coast, and outside the naval ports. The two journalists at Quiberon were Emile Massard, of the Nationalist *Patrie*, and Arthur Lynch, the "man for Galway." M. Massard had, by some occult means, got to know the secret about Quiberon, and he sold it for one thousand francs to the Correspondent of an American paper, who sent Mr. Lynch down to the little Breton promontory. Both M. Massard and Mr. Lynch could only chronicle the arrival of Captain Dreyfus. They could not speak to him, for he was hurried off, closely guarded, to the town of Rennes, immediately after he had disembarked from the *Sfax*.

There is no need to go back to the second court-martial at Rennes. It was a long and wearisome business, ending in September, 1899, by the condemnation of the unfortunate prisoner, who was subsequently released on pardon by President Loubet, and was enabled to return to his long-suffering family. There were subsequently spread some ugly rumours about the released man, his family, and his supporters. There was a report that M. Dreyfus did not feel sufficiently grateful to those who had moved heaven

and earth in his cause ; nay, it was even said that he resented, as a soldier and a patriot, the excessive zeal of his partisans. A dark family trouble was also hinted at. But I cannot say anything definite about these flying rumours and reports. In any case, M. Dreyfus lived after his release in the closest retirement, first in the South of France and then in Switzerland. It was not until his "rehabilitation" in 1906 that he began to show himself in public in Paris.

While the court-martial was still in progress at Rennes, Parisians were both amazed and amused by the extraordinary conduct of Jules Guérin, an adventurous journalist who had founded and edited an anti-Jewish paper in which he hotly attacked the Dreyfusards and the Government. Guérin was a man who was once so destitute in Paris that he was obliged to work as a *débardeur* or docker on the quays, where he assisted in loading and unloading river barges and canal boats. Eventually receiving some money, he founded his anti-Semitic paper, which was published in a house in the Rue de Chabrol, near the Gare du Nord. He was implicated with Paul Déroulède, M. Buffet the Royalist, and others for treason to the State, and was summoned to appear before the High Court at the Senate. Déroulède and Buffet left France, and Guérin, with some of his staff, remained in the printing office. This they strongly barricaded, and it became known as Fort Chabrol. The besieged men were armed with revolvers and rifles, and threatened to shoot the first police official who should get inside the fort. For some weeks the street was filled by day and night with contingents of police, municipal guards,

and even troops of the line. Every night I, in common with other correspondents of newspapers, remained for several hours outside Fort Chabrol, waiting to see what would happen. It was expected that suddenly the forces of the law would enter the fort at any cost and capture those inside. Then there was a question of blowing up the place with dynamite, but, after all the display of force, the weary waiting and watching, nothing ever happened. Jules Guérin, his supplies of bread and sausages from friends or colleagues in a house contiguous to his fort being cut off by the police, capitulated, and was sent to a real fort for a term of ten years. So ended the great farce of Fort Chabrol, which has been imitated, with some variations, by men at war with the law, in other parts of France. In one of these cases a provincial Fort Chabrol was blown up by dynamite, and the man wanted was captured. I think that Jules Guérin was allowed to defy the authorities for the long time that he did so owing to the disinclination of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, then Minister of the Interior, as well as President of the Council, to take any measures of exceptional rigour against the man and those with him, one of whom died in the fort through privation.

This was also the time of the war in South Africa. We had no *entente cordiale* then, and the French, almost to a man and woman, were in favour of the Boers. I have heard men in cafés shout "*Vivent les Boers!*" when they saw Englishmen about, and I have known those in Paris who gloated over the reverses of General Gatacre, General Buller, and Lord Methuen. All this is now forgotten. The French, in fact, began to forget the Boers when the

English were obtaining the upper hand in the Transvaal. It was a case of "nothing succeeds like success." While the Boers appeared to be winning they were applauded in Paris and Berlin. When they were failing the French shrugged their shoulders, and said "*Que voulez-vous?*" Paul Kruger had proof of this when he came to Paris in November, 1900. The Nationalists prepared an ovation for him, and he was acclaimed with a good deal of enthusiasm at the Gare du Nord when he was leaving. Before his departure he went to the Elysée, where he was only offered cold comfort. As he was complaining of his sad lot to President Loubet, that gentleman threw his hands up in the air and said "*Que voulez-vous?*"

I must not forget that this year of 1900 was the year of the Exhibition. Just before that great fair was opened Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador in Berlin ere the outbreak of the war of 1870-71, died in the Paris residence of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, or as she preferred to call herself, Princess Mathilde Napoléon. None of the new generation took any interest in him, and only a few writers of the old fogey school recalled in their articles about him that he had been gruffly treated by the King of Prussia, afterwards Emperor William, at Ems, in July, 1870, and that immediately war between France and Germany was declared.

As for the Paris Exhibition of 1900, which was opened ¹⁹⁰⁰ by President Loubet about Easter, I must say that I found it rather more interesting than the preceding "*Expositions universelles*" which I had seen. What struck me most on the opening day was the flight of time. It seemed to me that only

shortly before I was among those accompanying President Carnot around the Champ de Mars when the preparations for the Exhibition of 1889 were in an inchoate condition. And yet more than eleven years had elapsed between the two events to which I am alluding. In that space of time many strange things had happened, and many men whom I had known, either intimately or only casually, had disappeared from view for ever. My enjoyment of the new exhibition was accordingly not altogether untinged with melancholy. So it will be with other exhibitions, if I live to see them. In my view these periodical fairs, recurring every decade or so, are reminders to those of a certain age of the passing of the years and the instability of earthly things. There is nothing so gay, joyous, and brilliant as the opening and the beginning of a Paris Exhibition, nothing so sad as its close, in the gloomy fall of the year, when the trees are becoming bare, and when fogs begin to rise over the river.

Just before the Exhibition closed M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Cabinet had the narrowest shave from shipwreck that I have ever known. The Chambers assembled on the 8th of November, 1900. Immediately there were questions about the strikes, about the extradition to Belgium of Sipido, who had fired at the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., at Brussels, and about other matters. The Government was hard pressed, but obtained a majority *in extremis*. Thus M. Waldeck-Rousseau was able to bring in the Associations Bill which was applied with so much determination by his successor, M. Combes. He was also able to prepare for the second coming of the Tsar

and Tsaritsa to France, but not to Paris. I have seen, by the way, that the calling of the Emperor of Russia and his consort "Tsar" and "Tsaritsa" has been strongly contested, and the older forms of the titles, "Czar" and "Czarina," have been defended. The titles "Tsar" and "Tsaritsa" were first introduced into England by Dr. E. J. Dillon, writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, and they were adopted in nearly every other newspaper, in spite of some opposition. Dr. Dillon, in fact, showed that the older titles, which had always been used in England in referring to the Emperor of Russia and his consort, were not only inaccurate but ridiculous, and as he is an admitted authority on all matters appertaining to Russia, he must be right in the reform which he carried out.

I met the Doctor again on the occasion of this very visit of the Tsar. It was in the middle of September, 1901. The excitement in Paris was great, and the Nationalists, who had been triumphant at the municipal elections of May, 1900, were making elaborate preparations to receive the Imperial couple. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, however, set himself deliberately, and with his usual cold, calculating determination, to the work of spoiling the game of the Nationalists. These, after the elections, turned up in a majority at the Hôtel de Ville. There were fifty-two of them against the twenty-eight Socialists and others supporting the Ministry, in the Municipal Council. They threatened to be masters of the city, and to make their influence felt in the Chamber and elsewhere. M. Waldeck-Rousseau made them swallow a very large snake when he arranged that the Tsar and the Tsaritsa should land at Dunkirk, and then come on

to Compiègne to be lodged there in the famous palace which had been one of the favourite residences of Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie. This resolution on the part of the President of the Council disappointed, not only the Nationalists, but also the newspaper men. These had fully counted on the arrival of the Tsar in Paris, and even down to the last moment it was expected that the Imperial visitors would come up from Compiègne to the capital at least for a few hours. Nothing of the sort. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the artful and the able, kept them where he wanted to keep them, in order to spite and to anger the hated Nationalists, who execrated both him and President Loubet. The pretext on which Tsar Nicholas was retained at Compiègne was that although he would be certain of a hearty and warm welcome in the capital, the Government could not guarantee that he would be safe from French or Italian Anarchists, or from Russian Terrorists. So the Tsar and the Tsaritsa remained at Compiègne from the 18th to the 21st of September, 1901, the Nationalists and the innocent citizens of Paris, who were ignorant of the wiles of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, fondly and foolishly hoping to the last moment that the Tsar and his consort would come, if only for a flying visit, to the metropolis.

The Tsar and the Tsaritsa were whisked away by train to the once sacred and celebrated city of Rheims, where they visited the cathedral wherein Kings of France were formerly crowned, having duly attended one of the most imposing military reviews ever organised by the authorities of the Third Republic.

Everybody was glad when the Tsar went, as the tension during his stay at Compiègne was trying to the nerves. That little town was the centre of such interest and excitement during the Imperial visit as its inhabitants had never known before, not even in the days of Napoleon III. And the Tsar, if he be given to any sort of retrospective reflection, must have remembered what he had read or been told about Compiègne and its former associations when he found himself and his consort surrounded by the ladies of the *noblesse Républicaine*, with Madame Waldeck-Rousseau at their head.¹

¹ “*Noblesse Républicaine*” is a phrase attributed to Madame Floquet. Madame Waldeck-Rousseau on her side was credited with the phrase “*A nous la galette*” or “The cake is ours,” and another Republican lady once said in bad French, “*C'est nous qui sont les Princesses*.”

CHAPTER XVIII

M. Emile Combes at work—The Humbert hoax—M. Waldeck-Rousseau and the hoax—The “biggest fraud of the century”—Maître Labori and the Humberts—M. Jaurès and M. Gohier—The expulsions of the Orders—Rising in Brittany—Death of Sir Campbell Clarke—Death of Emile Zola—His enemies and his friends—Zola’s children—Some famous French journalists—Death of M. de Blowitz—The suicide of Sir Hector Macdonald in a Paris hotel—The coming of King Edward—The *entente cordiale* and its results.

AS I propose to deal with the question of the Church in France in a separate chapter, I shall only note here the application of the Associations Law and its immediate consequences. The law was applied from October, 1901, but only in a mild manner. Then occurred the General Election of April, 1902, the voyage of President Loubet to St. Petersburg, and the resignation of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, which brought to the front M. Emile Combes, the man who nearly swept all the religious communities out of France *manu militari*. But before M. Combes became President of the Council we had the Humbert hoax, which entertained Europe and America during many months. I knew some of Madame Humbert’s dupes, and I knew her brother, Romain Daurignac, as well as one of her lawyers in

a business way. Romain Daurignac always reminded me of the Southerner typified in the illustrations of Alphonse Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon." He looked like that boastful Nimrod, but, unlike Tartarin, he was no noodle, and had ably assisted his sister in carrying on the hoax. The history of the Humbert swindle has been well threshed out in the newspapers. Everybody has read of the opening of the safe, the *coffre-fort*, in Madame Humbert's house, and of its blank emptiness. The capture of the Humberts, father, mother, and daughter, in Madrid is also familiar to all readers of morning and evening newspapers.

There was one aspect of the case which was not known to the newspaper readers. This was the attitude of M. Waldeck-Rousseau in the affair, and the causes of that attitude. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who resigned office almost immediately after the creditors of Madame Humbert assailed her, had denounced the Crawford estate—which was the pivot used by the woman and her brother, Romain Daurignac, to bluff the lawyers, financiers, and business men who fell into their trap—as a gigantic myth and fraud. It was while engaged as counsel in a case before a provincial Court of Justice that M. Waldeck-Rousseau uttered his denunciation and used the words "the biggest fraud of the century." Yet for six years after the denunciation Madame Humbert was allowed, unchallenged, unmolested, to continue her systematic swindling, and to add to the number of her victims and dupes, some of whom were not like the Lille merchants fooled, who could afford to lose millions of francs, but were poor,

struggling persons who banked with her brother and believed in his financial stability. And while M. Waldeck-Rousseau was in power nothing was done against the Humberts. Action was only taken just about the time that he resigned—4th June, 1902.

The reason of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's inaction and apparent apathy as regards the Humberts is to be found in the fact that he was practically engaged in helping a prominent politician to recover a large sum from the swindlers. It was only by bleeding new dupes that the Humberts could repay the prominent politician. On the other hand, the Humberts were run to earth when M. Combes succeeded M. Waldeck-Rousseau principally because the financial agent, M. Cattaui, who has been called a usurer, and who had the most to gain by their ruin, had as his usual counsel or advocate M. Vallé, Minister of Justice in the Cabinet which succeeded that of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. M. Urbain Gohier says boldly in his "*Leur République*": "*L'escroquerie* avait duré vingt ans, parce qu'elle avait pour complices tous les personnages influents de la République, politiciens, magistrats, parasites de tout ordre, qui empruntaient aux voleurs l'argent volé, qui profitaient de leur luxe, qui sollicitaient leur patronage—et qui se taisaient en retour." And Maître Labori, advocate of Dreyfus, and also defender of the Humberts, said at their trial: "Si nous ouvrions des scellés qui sont là si nous jetions au vent de la publicité tous ces noms et parmi eux les plus illustres, de ceux qui étaient prêts, il y a un an, à se faire les serviteurs de Madame Humbert, qui pourrait dire hautement qu'elle ne leur a jamais rien demandé, il serait facile

de faire ici du scandale. Je vous assure que je pourrai énumérer les noms de ceux qui, craignant peut-être que je ne fusse de ceux qui, parfois, à la barre, songent à irriter des passions personnelles, m'ont fait supplier de ne point les compromettre, de ne point les perdre, et de ne point les déshonorer. Qu'ils soient rassurés, je ne prononcerai pas un nom."

M. Gohier, quoting Maître Labori's assurance to the compromised persons, says sarcastically, that a people like the French, who saw some of the principal men of the State in the Panama and in twenty other swindles, need not have been astonished to find the same men in the Humbert affair. In denouncing such persons Maître Labori would not have dishonoured them, for universal suffrage does not reject infamy, but is fascinated by it. The greatest rascals of the régime have attained honours and powers only after the most public exposure of their ignominy. It is with full knowledge of what they have done that France chooses them as masters.

M. Gohier would have us believe, after he emits these observations, that M. Jaurès had a deep personal interest in the Humbert affair. The latter, we must remember, is M. Gohier's bugbear, his Catiline, his Verres. He attacks M. Rovier and M. Aristide Briand and reminds them of their offences of old—not only offences of the political or the financial kind, but also of the moral order. He denounces "Baron" Millerand, sham Socialist; the "Vidame de Haut de Pressensé," who tried to "tap" Dr. Leyds, Paul Kruger's agent; M. Clemenceau; "Citizen" Brousse, former president of the Paris Municipal Council, who "placed flowers and prayed



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on the tomb of Queen Victoria," and many other prominent public men. His greatest wrath is reserved for M. Jaurès, whom he refers to as the "Mirabeau des Mufles" and worse. But to prove his assertion that M. Jaurès was one of the men most compromised in the Humbert affair, M. Gohier can only advance two statements of fact. One is that the Socialist orator wrote in his paper that the Humbert *dossiers* were "une paperasserie sans intérêt," and the other that M. Jaurès did not vote in the Chamber for the inquiry relative to the great frauds perpetrated by the son and the daughter-in-law of a former Minister of Justice of the Third Republic.

The Combes Ministry, formed soon after the unmasking of the Humbert frauds, drew attention to itself owing, as is well known, to its vigorous action against the religious communities. M. Emile Combes, Senator, doctor of medicine, formerly an ecclesiastical student and professor in a Catholic seminary or college for the training of priests, proved himself to be the most terrible opponent that the Church of Rome has ever had to encounter in France. He did not "sap a solemn creed with solemn sneer," like Voltaire, nor did he merely use "the poisoned arrows of criticism," like Renan. He became President of the Council, Minister of the Interior and of Public Worship or *Cultes*. In this triple capacity he had formidable power, and he used it unsparingly. Voltaire and Renan only wrote—he was a man of action. His principal colleagues or coadjutors in the Cabinet were M. Delcassé, still at the Foreign Office; General André, War Minister; M. Camille Pelletan, head of the Naval Department,

much to the entertainment of the Opposition gallery ; M. Vallé, Keeper of the Seals, and the indispensable M. Rovier, who had acquired his business experience in the office of a Greek merchant of Marseilles, as head of the Exchequer.

These Ministers, as well as President Loubet, gave a free hand to M. Combes in the war that was to be waged against the religious people. They did not attempt to interfere with the formidable little man, who had everything in his hands that was necessary for the unequal contest against the black-robed persons who were supposed to be conspiring against the Republic, and whose *milliards*, since found to be as phantasmal as the millions of Madame Humbert, were wanted by the State.

We saw strange scenes in Paris when the redoubtable M. Combes began his campaign. Soldiers and policemen were engaged for weeks in hustling Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Oblates, Barnabites, Redemptorists and the rest out of their homes. Nuns were hustled too, and the Catholics here and there in Paris tried to make a stand, but they had soon to retreat before the troops, the gendarmes, and the police. The war reached its highest point during the fêtes in England for the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh. In July, 1902, the Catholic Bretons rose and made a more effective stand than their co-religionists in Paris. The troops and gendarmes sent to expel nuns from their convents were attacked with energy. Several officers of the line who were ordered to besiege convents refused to do the work and were duly punished, the chorus of the backers of "that strong man who knows

what he wants," namely M. Combes, singing "Serve them right." And M. Combes did effectively what he wanted to do. There was no vacillation, no shilly-shallying, no temporising, no giving in before tears, protests, expostulations, threats. It was all done thoroughly, and M. Combes, spoiled priest and formerly an erudite expounder of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, made coarse jokes about the nuns to whom he was giving opportunities to find husbands and lovers after their liberation from conventional bondage.

During that summer of 1902 I had some rude awakenings. I was working alone in the *Telegraph* office from the 11th of August to the 11th of September, writing the whole of the Paris correspondence. On the night of the 27th of August I was staggered by the news that Sir Campbell Clarke had died at Uckfield, in Sussex, where he and Lady Clarke were staying with Miss Matilda Levy. Only about a fortnight before his death Sir Campbell Clarke had passed through Paris on his way to England from Aix-les-Bains. Had he died in Paris his death would have attracted great attention, and his funeral would have been imposing, as he was not only a celebrity who knew all the artistic and theatrical people, and many of the politicians and financiers, but he was also an officer of the Legion of Honour. As he died in England the French took no interest in his passing, and the obituary notices in the newspapers were few and meagre. In the following month, September, I was startled by the mysterious death of another man whom I knew, Emile Zola. I was at the time enjoying a

holiday, and received the news of Zola's death at Aix-la-Chapelle. Nobody seemed to be able to give any explanation for that death except that it was a case of asphyxiation or suffocation in an ill-ventilated bedroom. Yet M. and Madame Zola had been living for many years in that house in the Rue de Bruxelles, and had every opportunity of seeing that it was in proper order and thoroughly fit for habitation. I knew that Zola was always, as he said himself, *frileux*, or sensitive to cold, and that he liked overheated rooms. In any case, the attributed cause of the novelist's death, if not believed by everybody, was at least regarded with suspicion. This sort of death from asphyxiation in rooms seems to be peculiar to Paris. You hardly ever hear of deaths from such causes in other large cities. Among Parisians, when anything goes wrong, charcoal fumes or stoves are brought into operation, and lives are ended easily and without noise. When all was up with Gabriel Syveton, the *arriviste*, who became a Deputy and treasurer of the Patriotic League, and when he was about to be branded as a robber and to be compromised by the statements of his stepdaughter, he falls down near a stove and is asphyxiated. Emile Zola had not the same motives for seeking his end by asphyxiation as Gabriel Syveton had ; but it is certain that for some time before his death he was no longer the strong, self-assertive, and fearlessly independent man that he had been in the days before the sale of his novels decreased. Then, he had the emotions of the Dreyfus case, and above all the fearful indictment brought against his dead father by Ernest

Judet, of the *Petit Journal*. The case of Zola's father, who had committed some peculations while an officer of minor rank in the French Army, was often referred to as a striking instance of that mania for "disinterring corpses," or "raking up dead bodies," which prevailed during the Dreyfus agitation. There is no doubt that this disinterment of Zola's father, the Dreyfus case, and the prospect of unpopularity as a writer after having been one of the most active and successful authors of his generation, preyed heavily on Zola's mind. He used to say some years before his death that he made it a practice every morning when he rose "to swallow a certain amount of snakes"—"avaler des couleuvres"—during the day. This was in reference to the unfavourable criticisms that might be passed on his books, one of those stinging condemnations like that, for instance, of Anatole France,¹ who subsequently lauded Zola's intervention in the Dreyfus case. When he died Judet, his tormentor, wrote that the indictment against his father was too big a snake for the novelist, and that it choked him. There were others besides Judet who attacked Zola after his

¹ Here is Anatole France's condemnation of Zola's work as an author:—

"Il ignore la beauté des mots comme il ignore la beauté des choses. Il prête à tous ses personnages l'affolement de l'ordure. En écrivant 'La Terre' il a donné les Géorgiques de la crapule. . . . Son œuvre est mauvaise et il est un de ces malheureux dont on peut dire qu'il vaudrait mieux qu'ils ne fussent pas nés. . . . Je ne lui nierai point sa détestable gloire. Personne avant lui n'avait élevé un si haut tas d'immondices. Jamais homme n'avait fait un pareil effort pour avilir l'humanité, insulter à toutes les images de la beauté et de l'amour, nier tout ce qui est bon et tout ce qui est bien. . . . M. Zola est digne d'une profonde pitié."

connection with the Dreyfus case. It had long been supposed that Zola, whatever may have been his morality as a bachelor, was a most steady married man, devoted to his wife and leading with her a prosaic *pot-au-feu* life. His enemies, however, discovered, after the publication of the letter "*J'accuse*," that Zola had a *liaison* with his wife's maid, who bore him two children, and that Madame Zola, who adored her husband, allowed and even sanctioned the *liaison*. This was all quite true, and in 1906 Madame Zola took the necessary steps to have the children legally authorised to bear the novelist's name.¹ There was also an accusation hurled at Zola before his death, to the effect that he refused to help his struggling sister-in-law. Emile Zola sleeps in Montmartre Cemetery, which is quite close to the scenes of his struggles and of his successes. He lived in the district near the great cemetery when he was only an obscure hack; he was in lodgings there long before he became known as an author; and when at last he reached the golden goal he took a large house in the Rue Ballu, whence he afterwards moved to a finer mansion in the Rue de Bruxelles, where he died. In the Montmartre Cemetery he is the neighbour, if the word may be employed in the melancholy connection, of Ernest Renan, Heinrich Heine, Dumas the younger, Berlioz, Léo Delibes, the composer of "*Lakmé*," and Stendhal or Beyle, the immortal writer of "*La Chartreuse de Parme*."

¹ The mother of these children was with Zola during his brief exile in London, where he wrote "*Fécondité*," his last novel but one. It was the case of "*Hagar*" over again.

A few months before Zola's funeral in Montmartre Cemetery I had attended in the same place the burial of another man of letters, Henry Fouquier. He died in December, 1901, comparatively young. I often met Fouquier at Tortoni's, where he was in the habit of dashing off his marvellous articles. He had worn himself to a shadow by hard work. He wrote "social" leaders for the *Figaro* and for about half a dozen other daily papers. At one time his prose preponderated in the Press, and nearly every paper you took up had an article, always readable and interesting, signed by Henry Fouquier. He went down suddenly, like Zola, and the boulevards knew him no more. It was written of him with truth, that "sa vie avait été des plus fiévreuses et des plus remplies." This may also be said of many an English journalist too. Fouquier was a *chroniqueur*. He excelled in taking up floating facts and fancies and building articles out of them or on them. They were "airy nothings," but he made them substantial reading. The *chronique* system was invented, in its modern form at least, by one Eugène Guinot, who about 1840 wrote in the *Siècle* over the signature "Pierre Durand." He was the historiographer of small events, a veritable "chronicler of small beer," a gossip on petty scandals, petty life-dramas, and *potins de Paris*. As a man said, "Il enregistre tout ce qui fit partie, sinon de l'histoire, du moins de l'historiette de son temps." He had imitators, and then writers who distanced him, such as Nestor Roqueplan, Jules Janin, Madame Emile de Girardin, Paul d'Ivry, Rochefort, Scholl, Villemot, Albéric Second, Alphonse Karr, About, Albert

Wolff, Henry Fouquier, Henry Maret. These were the journalistic giants, famous long before the pithy and practical M. Harduin of the *Matin* was known. Many of the older chroniclers were inspired, exploited, and even bullied into fame by Villemessant, the linendraper who ruled the *Figaro* with a rod of iron, and never wrote a line. He knew what the public wanted, and he went everywhere—to the theatres, the greenrooms, the clubs, such as they were then, to Tortoni's, and to the "Librairie nouvelle" on the boulevards, once a rendezvous of celebrities, for subjects to be written up by his men in *chroniques* which were talked about for a week.

In January, 1903, another famous journalist—not of the stamp of those whom I have just mentioned, although had he written for the French Press he might have ranked amongst them—passed away. M. Oppert de Blowitz died on January 17, 1903, about a month after his colleagues of the English Press had presented him with a souvenir of their esteem and veneration. Mr. Farman, then on the *Standard*, organised the presentation, and asked me to take part in it. As I had not been amongst those whom M. de Blowitz condescended to patronise in the days of his fame, I did not subscribe to the souvenir. I must say, however, that at the time I did not know that M. de Blowitz was so near his end, and I had also forgotten the fact that, as Mr. Farman wrote, he had been perhaps the greatest of journalists. I did not quite realise this until I read the Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe, which show conclusively the important part played by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* in European politics after the war of 1870-71.

The news of the famous Correspondent's death on the evening of January 17, 1903, reached us at the office of the *Telegraph* soon after he had breathed his last. I was the means of propagating the news through Paris, for after I left the office I went to Herr Spiess's restaurant and *brasserie* on the boulevards, which was then a meeting-place of pressmen and also of persons connected with the stage. I told the news to Herr Spiess, an Austrian who knew M. de Blowitz well, and he was staggered by it. "What! the great Blowitz dead?" It was but too true. Then he gave the news to French pressmen, who immediately telephoned it to their editors, and went to the house of the great Correspondent for full confirmation of the event. After all, there was comparatively little written in the French newspapers about the death. The fact was that many of Blowitz's old Press friends, those who knew him well, had joined the majority before him, and to the younger generation he was, if not unknown, at least overlooked as one of the past.

Two months after the death of the *Times* Correspondent we had another startling event—the suicide of General Sir Hector Macdonald at the Hôtel Regina, in the Rue de Rivoli. Very few people knew that the General was staying in Paris. He was on his way home to answer the charges brought against him in Ceylon. The news of his death by his own hand was first given out to the Press by an English doctor who had been called in by the landlord of the hotel, but whose services were unavailing. The General was dead when the doctor came, and nothing could be done but to wrap his martial cloak around him until the undertakers came. It was one of the most

melancholy events that the English newspaper Correspondents ever had to record. Some of them were deeply affected by the awful affair. My friend H. Cozens-Hardy, of the *Morning Leader*, was one of the first to hear of the great soldier's death.¹

While these deaths were occurring the expulsions of religious Orders were being carried out relentlessly by M. Combes, and in the meantime serious charges were brought against his son and private secretary. A journalist of Grenoble, one Besson, accused M. Edgar² Combes of having used his position under his father at the Ministry of the Interior for the purpose of raising money from the Carthusian monks. The Prior of the Grande Chartreuse was approached by persons from Paris who told him that by paying a large sum of money the monks would be allowed to remain in France. The hubbub caused by M. Besson was soon overshadowed by the news that King Edward the Seventh was coming to Paris. The monks of the Grande Chartreuse left France with many others of their cloth, the affair against M. Combes junior was hushed up, and Paris prepared for the royal visit, which took place in May, 1903. A few days before the King's coming I and my colleagues of the *Telegraph* were at luncheon with the Hon. Harry Lawson at an establishment in the Champs Elysées. Mr. Lawson was naturally full of the King's visit, and commented on the change

¹ Sir Hector Macdonald's death in Paris was, I have since heard, doubted in England and Scotland, but I have no confirmation of the report that he has been seen alive in his native country recently. This, I think, was the gossip of soldiers who had served under him.

² M. Combes, jun., died in April, 1907.

brought about which made such a visit possible. As he justly remarked, only a few months before the French were for Kruger, and cries of "*À bas les Anglais!*" were not infrequent in Paris. The King made a change in the feelings of the French, and brought about that *entente cordiale*, which has most undoubtedly worked wonders. It has actually influenced not only official France, but has permeated the people. After it was established, caricatures of the English, sneers at John Bull and his island, even jibes and jokes about the British tourists and their clothes, all disappeared. The British tourist, though garbed in the most aggressive manner and wearing illumination stockings, walked along the boulevards with impunity. People no longer stared at Englishmen and Englishwomen who were apparently dressed for golfing, and stood forth as conspicuous figures in the public thoroughfares. The *gamins* themselves discontinued their ridicule of the "Aoh yes" sort, and jokes about "*mon Anglais*" and "*les Angleesh*" were dropped in the music-halls, which during the war in South Africa re-echoed with anti-English songs and sentiments.

The King came on Friday, May 1, 1903, a memorable date. We had, of course, a strong staff at the *Telegraph* office for the occasion. My colleagues and I were reinforced by Mr. Ellerthorpe and Mr. McHugh from the London staff, and Lord Burnham, who was then still Sir Edward Lawson, organised the service during the four days of the royal sojourn. One of the finest street scenes witnessed in Paris since the days of the third Napoleon was King Edward's drive from the station where he landed,

down the avenue of the Champs Elysées, and around the Place de la Concorde towards the British Embassy. His Majesty was in Field Marshal's uniform, and his carriage, in which President Loubet also sat, was escorted around to the Embassy by some of the crack Cuirassier regiments of the French army. At the Embassy there was a crowd of celebrities awaiting the royal arrival, among them being many French men and women of distinction who were personal friends of His Majesty, and whose houses he always visited when he was in Paris as Prince of Wales. For me it was an interesting contrast to compare the official coming of the King with his former visits. I had frequently seen him in Paris when he was Prince of Wales and walked about like an ordinary visitor.

CHAPTER XIX

King Edward in Paris—The King at the Hôtel de Ville—Great popular and official reception—The King and Queen of Italy in Paris—Voices against the visit—Attacks on Victor Emmanuel and the Republicans who receive him—M. and Madame Jaurès at the Elysée banquet—The Socialist *citoyenne* and her diamonds—The Republic and the Church at war—Real and pretended anti-clericals—Two famous actors, Delaunay and Got—Herman Merivale and John Hollingshead in Paris—John Clifford Millage of the *Chronicle*—Death of Princess Mathilde—Her literary and artistic receptions—Marinoni and the *Petit Journal*—The king of compositors—Death of M. Waldeck-Rousseau at Corbeil—His last cigarette—Resignation of his successor, M. Combes—Exultation of Catholics over the defeat of the *petit père*—Gabriel Syveton's career—The *Patrie Française* and its literary and artistic supporters—Syveton's ruin and death—Return of Paul Déroulède—His souvenirs.

I HAVE seen the King, for instance, when he was Prince of Wales, walking in the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Royale, dressed like an ordinary gentleman in frock-coat and the rest. Here in May, 1903, I beheld him in all his magnificence as a mighty monarch, receiving the acclamation of the French, saluting his welcomers in military fashion, and undoubtedly looking every inch a king. There was no mistake about it. He acted his part well, and the French saw it. It was no longer the old, familiar “Prince des Galles,” the habitué of the Café Anglais,

the sportsman, the clubman—the boulevardier, in fact—but a powerful potentate who played up admirably to his *rôle* as the ruler of millions, and the great sovereign whose voice is potent for peace or war. And after he went the French learned that he was the great peacemaker in Europe. Another interesting episode of the King's stay in Paris was his visit to the Hôtel de Ville, that place of many conflicts between contending politicians, some of whom are of the most divergent parties—Moderates, Nationalists, Socialists, and Reds. His Majesty went there in his military uniform, after he had been at the Vincennes review. He won the hearts of all, even of men who had their lives long been blatant about the tyranny of emperors and kings. The King left by the Gare des Invalides on Monday, May 4, 1903. He was dressed that time in admiral's costume and looked just as impressive as he did on the day of his coming into Paris. I was quite close to him as he conversed in the most amiable manner with his friend President Loubet, and had an occasional word with the Cabinet Ministers. Two months after M. Loubet went to London, accompanied by M. Delcassé and by his son, M. Paul Loubet, who is a high official of the Bank of France, and the *entente cordiale* was consolidated.

It was noticeable that while King Edward was in Paris not a single jarring or discordant note was heard. The newspapers which had formerly been most anti-English became suddenly suave and subdued in tone. The contending parties and factions were temporarily at peace, and Frenchmen of opposing political camps discontinued their wrangling.

It was far different when the King and Queen

of Italy came a few months after, and also when Alfonso of Spain visited President Loubet in May, 1905. French Socialists and Communists were up in arms against the Italian Government for the massacres at Milan. They pointed out that the Italian prisons were not only full of Socialists, but that all those who professed Republican principles in that country were hunted down and persecuted without pity. It was even intended by the Comité Socialiste Interfédéral of France to organise a manifestation against King Victor Emmanuel, who was made responsible for what happened at Milan. The manifestation was disconcerted by the Italian Socialists, so it did not take place. On the other hand, the French Socialists of the Guesde and Vaillant school, the *parti Socialiste révolutionnaire*, as opposed to the *parti Socialiste gouvernemental* of M. Jaurès, were furious with the Republicans and sham Socialists who were "trucking" to the King of Italy. M. Combes was bitterly denounced for having expelled hundreds of Italians, and for having kept in prison others of the same nationality, while young Victor Emmanuel and his consort were in Paris. M. Jaurès was attacked for having dispensed for a time with the services of that venerable agitator Amilcare Cipriani, who wrote for the *Petite République Socialiste*. Then there were jibes over Madame Loubet presenting the ladies of her Court to their Italian Majesties, and jibes over M. Jaurès himself, who was at the Elysée banquet in honour of the King and Queen of Italy, sitting between the Duchess of Ascoli and the Countess Guicciardini, while his wife, *la citoyenne Jaurès*, scintillating with diamonds,

was between Count Falgari and Captain di Casalino e Pismenko. And it is to be remembered that M. Jaurès was never attacked for having "trucked" to King Edward of England, nor for his presence at garden parties given by Sir Edmund and Lady Monson when they were at the British Embassy. The advanced Socialists, moreover, had no bone to pick with Dr. Brousse and the municipal councillors who had welcomed King Edward so enthusiastically to the Hôtel de Ville.

The denunciations and attacks were renewed when the King of Spain came, and with fourfold venom and animosity. Dr. Brousse, who belongs to the "Unified Socialist" party, and some of his colleagues at the Hôtel de Ville were described as having gone on their knees to lick the varnished boots of Alfonso the Thirteenth, monarch of the "most backward and unprogressive nation in Europe," a ruler of fanatics and zealots, and "responsible for the most atrocious crimes." The attacks on the King of Spain culminated, as we all know, in the dynamite outrage in the Rue de Rohan, where President Loubet and Alfonso the Thirteenth narrowly escaped grievous injury, if not death, as they were driving to the Quai d'Orsay from the Opéra.

Shortly after King Edward's State visit to Paris several remarkable events occurred. The principal of these was the death of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, which some of the French Catholics attributed to the doings of the Republican Government and especially to M. Combes. At all events, the French Catholics maintained that the Pontiff's death was hastened owing to the persecutions of the

religious orders by the man who was called the "modern Diocletian." M. Combes, it seems enjoyed the bracketing of his name with that of the Roman Emperor who persecuted the early Christians, and he is even said to have joked over it. The fact is that the so-called "anti-clericalism" in France is rather a big joke, and only some of its professors are genuine. Even M. Combes himself, as well as those ultra anti-clericals who are *prêtrophages*, or priest-eaters, and who insist on calling the new Pontiff, Pius the Tenth, Sarto *tont court*, are difficult to understand. They have undoubtedly persecuted the Catholics, but they profess to be doing their best for them. Many of them have friends amongst the clergy, and their wives, almost to a woman, still adhere to the Church. Some of the thoroughgoing Socialists hold that the whole campaign against the Church which has been continuing since 1871 is carried on for the purpose of eluding the task of social reforms. The real anti-clericals are among the Jews, the Protestants, and the Freemasons, and these do heartily hate the Church of Rome. With these strong haters are some ex-priests, such as M. Victor Charbonuel and M. Clauzel of the *Petite République Socialiste*, who for some reason or other vie in venom against their former religion with the genuine anti-clericals among the Jews, Protestants, and Freemasons.

Anomalies and contradictions are numerous among the anti-clericals who have been brought up as Catholics. I have already alluded to the case of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the originator of the Associations Law against the religious orders, and who at the same time was the friend of Père Maumus the

Dominican. His wife when ill was in the care of nuns. Madame Loubet was appalled by the action of the Government toward the Church, and said to her husband, "*Emile, tu nous feras excommunier*," and after having received the dying benediction of Pope Leo the Thirteenth she contributed 15,000 francs to the "*Denier de Saint Pierre*," or Peter's Pence. M. Loubet himself has always been a Catholic "under the rose," and signed the decrees against the orders and for the suppression of the Public Worship Estimates with a heavy heart. Socialist critics have often made merry over the first communions of M. Loubet's youngest son and of the daughter of "Citizen" Jaurès. The latter is likewise "chaffed" periodically for having sent his daughter to be educated in a country convent, while her name was registered as a pupil in a lay educational establishment in Paris, and, above all, for having procured water from the river Jordan for the baptizing of his youngest children. M. Léon Bourgeois is another official anti-clerical who has sent his children to convents, and other men could also be mentioned, notably M. de Pressensé, who wrote an enthusiastic life of Cardinal Manning, and who in public takes to priest-eating with a keen appetite.

The death of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, which has led to this digression on French anti-clericals, was followed by that of Lord Salisbury, which also caused some discussion in France. Apart from his career as a great statesman, Lord Salisbury, was known as the owner of houses in France and as a lover of the French climate. His house, the Châlet Cecil at Le Puy, near, Dieppe, has been given up by the

family. While they were there formerly the country people around had a good deal to say about them. Lord Salisbury was particularly liked for his simple habits and his unassuming appearance. An old Dieppe man once told me that the "*grand Seigneur Anglais, Lor Salsbiree*" walked along the country roads for miles, looking for all the world like a Norman farmer. In the south, at Beaulieu, the famous English statesman was less sheltered from the public gaze than he was at Dieppe. Alexandre Dumas *fil*s, who was a near neighbour of Lord Salisbury at Le Puy during the summer months, used to relate how the English peer ingratiated himself with him by professing a boyish interest in the novels of Dumas *p*ère. There was nothing that could please the younger Dumas better than to praise his father, for whom he had an unbounded veneration. It is doubtful if Lord Salisbury took a deep interest in the plays of Dumas *fil*s, but he was at least a reader of the stories spun by the father and those who worked with him in turning out fascinating, romantic tales which still allure both the young, who are not critical, and those of the old who have acquired no taste for the newer fiction.

Reference to Dumas *fil*s and his father reminds me that another remarkable man whom I knew in his retirement died in this year. Louis Arsène Delaunay, the finest *jeune premier* ever possessed by the Comédie Française, died at Versailles in September, 1903. He was the grandest romantic actor whom I have seen. He retired from the Comédie Française in 1887, having passed the limit of age. He was over seventy then, but in the "*Don Juan*" of Dumas

père, or as a hero in any of Casimir Delavigne's plays, he looked to the last almost as young and as blooming as when he left the Conservatoire. My old friend Herman Merivale was an intense admirer of Delaunay, and when I last saw him in Paris, in 1902, he almost wept when he heard that the famous old actor was breaking down in health. Merivale at the time had given up going to the theatre, but the mention of Delaunay's name reminded him of his youth and of the deep interest in the French stage and French literature which he took in his Oxford days and long after. Much as he adored the Comédie Française, he never went near it during his last visit to Paris.

He stayed, on my recommendation, while he was paying this last visit to Paris, at the Marlboro, near the Opéra, and there he and Mrs. Merivale met their old friend John Hollingshead of "Sacred Lamp" fame. Hollingshead was then still full of fun, and I recollect that as he, Mr. and Mrs. Merivale, and I were having tea at the Elysée Palace Hotel in the Champs Elysées one afternoon he made a grim joke. A Tzigane band was playing rather discordantly during the fashionable "five o'clock tea" and Merivale objected to the discord. "What will you do," said Hollingshead, with his queer old smile, "when you have to listen all day long to the music of the spheres?" We all laughed at the sally, and I little thought at the time that both Merivale and Hollingshead were so near the end of their days. John Hollingshead reminded me always distantly of Delaunay the actor, whom he resembled a little. Also a favourite with Merivale was Edmond Got of the Théâtre Français, who died about two years

before Delaunay. Got was another incomparable comedian whose place has not been filled. He won his triumphs as "Triboulet" as the Alsatian Rabbi in Erckmann-Chatrian's "Ami Fritz," "Poirier," "Mascarille," and above all as "Giboyer" in Emile Augier's two plays in which the dramatist was accused of caricaturing Louis Veuillot, the celebrated Catholic journalist. John Hollingshead, above referred to, had Got and the others of the Comédie Française at the Gaiety in London in 1879. Got complained at that time of the preponderance of Sarah Bernhardt who was the person whom the British playgoers particularly wanted to see and of whom, in Got's own words, they made an idol.

I must also call to mind here another man who disappeared for ever in 1903. This was John Clifford Millage, who had long been Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. He died at Bournemouth in August, 1903, nearly on the first anniversary of the death of Sir Campbell Clarke, and about seven months after M. de Blowitz had gone. These deaths of Paris Correspondents followed in strangely quick succession. First Bowes went, and then the others, who included several men representing weekly papers, as well as the better known Correspondents. The fatal scythe swept off about ten English pressmen in a comparatively short space of time, and all died more or less suddenly. At any rate, none of them were long ill before they passed away. Millage was a very able man, although he had attained no distinction beyond that of the ordinary journalist, who wrote always in an interesting and sometimes in a brilliant way. I have seen work by Millage which

was rare, unique, but this had nothing to do with his daily correspondence. He was an undoubted authority on questions connected with the Church of Rome, of which he was a zealous member. In early youth he studied as an ecclesiastical neophyte in colleges in England and also in Rome itself. Abandoning the ecclesiastical state before reaching priestly orders, he took to journalism, and was also for a time manager of a theatre. Throughout his long career as a Paris Correspondent Millage numbered among his friends Cardinal Richard, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Vaughan, and many English prelates. He was also closely connected at one time with Monsignor Capel, whose work in London will be remembered by many, and whose gifts as a fashionable preacher have been admitted by such an authority as Mr. W. D. Howells, the American novelist, who once heard him addressing an aristocratic gathering of English-speaking visitors to Florence. Millage took a very active part in the Dreyfus case, and was one of the most ardent champions of the wrongly-convicted officer, who was, when he returned to his family, presented by the Correspondent of the *Chronicle* with a sword on the part of the proprietors of that paper.

In 1904 many more people of note, some of whom I had known, died in Paris. Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, who had long been separated from her husband, Prince Demidoff, died in January, 1904, genuinely regretted by the numerous literary and artistic friends whom she used to gather around her in her summer residence at Saint Gratien, outside Paris, or in her town residence in the Rue de Berri



Rischgitz]

PRINCESS MATHILDE.

[*Collection*

Her death brought to Paris for some weeks her nephew, General Prince Napoleon of the Russian Army, and her sister-in-law, Princess Clotilde of Savoy, widow of Prince Jerome Napoleon. There also passed away at this time Marinoni, who successfully developed the *Petit Journal*, and the painter and sculptor Gérôme. Marinoni was a man who had risen from nothing, and who died proprietor of a most prosperous newspaper. He was in early life a cowherd, became apprenticed to the printing trade in Paris, invented the Marinoni press, and reorganised the one-sou daily, which, in spite of numerous rivals, holds its own to this day. The *Petit Journal* enriched Marinoni without leading him to any high office in the State. He conducted it on absolutely correct lines, so that it could be read by schoolgirls. It used to be regarded at one time as the favourite paper of the *concierges* of Paris and the provinces, but the middle-class people read it as well. One of its principal writers for years was Francisque Sarcey, dramatic critic of the *Temps*, and who also wrote social articles for half a dozen newspapers. He was regarded as the apostle of common sense, the man who wrote exactly as the *bourgeois* people wanted. He made a mistake, however, when he penned for the *Petit Journal* an article which Marinoni deemed objectionable, and he had to leave the paper. Another able writer for the *Petit Journal* in Marinoni's time was Ernest Judet, a Nationalist and strong anti-Dreyfusard, who raked up the scandal about Zola's father at the time when all France was in a state of agitation over Captain Dreyfus.

Marinoni, it must be remembered, did not found

the *Petit Journal*, but, as I said, he developed and reorganised it. The paper, which was the first *journal à un sou*, was started in 1863 by Moses Millaud, a business man, who made a large fortune but lost it before he died. He was assisted by his son Albert Millaud, afterwards a dramatist of the lighter order, a chronicler of the *Figaro*, and the quasi-husband of Madame Judic. Millaud junior used to distribute the *Petit Journal* in the provinces after its foundation. The initial success of the little paper was due to Léo Lespès, who, over the once well-known signature of Timothée Trim, wrote a daily *omnium-gatherum* article, and to the sensational story-spinner, Ponson du Terrail, author of Rocambole's stirring adventures. The Millauds one day got rid of the big and burly Lespès, as he was becoming too unmanageable, and their serial man, Ponson du Terrail, died at Bordeaux in 1871. The *Petit Journal* then declined, and passed into the hands of that famous journalist Emile de Girardin. Its revival was not effected by the new director, but by Marinoni, who took it over in the seventies, and it soon killed all its rivals except the *Petit Parisien*, which still flourishes. When Marinoni died, the paper was directed by his son-in-law, Desiré Cassigneul, who passed away in December, 1906. His successor is M. Prévet, Senator for the Seine-et-Marne department, who was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the prosperous halfpenny paper which has made the fortunes of several proprietors.

The deaths to which I have been alluding attracted less public attention than that of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, whose busy life ended after a painful operation in his

country house at Corbeil, on August 11, 1904. France thus lost for ever one of her ablest men, and one who seemed destined for greater work than had been accomplished by any of his political colleagues and contemporaries. His end was pathetic, but not unworthy of the man. Before being operated upon, by a great German specialist, he called for a cigarette, remarking that it would probably be his last. He met his fate without flinching, and he knew that he was doomed long before he died. While slowly dying at Corbeil he lost interest in politics, both home and foreign. The great struggle between Russia and Japan which was raging at the time left him unmoved. As to what was happening in France under his successor, M. Combes, one of his last pronouncements before he became utterly feeble was that the Associations Law, or Laws, with which he was identified, were not applied with proper discrimination. His words were: "Il ne fallait pas transformer une loi de contrôle en loi d'exclusion."

Five months after the death of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, his successor as head of the Cabinet, M. Combes—*le petit père* as he was known even by some of his supporters, who complained that he had the Vatican on the brain—resigned, as he had only a small majority. Naturally there was great exultation in the camp of the Catholics over the downfall of the *petit père*, who only a short time before his resignation seemed to be firm in the saddle. They attributed his overthrow to the charges brought against his son relative to the "tapping" of the Carthusians for money, and so forth. Anyhow, down he went, and returned, after an active term of office, to his *chères*

études, which are of the philosophical order. But the triumph of the Catholics was of brief duration, for the edicts of M. Combes were carried out by his successors; and then came the greatest blow of all, the abolition of the "Concordat," or "Convention du 26 Messidor An IX. entre le Gouvernement Français et sa Sainteté Pie VII.," and the separation of Church and State.

The ever indispensable M. Maurice Rouvier, who had been Finance Minister in the Cabinet of M. Combes, became President of the Council on January 24, 1905. In the intervals of political happenings the Parisians derived a good deal of entertainment from the Syveton case and the escapade of the bank clerk Gallay. The Syveton case began by blows and ended in the asphyxiation of the principal character. Gabriel Syveton was what is known as an *arriviste*. He had been a schoolmaster or professor in a country college, married a Belgian widow who was as ambitious as himself, and both resolved to conquer Paris. After a good deal of trouble they managed to live in the capital; Syveton joined the Nationalist party, wrote for the papers, composed political articles for Count Boni de Castellane—husband, now divorced, of Jay Gould's daughter—and by degrees succeeded in becoming a deputy and treasurer of the Patrie Française. He slapped General André, War Minister, in the Chamber, and soon afterwards it came out that he was leading a disreputable life, that he was depraving his step-daughter, and squandering the funds of the Nationalists who had over-trusted him. And so he fell a victim to his ambition to conquer Paris. He was found one



JULES LEMAÎTRE.

morning dead in his study, his face inhaling coal-gas near a stove.

In England the case of Syveton, and that of the bank clerk Gallay, who led a double life, being a scribe at the Comptoir d'Escompte by day and an imitation millionaire at night with the aid of £30,000 stolen from his employers, would only attract passing attention, and would be consigned to the back lanes of the newspapers.

'In Paris, on the other hand, such things are magnified beyond measure. We had the Syveton case and the Gallay escapade on the front pages of the daily newspapers for months, and every detail about the two men that could be raked up by pains-taking reporters with the instinct of detectives was published.

One capital fact emerged from the Syveton case at least, for it had a connection with politics, whereas the Gallay affair belonged to the realm of *faits divers*. The revelations about Gabriel Syveton's home life gave a death-blow to the Nationalists, who at one time seemed destined to become powerful, and thus General André, the *Ministre giflé*, and his friends had consummate revenge. Syveton, Dausset, and some others had succeeded in enlisting for the Nationalist cause a whole crowd of literary men. They managed, after much difficulty, in drawing M. Jules Lemaître, Academician and dramatist, into politics. I call to mind the great overflow meeting in the Agricultural Society's Hall, quite close to where I lived, of the would-be saviours of France, the men of the *Patrie Française* or Nationalist League, one evening in January, 1899. I went to the meeting and saw

Jules Lemaître in the chair, with François Coppée, another Academician, as honorary president. With them on the platform were Syveton and Dausset, the great organisers of the meeting, Maurice Barrès the novelist, and half a dozen other literary men and women. All were full of enthusiasm, and after several speeches, resolutions were passed and a strong committee of active workers and propagandists was formed. The improvised politicians of the League included also artists as well as literary men. Jean Béraud, Raffaelli, Detaille, and even the magnificent Carolus Duran patronised the work of national salvation, and so, too, did the caricaturists Caran d'Ache and Forain. Madame Adam was heart and soul with M. Syveton and his colleagues, and so were the titled lady who signs sparkling society novelettes as "Gyp" and the indefatigable Madame Marie Anne de Bovet. Mistral, the Provençal poet, was with them, as well as Jean Maria de Herédia, the forger of flawless sonnets about Andalusia, the *conquistadores*, and the great Spanish sea-captains and discoverers. Even M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the austere scholar and critic, was drawn into the Nationalist net, as well as Lemaître, Paul Bourget, Henri Lavedan, Albert Sorel the historian, René Doumic, and many more of the ablest and most distinguished writers in prose and verse of modern France. Ruin came when Gabriel Syveton was exposed. It is true that François Coppée and a few others of the literary and artistic group forming part of the Patrie Française Salvation League professed to believe in Syveton even after the exposure. They erected a monument to his memory in Montparnasse



Photo]

PAUL DÉROULÈDE.

[*Petit*

To face p. 285.

Cemetery, but their cause was doomed, and the Nationalists, last vestiges of the Boulangists, received their quietus. The literary men and the artists returned to their ordinary work, M. Jules Lemaitre at their head, and most of them vowed to have nothing more to do with politics.

The Nationalists were so beaten after the *affaire Syveton* that they had not energy enough left to give a welcome home to the exile, Paul Déroulède, another poet, but of the lesser order, who was allowed to return to France in December, 1905. He reached home quietly, without any of the demonstrations such as were organised in honour of Henri Rochefort when he came back from Portland Place. Déroulède owed his return to King Alfonso of Spain and the Queen-mother, who used to patronise him when he was in exile at San Sebastian. They interceded for him when M. Loubet went to Madrid to return the visit paid by King Alfonso the Thirteenth to Paris in May, 1905. M. Déroulède, having entered Paris without any reception, went to live the simple life in the villa near Paris left to him by his uncle, Emile Augier, the dramatist.

This simple life he seems at present determined to lead after a stormy political career. I have no means of knowing the extent of M. Déroulède's private fortune, but, in common with most French political men, he is well provided with funds. He had a considerable fortune of his own, which he shared with his sister, who acted as his housekeeper, and he was also left a legacy by his celebrated uncle. The latter is much despised as a dramatist in these days, when M. Paul Hervieu, M. Maurice Donnay,

M. Alfred Capus, M. Romain Coolus, M. Henri Lavedan, M. Henry Bernstein, and the *ideologue*, M. Brieux, fill the playbills and rivet the attention of the intellectual world. Anyhow, Augier was a great man in his day, and his "Effrontés," his "Fils de Giboyer," and three or four other plays caused as much discussion twenty-five and thirty years back as do any of the dramatic productions of the moderns. Moreover, he made money by the stage, and was able to retire before the managers, the critics, or the public could say that he had written himself out. Augier gave up writing for the stage after a meeting with Scribe at a theatrical manager's office. While the once prolific and popular Scribe was waiting to see the manager, the latter was overheard by Augier saying to his secretary: "*Que veut-il ce vieux birbe*" ("this old buffer"). Augier was struck by this, and saw Scribe so crestfallen after an interview with the manager that he wrote very little for the theatres, and retired to the villa near Bougival which now belongs to his nephew the patriot politician, Déroulède. The latter has since his return home written a volume of souvenirs entitled "1870." In this he shows how, when he went to offer his services in the war against Germany, he was upbraided by an officer, an old friend of his, as being one of the Republicans who had, before the campaign, insulted the Imperial army and tried to sap the allegiance of soldiers to their superiors. Déroulède, it seems, had before the war described the profession of arms as *un métier de brute*. This did not prevent him from facing the Germans in 1870 with the courage of a true patriot, and there were very few of the Republicans who imitated his example in this respect.

CHAPTER XX

The Church and State conflict—Both sides of the question—M. Viviani's speech and Professor Huxley on Christian mythology—M. Camille Pelletan and the Pope—Hatred of the Vatican in France and England—The Harlot of the Seven Hills—War against Rome begun in 1882—What the Catholics complain of—Religion and politics.

THE great conflict between Church and State in France, or rather between France and the Vatican, reached an acute stage during my closing years in Paris. It was just before the return of Paul Déroulède from exile, noticed in the preceding chapter, that the Concordat was abolished and the separation of Church and State effected. This was followed by the feeble struggles of the Catholics against the taking of official inventories of church treasures and furniture; by the Papal letters, first against the "*associations cultuelles*," and next against acceptance of the law of 1881, which would assimilate meetings for public worship to ordinary assemblies dissolvable at any moment by the police; and by the expulsion of Mgr. Montagnini, the Papal agent, formerly "auditor" of the Legate, who had remained in Paris in charge of the nunciature long after diplomatic relations ceased between France and the Vatican.

This conflict, which I have been watching during my long years of residence in Paris, wondering how it would end, is only another case of history repeating itself. The Church of Rome, in England, Germany, and elsewhere besides France, has had many desperate struggles to maintain the supremacy which she has insisted upon as her right since the days of Pope Gregory the Seventh, the famous Hildebrand, and of Boniface the Eighth, in the fourteenth century. Pius the Tenth has only imitated his predecessors in fulminating his encyclicals *Vehementer Nos*, in which he promised to give his instructions to the French prelates, and his *Gravissimo officii*, in which he refused to authorise the “*associations cultuelles*.¹ The *Quanta Cura* and the *Syllabus* of Pius the Ninth were equally assertive as to the supremacy of Church over State. Pius the Tenth and his advisers have carried on the old traditions, and will not have Erastianism in any shape or form. He is God’s Vicar, the representative of Catholic unity, and rules the Church, which must not be subservient to man. He is the chief of those who were once described by the late Cardinal Meignan, Archbishop of Tours, as “*admirables vieillards qui m’ont semblé être les gardiens d’un précieux trésor. Ils sont penchés autour de ce dépôt de vérité que les siècles leur ont porté, et l’on admire le zèle avec lequel ils restent les sentinelles de*

¹ In the later encyclical issued in January, 1907, Pope Pius the Tenth, while answering his numerous and implacable enemies, is strongly assertive of the “spiritual” rights of the Church of which he is head. He declared that he had had no intention of humbling the civil power, nor of opposing any form of government, but of “safeguarding the intangible work of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.”

la tradition."¹ It is the uncompromising attitude of the Vatican that has impelled many French statesmen to oppose the Pope and to act as if they wanted to banish Catholicism from the country altogether. There are other and deeper reasons also for the hostility to Rome. Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, the diffusion of German philosophy in France, the books of Haeckel, the free criticism of the Bible, the lapsing or *déflections* of priests and even bishops, the scandals among the clergy—few indeed, but very serious—all these causes have combined to sap whatever faith was left among Frenchmen. Then there was the other cause—the rigid morality insisted upon by the Church. The French who are brought up as Catholics are, as a writer once put it, pulled up by the Church at every turn. Considering the predominant part played by woman in France, it was a wonder that the Church had any hold whatever on Frenchmen. Many of them have revolted against this “pulling up,” which is practised by priests with such success in Ireland, and even in England, where the rule of the Church is rigorous. The French who kicked against this rule have been glad to listen to such maxims as “Do absolutely what you like; there is no God, no eternal punishment, nothing in the sky.” This was practically what M. Viviani, a Minister in M. Clemenceau’s Cabinet, declared in the Chamber of Deputies in November, 1906, in those sentences of “mixed metaphors” concerning which the Poet Laureate wrote to the *Times*. This is what

¹ It was Cardinal Meignan who was also said to have described the Roman Curia as the “commissariat de police de l’Eglise,” but this has been denied.

M. Viviani said, and *affichage*, or posting all over the country, was voted for the pronouncement, which was based in all probability on M. Berthelot's discourse or lecture delivered some years back, in which he said: "Le monde n'a plus de mystère," and on the dogmatic utterances of the terrible Thanatist of Jena, who professed to solve the riddle of the universe, or rather to tell us that there was no riddle, no enigma about the world at all. "La troisième République," said M. Viviani, "a appelé autour d'elle les enfants du paysan, les enfants des ouvriers, et dans ces cerveaux obscurs, dans ces consciences enténebrées, elle a versé peu à peu le germe révolutionnaire de l'instruction. Cela n'a pas suffi. Tous ensemble, par nos pères, par nous-mêmes, nous nous sommes attaché dans le passé à une œuvre d'anticléricalisme, à une œuvre d'irréligion. Nous avons arraché la conscience humaine à la croyance. Lorsqu'un misérable fatigué du poids du jour, ployait les genoux, nous l'avons relevé, nous lui avons dit que derrière les nuages il n'y avait rien que des chimères. Ensemble et d'un geste magnifique nous avons éteint dans le ciel des lumières qu'on ne rallumera pas."¹

¹ Professor Huxley in one of his last review articles, contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* in July, 1890, is nearly but not quite so emphatic as M. Viviani. In a contribution relative to "Lux Mundi and Science," he refers to the Bampton Lectures of 1859 and the new science of historical criticism, and concludes, after much bantering about old beliefs: "There really seems to be no reason why the next generation should not listen to a Bampton lecture modelled upon that addressed to the last, as: Time was—and that not very long ago—when all the relations of biblical authors concerning the old world were received with a ready belief; and an unreasoning and uncritical

And M. Viviani, Labour Minister in the Clemenceau Cabinet, who prides himself on having been one of the extinguishers of the light of Heaven, is not half so blasphemous, from the Christian's point of view, as M. Camille Pelletan. I have had a great respect for years for Camille Pelletan as a writer and a debater. He is undoubtedly the clever son of a clever father, but he remains an obstinate priest-eater. He is one of the real anti-clericals, one who has not been brought up as a Catholic, and it was he who was at the back of M. Combes during the expulsions of the Orders, who, when he was Minister of Marine, deprived the sailors of their chaplains, and who has been finding that M. Clemenceau and M. Briand are not vigorous enough in their action against the hated Vatican.

In an article written for the *Matin* in December, 1906, M. Pelletan is not only jocosely blasphemous, but he shows, with M. Viviani, how the Republic is hostile to the Catholics. He heads his contribution "La Révolte de l'Eglise," and says: "Je n'étonnerai pas mes lecteurs, en disant que je n'ai jamais eu une foi bien vive dans la Providence. Mais j'avoue que ma vieille incrédulité est depuis quelque temps fort ebranlée; tant il semble évident qu'elle a suscitée Pie X. dans l'intérêt de la grande œuvre de laïcisation que nous avions à accomplir. Timides et irrésolus, faith accepted with equal satisfaction the narrative of the Captivity and the doings of Moses at the Court of Pharaoh, the account of the apostolic meeting in the Epistle to the Galatians, and of the fabrication of Eve. All that has been changed. . . . The mythology which embarrassed earnest Christians has vanished as an evil mist, the lifting of which has only more fully revealed the lineaments of infallible Truth."

nous aurions trois fois manqué à notre mission, si le ciel n'avait veillé sur nous, sous la forme de son représentant authentique sur la terre. Ses voies [those of Providence] sont impénétrables. Remercions-le de ses bienfaits. Quand les républicains sont arrivés au pouvoir, il y a plus de vingt ans, leur premier devoir aurait été de déchirer le pacte criminel conclu au lendemain de la Révolution [the Concordat] entre un Césarisme corse et la théocratie romaine. Et pourtant les républicains n'osaient pas. Il prétendait que la séparation irriterait, souleverait la masse du pays. Les élections dernières ont montré combien ce prétexte était absurde. Combien de temps ces craintes ridicules nous auraient elles paralysés si la Providence n'avait pas mis la tiare sur la tête du Cardinal Sarto? Nul ne peut savoir. Mais Pie X. paraît; ses prétentions rendent le Concordat impraticable. Grâces lui en soient rendus. Et si vraiment le ciel nous l'a envoyé, grâces en soient rendus au ciel!" So M. Camille Pelletan rambles on, and after some more gibes at Providence, at the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation and at the Pope, he says that much more must be done, and that is to abolish all the advantages and all the privileges hitherto showered on the Church. Rebels must not be fed, housed, and paid by the State.

M. Clemenceau and M. Briand have also been accused by Catholics of having in former speeches shown hostility to the Church, but they have denied the statements attributed to them. Any one, however, who knows anything about these two politicians can testify that they have both, notably M. Clemenceau, uttered and written many gibes and jeers, not

only against the Church of Rome, but against old beliefs clung to by Protestants. They and other men of the "Bloc" resemble Favon, the dictator of Geneva, of whom it is written : "Tout homme professant une croyance religieuse était aisément pour lui un sombre mômier [mummer] si Protestant, un dévot stupide si Catholique." And the persons who continued to teach and to preach religion for money Favon regarded as sceptical Pharisees "pontificating" and "mumming" for regular salaries. That there were no good men in the Churches—that they were all hypocrites—was his belief.

Now, the *Guardian* of December 12, 1906, commenting on the conflict between Rome and Paris, says : "We have very little respect for most of the motives which underlay the Separation Law, or for the state of mind of some of the members of the French Government, as M. Viviani, for instance. Such persons are the enemies, not of Rome, but of religion. But we do understand the weariness of France with the constant meddling of the Vatican in her domestic affairs." Just so. The Vatican is the great enemy of many English Churchmen and laymen, as well as of French Republicans, and any stick is good for it. The cry everywhere is, "Down with Rome!" On reaching England after years of absence I find nothing changed in the attitude of many Protestants and Nonconformists towards this terrible Rome. In France I had seen the anti-Romans pass from words to acts. I saw Catholics, after abuse had been showered on them for years by the *Lanterne* and other newspapers, struck, stabbed, and hustled by police. I saw their priests and nuns hunted from

their homes, and hissed in the streets by the vilest scum of humanity.

In England there were only words against Rome. The Catholics assembled at Brighton in September, 1906, and denounced the proceedings of the French Government. Afterwards there is a meeting of sound Protestants who have an ex-priest of Rome amongst them. This gentleman does not say much against Rome itself, but he has a bone to pick or an axe to grind with Archbishop Bourne. He is followed, however, by a councillor who talks of the time coming when the "harlot from the seven hills should be struck from her bloodstained throne."¹ Then the secretary of the meeting referred to the monastic refugees from France as "undesirable aliens." And the liberal-minded and accommodating Mayor of Brighton was fustigated fiercely for having lent the Dome to the sons of the harlot.

And I read, when still in Paris, Mr. Massingham's letter to the *Daily News* in which he spoke of the "crowning folly of Ultramontanism which threatens every State with disruption, and in France at least, it, or the least prudent of its disciples, has for half a century nursed or actively promoted civil rebellion." And Mr. Robert Dell, the most extraordinary of English or Irish Catholics, wrote in the *Morning Leader* in September, 1906 "of the complete religious liberty offered by the Republic to French Catholics," which the Pope forbids them to accept. And I also find an *Edinburgh* reviewer in October, 1904, quoting an "acute observer" who, early in the present Pontificate, said: "Who would have thought that

¹ See *Sussex Daily News*, October 2, 1906.

we should so soon have had occasion to regret Leo. the Thirteenth?"

The reviewer then tries to show how Royalists who were Catholics conspired against the Republic, and says that "nine-tenths of what passes as anti-clericalism is hatred, not of religion, but of the interference of a mischievous and meddlesome priesthood in public and private life." Thus the war against the priests and the Vatican goes on in words in one place and in action in another. I cannot pretend to judge between the contending parties, but my experience in France showed me that the representatives of the Vatican never did more there than to assert their traditional prerogatives in spiritual matters.¹ What Royalist and Imperialist Catholics do in France is another thing. It has not even been clearly, definitely established that Père Dulac or any of the French Jesuits pulled strings in the Dreyfus case. Catholics of the Royalist party have, of course, been vigorously opposed to the Republic. Their writers have been outspoken and acrimonious. M. Maurice Talmeyr, for instance, only to quote one, declared at the outset of the Church war that

¹ And even M. Combes, in his contribution to the *New Free Press*, in January, 1907, admitted that the present Pope was not acting through obstinacy or worldly motives in his opposition to the French Government, but through consciousness of the duties of his office, and in order to defend the fundamental doctrine of the Church. The admission of M. Combes was of course qualified by his expression of doubt as to the intelligence of the Pope. M. Combes is *ex officio* bound to believe that people acting mainly through religious motives are either lacking in intelligence, or slaves of sentiment and emotion.

the Republicans, Michelet at their head, falsified everything ; that, contrary to their showing, peasants were not so badly situated under the *ancien régime*. M. Talmeyr concluded : " La République a vécu, et vit encore de mensonge. Elle a littéralement mystifié des générations, elle a eu des imposteurs de génie, des bonnimenteurs [patterers] éblouissants, et son véritable père n'a même été ni Voltaire, ni Diderot, ni Rousseau, mais bien plutôt Cagliostro. Elle mourra peut-être un jour, de la simple vérité." These are the words of an uncompromising Monarchist Catholic, but there are Catholic Republicans who, while attached to their favourite form of government, condemn the blind hostility to Rome as well as the Royalists. One of these writers very ably tried to show in the Nationalist *Eclair* in September, 1906, that the statement that the Pope was a *provocateur* was an arrant falsehood. The destruction of Catholicism, he urged, was what the Freemasons holding power wanted, and nothing short of that. They were trying to bring it about by the progressive "ablation" of the fibrous network knitting France and Rome. They could not revive Gallicanism, which is dead and buried, so they tried to provoke the Pope in order to damage him in the eyes of French Catholics and of the world. The Pope was not the elected agent of the Triple alliance, for he was a Venetian, and against Austria. The writer then recalls the pettifogging proceedings of M. Combes over the nomination of bishops, the visit of M. Loubet to the Quirinal, the Vatican being overlooked, the quarrels about the cases of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon, the secret document received by M. Jaurès from Monaco, and other



Photo]

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

[Gerschel

affairs which are all attributed by the Papal apologist to the masonic elaborators of the plan leading up to the Separation Law. He concludes : " Mais la mauvaise foi est l'âme de la politique maçonnique. Comme dans l'affaire des nominations épiscopales, comme dans celle du voyage à Rome, on cherche à créer la légende du Pape provocateur. Les Catholiques ne le permettront pas, c'est entendu ; mais les honnêtes gens et les bons français, tous ceux qui aiment la vérité, ne se laisseront pas d'avantage entamer."

If it be quite true that the upper classes in France and many of the higher clergy have always been in favour of a monarchical restoration, there were on the other hand numerous French priests and laymen who rallied to the Republic even before Leo the Thirteenth enjoined them to do so. That Pope wanted to keep in with France, in spite of the enormous difficulties placed in his way by hostile Ministries. He believed with M. Brunetière that France meant Catholicism all the world over, so he did his best to bring about the *ralliement*, and to reconcile the different Catholic parties to the Republic. Pius the Tenth is denounced as no statesman, forsooth, because he has not seen this. But what, it may be asked, did his statesmanlike predecessor get for his pains? Absolutely nothing. He did not—he was not able to—stop the oncoming storm. It is possible that he might have done so had some of the founders of the Third Republic, such as Gambetta, been alive.

It was Gambetta who, in those letters¹ to the lady

¹ These letters were published in the *Revue de Paris*, in December, 1906.

whom he so admired, although she was by no means a great beauty, Madame Léoni Léon, letters which are no doubt genuine, wrote of the possibility of a *mariage du raison* between the French Government and Rome on the accession of "cet élégant et raffiné Cardinal Pecci."

But Gambetta's successors, M. Combes, M. Clemenceau, and the rest, have no desire for such a union. They have carried out their programme to the end, far distancing the acts of Jules Ferry in 1882.

In Ferry's time, it will be remembered, the war against Rome began, but it was only waged languidly afterwards, and Jesuits and others who were expelled returned. Ferry began by secularising schools. The name of God was not to be mentioned in educational establishments, and crucifixes and religious pictures were removed from such places. It was also decreed that crucifixes were to be removed from the Courts of Justice, but Bonnat's great picture of Christ on the Cross remained in the Paris Hall of Assize. Divorce, against which Rome has always set its face, was made legal, as well as burial with civil rites. Crosses were taken off the gates of cemeteries, military observance of Sunday was done away with, and chaplains were no longer to be paid in Government establishments. Some years after, the cry of "Knapsacks for the priests," or *les curés sac au dos*, was heard, and the Government no longer exempted ecclesiastical students from army service. Then the Catholics received another buffet when the Panthéon, which had been a church, was secularised for the interment of Victor Hugo. Some years subsequently, the Arch-

bishop of Aix, Mgr. Gonthe-Soulard, was prosecuted in Paris for having protested against a circular issued by M. Fallières, then Minister of Public Worship, and deemed vexatious by the prelate. The Government, furthermore, insisted, according to the Catholic contention, on undue interference between the clergy and the churchwardens. Under the pacific régime of M. Méline the Catholics obtained a respite, and all went well until the Dreyfus agitation, supposed to be fomented by the Catholics in the army who were imbued with the Jesuitical spirit. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Association Law was sprung now, and carried into energetic effect by his successor, M. Combes, who during his tenure also buffeted the Catholics by unveiling a statue to Ernest Renan in that writer's native place in Brittany.

And it was also M. Combes who no doubt inspired the discourteous action of M. Loubet in overlooking the Pope when he went to Rome. It was no wonder that a French prelate said about this time that what pained him most in the religious crisis was to see how little Catholics counted. They were reviled, insulted, and robbed in France, but nobody seemed to mind.

I could never fathom the motives underlying the unexampled animosity of M. Emile Combes towards the Church which educated him and nearly reckoned him among its ministers. I have seen many priests and ecclesiastical students who broke away from the Church of Rome, but I have never found them to be unrelenting enemies of their old creed. I can only vaguely surmise that M. Combes, when a budding ecclesiastic, must have had a grievance against a superior, or superiors. Luther, as we all know, had

a grievance against an opposition monk, of whom he said: "God willing, I will beat a hole in his drum." He also had a grievance against Cardinal Cajetan, who tried to lecture him back to obedience. M. Combes may have had some similar reasons for trying to beat a hole in the Papal drum, and he has certainly taken a diabolical revenge on his former co-religionists. Homais himself, the fearful apothecary in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," could not have waged such a war against true believers had he been invested with supreme authority over gendarmes, policemen, and troops of the line. One must also vaguely suppose that M. Combes wanted to show his party how zealous in their cause and how energetic he could be. M. Loubet, who induced him to leave his *chères études* for active politics and a seat in the Cabinet, must have sometimes regretted having recourse to the "*petit père*."

The Associations Law, first applied in 1901, was directed against "non-authorised" Orders which had not received State sanction. These were declared to be illegal, but the Comte de Mun and his co-religionists maintained the contrary. The non-authorised religious societies were then allowed three months wherein to apply for authorisation. The applications were to be accompanied by statements as regards property possessed, rules, and lists of members. Some of the Orders, such as the Sulpicians and the Vincentians or Lazarists, complied with the regulations, but the Jesuits, the Franciscans, the Oblates, the Assumptionists and several other communities mistrusted the Government and broke up or went to England, the United States, Italy,

Spain, Belgium, and Holland. Their houses and property left behind were promptly seized by the Government. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who had framed the Associations Law, now retired, and was followed by M. Combes, who applied the law with so much vigour, that M. Waldeck-Rousseau, as I have shown in a previous chapter, expostulated with the new Cabinet shortly before his death. M. Combes began by refusing any authorisation even to those who had applied for it, and expulsions were effected all over France. Friends of the Government, and who also pretended to be friends of the Catholics, tried to make the latter believe at this time that the Combes Cabinet was doing a good thing in expelling the Orders. There were even Catholics who held that the expulsions would benefit the secular clergy, who had long suffered from the competition and the domination of the Orders, the members whereof are usually effective and ornamental preachers, more or less brilliant scholars, and great favourites with the families of the aristocracy and of the opulent *bourgeoisie*. What has happened since the expulsions shows that the secular clergy and the Catholic religion itself have little to expect from the men who hold the power in France.¹ It is no wonder there-

¹ The situation was best summed up by the resignation of M. Solliers, *juge d'instruction* at Tarascon in the South for thirty-four years. He resigned his office in December, 1906. M. Solliers wrote to the Minister of Justice stating as follows : "Having tried and convicted thieves and vagabonds for thirty-six years, I cannot now convict the most honest and upright men in the country." Other French judges, magistrates, lawyers, police officials, and military men had not the same scruples in carrying out laws which were unnecessary.

fore that the *Guardian* should express "little respect for the motives which underlay the Separation Law." We have now to see how the French Catholics and their clergy will extricate themselves from the serious complications brought about, some say, by Pope Pius the Tenth, Cardinal Merry del Val, and Jesuit advisers, and others by the determined hostility of the French political men, such as M. Clemenceau, M. Briand, M. Camille Pelletan, M. Ranc, and M. Combes, only to mention the leaders among those who seem bent upon the destruction of the Catholic and all other forms of Christianity in France. According to the old saying, "it is not safe to prophesy," but judging from the objurgations of the most advanced anti-clericals, such as M. Camille Pelletan, it is certain that it will need a very strong statesman to carry on war *à outrance* with the Vatican. Bismarck was worsted by the German Catholics, and if the Catholics of France, strongly backed by Rome, as they are bound to be, only imitate Dr. Windhorst and his party, even M. Clemenceau may have eventually to go to Canossa, a place which must inevitably be mentioned in connection with conflicts such as that now proceeding in France.

Apart from the Canossa side of the question, there is that of the possible *revanche* of French Catholics who have seen their religion reviled and persecuted ever since the foundation of the Third Republic. French anti-clericals may find that by coercion and harassing, if the word "persecution" be deemed too strong, they will cause the worms to turn. The more they try to annoy and to worry them, the more Ultramontane may become the Catholics. In Ireland,

long ago, the Penal Laws did not kill Catholicism, but made it more popular and more powerful among the Irish, who refused to have the religion of the conqueror thrust down their throats by bayonets. Already in France, as was pointed out in the *Times* Paris correspondence of December 19, 1906, the whole question of Church and State begins to assume a more political character than before the separation.

CHAPTER XXI

The speculations as to a schism—Ultramontanism *versus* Gallicanism—The inside troubles of the Church in France—The cases of the bishops of Laval and Dijon—The effects of the Higher Criticism—Abbé Loisy's work—Ernest Renan, Hyacinthe Loyson and Alfred Loisy—Attacks on Abbé Loisy's teaching—His views on the Old Testament—His “*L'Evangile et l'Eglise*.”

AS to a general schism in France, which was supposed to be the object in view of M. Combes, and which at one time seemed near, owing to the activity of the Loisy school of biblical critics, it has not taken place. Neither has there been any disposition towards a return to the Gallican propositions of 1682, which set forth, among other things, that a General Council of the Church was above the Pope, and that the decrees of the Pontiff were only decisive and immutable when they had the assent of the Church. The spirit of obedience towards Pius the Tenth manifested recently by the French prelates shows that they have become thoroughly Ultramontane, and that the Gallican traditions have been discarded by the higher clergy in France.

Allusion to Gallicanism brings me to the subject of the conflict between the Church in France and some of her own children, the most notable of whom is Abbé Alfred Loisy. Long before Abbé Loisy's time

the Church was badly hit in France by Ernest Renan's renunciation, and by the publication of his "Vie de Jésus." It was also hit by the falling away of Père Hyacinthe. Abbé Loisy's influence was greater, however, than either that of Renan or of Père Hyacinthe, and it is important to note that after the sensation caused by his criticism of the Bible, many French priests broke away from Rome, some of them becoming subsequently Protestant or Methodist evangelists, while others became laymen. It was about the time of the beginning of what has been termed "Loisyism" that we find Mgr. Geay, Bishop of Laval, and Mgr. Le Nordez, Bishop of Dijon, in sore trouble owing to certain acts of theirs. The Bishop of Laval was called to order by Rome because he was charged with being too assiduous in his attention to the superioress of a Carmelite convent in his town. The Bishop of Dijon, on his side, was accused of fondness for the fine vintages of his district.

Abbé Loisy was, and is still, held by many to have been more dangerous to the Church in France than, as I have said, either Renan or Père Hyacinthe. Renan's "Vie de Jésus" chiefly appealed to those whose faith, if they ever had any, had been sapped by the reading of Voltaire. He wrote for the *boulevardiers* of the more or less cultured sort, and presented to them a Christ who, in the words of Canon Liddon, recorded in his book the "Divinity of Our Lord," was "the semi-fabulous and somewhat immoral hero of an Oriental story, fashioned to the taste of a modern Parisian public." By his studies on the "Origines de l'Eglise," and his "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël," Renan is considered to have done more to

disturb the Catholics in their faith than by the “*Vie de Jésus*.” But, as I have said, he hit the Church badly, and so did Père Hyacinthe, now M. Hyacinthe Loysen.

I had never seen M. Loysen when he was a Carmelite and preached the Lenten sermons at Nôtre Dame, but I saw him first in 1882, or thereabouts, garbed like an English clergyman. He was lecturing to a large audience, comprising the Archbishop of Canterbury, who befriended him, and several Church of England people. I have often since seen M. Loysen in Paris with his wife, a tall American lady, and his son Paul, who has of late years been before the public as a dramatist, and who inherited £500 from Dean Stanley. M. Loysen is an Orleans man, and left his father, a professor in the Academy of Pau, to study for the Church at the age of eighteen. He entered the little seminary of Saint Sulpice, and then the greater one, as Renan had done before him. He was a professor of theology at Avignon and at Nantes, joined the Carmelite order at Lyons after having been with the Dominicans for a time, and in 1865 was heard preaching at the Madeleine. He attracted immediate attention, and was compared to Lacordaire and Ravignan. He preached next at Nôtre Dame, and in 1866 began to be noticed unfavourably by Louis Veuillot, who smelt a heretic in a young friar too bold in his expressions and too liberal in his opinions. The crisis came in June, 1869, when Père Hyacinthe declared at a public meeting of the International Peace League that Catholics, Protestants, and Jews could all come in harmony together with modern progress. His weightiest words were “Il

n'y a place au soleil du monde civilisé que pour trois religions ; la Juive, la Catholique et la Protestante." "The Catholic religion in the middle—Christ between the two thieves," said an auditor, and soon after Pius the Ninth called the too daring friar to Rome. Mgr. Dupanloup, supposed to be the last of the Gallicans, did his best for Père Hyacinthe, but reconciliation with Rome was not effected, and the recalcitrant friar left his order in September, 1869. From France he went to America, where he did not give satisfaction, as he declared that, although attacking the superstitions patronised by the Vatican, he remained a Catholic. From America M. Loysen went to Munich to see the celebrated Canon von Döllinger of St. Cajetan's Church, who had also left Rome, and had founded the Old Catholics. M. Loysen was next in Rome, where he lectured in the Argentina Theatre, proclaiming, as he had done in Paris, the equal value of the three religions. To this he added denunciations of the Vatican, and advocated the marriage of priests. M. Loysen has not prospered in his new career, nor has he found many disciples. His quarrel with Rome has long been forgotten.

Abbé Loisy is a far different man to M. Loysen. He is no florid and theatrical pulpit orator, but plain in speech and style. He writes clearly, concisely, almost as the Sulpicians are trained to do. They discard rhetoric and verbal ornament, and evolve prose in which there is no straining after effect. I first saw Abbé Loisy in 1902 at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes of the Sorbonne. I went there to meet M. Pierre de Nolhac, of the Versailles Museum, author and lecturer in the school mentioned on Italian

literature. I had to ask M. de Nolhac authorisation for an American professor and writer to use the illustrations in his book on "Petrarch at Avignon." M. de Nolhac gladly gave the required permission, but his publisher demurred, so my visit to the Ecole des Hautes Etudes was not successful. It enabled me, however, to see Abbé Loisy, who was also a professor at the school. I saw an ordinary, insignificant ecclesiastic, in whose appearance there was nothing remarkable, nothing to show the remarkable writer and scholar that Abbé Loisy undoubtedly is.

Alfred Loisy was born at Ambrières, in the Marne, in February, 1857, received the usual college education for the priesthood in the seminary at Châlons in his department, was ordained in June, 1879, and was for two years curé of Landricourt. From 1881 to 1893 he was a professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, and in great obscurity until 1892. In 1890 he published his Doctor's examination essay or thesis on the canon of the Old Testament, in the following year the history of the canon of the New Testament, in 1892 a volume on Job, and then a critical history of the text and versions of the Old Testament. It was in 1892 that his review the *Enseignement Biblique* was published, and his programme of biblical teaching alarmed his superiors. Then his works which I have mentioned, and his "Mythes Chaldéens de la Création et du Déluge," were carefully examined, and although he was still lecturing at the Catholic Institute, the Sulpicians forbade their students to go to hear him. In November, 1892, shortly after Ernest Renan's death, Abbé Loisy became bolder, or more explicit, and in his review stated that there were a certain

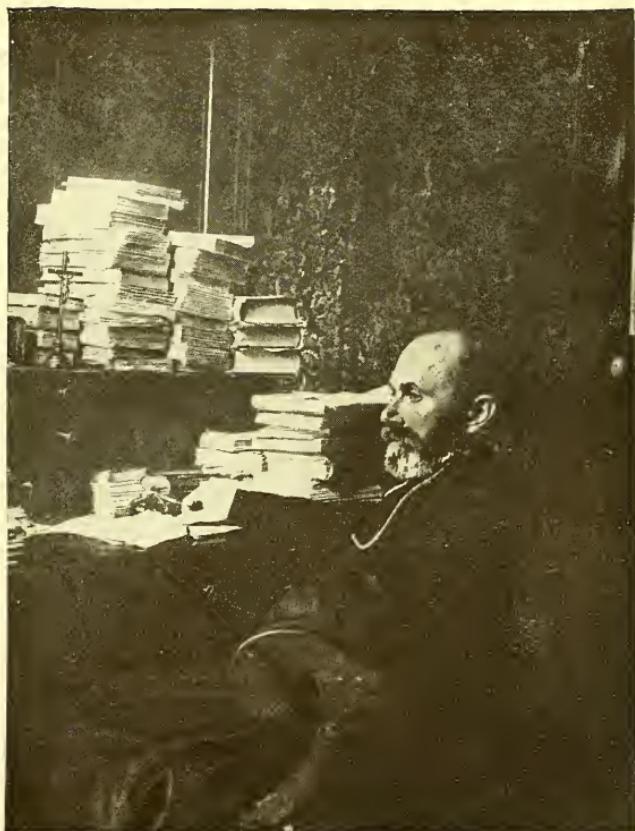
number of conclusions on which criticism outside the limits of Catholicism could never retrace its steps, because there was good reason to show that they were permanent acquisitions of science. Of these were the statements that the Pentateuch in its present form was not the work of Moses ; that the first chapters of Genesis do not contain the true and accurate history of the origin of our race ; that the books of the Old Testament have not all the same historical character ; that all the historical books of the Old and the New Testaments were more freely written than is customary in modern historical works, and a certain freedom of interpretation is the legitimate consequence of the manner in which they were composed ; that there is a development of religious teaching in the Bible in all its elements—the idea of God, the idea of human destiny, and in the moral law ; that Biblical teaching as regards natural science does not rise above the level of the notions of antiquity, which notions have left their mark on biblical religious doctrine ; and the Church with her dogmas follows upon the Gospel of Jesus but is not formally in the Gospel.

What Abbé Loisy wrote concerning the New Testament I deal with more fully later on. The statements just referred to were condemned by the "*Providentissimus Deus*" encyclical of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, issued in 1893. It set forth that all the books recognised by the Church as sacred and canonical were written in all their parts under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and that the Divine inspiration in itself excluded error.

After this encyclical Abbé Loisy ceased the publication of his review and became chaplain to the

Dominican nuns at Neuilly, also acting as religious instructor of the convent boarders. While engaged here he diligently studied Cardinal Newman's writings, and returned to his favourite occupation of criticism, but in assumed names. He contributed to the *Revue du Clergé Français*, and other publications, articles signed "Isidore Després," "Firmin," and "Jacques Simon." These contributions over fictitious names were soon condemned by Rome and by Cardinal Richard. When Professor Harnack's "Das Wesen des Christentums" was translated into French, Abbé Loisy replied with his celebrated "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," published by Picard in November, 1902.

The storm raised by "L'Evangile et l'Eglise" was violent. All the orthodox ecclesiastics in France rose at M. Loisy. Here was another Renan, nay, another Voltaire, in the bosom of the Church, who risked eternal damnation for the sake of showing in print his cleverness and his scholarship. Pope Leo the Thirteenth, however, did not interfere, leaving the matter to Cardinal Richard and the Nuncio in Paris, Mgr. Lorenzelli. Cardinal Richard appointed six theologians to examine the book, and they condemned it. Only seven French prelates, however, endorsed the condemnation. The orthodox critics then opened fire, notably Abbé Gayraud, who threw off his robe as a Dominican friar to become a deputy in the Chamber, Father Prat, one of the exegetists on the Biblical Commission appointed by Pope Leo the Thirteenth, Abbé Fontaine, Abbé Ch. Maignen, and many more. Even M. Ledrain, formerly a priest of the French Oratory, and now an official of the Louvre Museum and a writer, attacked M. Loisy, not, however,



THE ABBÉ LOISY.

for having undertaken to criticise the Bible, but because he had the pretension of remaining a Catholic after what he had written. M. Ledrain also went so far as to say that M. Loisy was as ignorant of theology as M. Ferdinand Brunetière. This he made out by calling attention to the fundamental treatise of theology, that on "True Religion," which lays down that Jesus is God, that His doings and sayings are recorded in the Gospels, which were written by witnesses who could not deceive themselves or us. "La vérité du Christianisme repose donc tout entière sur l'authenticité des livres évangéliques. Pour leur donner aux yeux des fidèles plus d'autorité l'Eglise les a en outre, dotés de l'inspiration." So wrote M. Ledrain, who added that never had anything so daring been declared in the Church; that Luther, Calvin, and their followers had never gone so far, for they only rejected some dogmas, without trying to overturn the corner-stone of the edifice; that M. Loisy was as bold as Strauss; that he was simply laughing at Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, and other prelates when, after the storm over "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," he wrote "Autour d'un petit livre," which was only the development and the "aggravation" of what had been condemned already. M. Ledrain further wrote that when Rationalism was reached "au delà de toutes les limites, on n'a plus qu'a quitter ses anciens pavillons." The ex-Oratorian, although long a layman, only re-echoes what orthodox Catholics, priests and laymen, think about M. Loisy or Renan, or anybody else who ventures on free criticism of the sacred books.

Attacked by nearly all his colleagues and co-

religionists in France, Abbé Loisy enjoyed celebrity abroad. The book "L'Evangile et l'Eglise" was eagerly bought up and was sold for double and treble its original price. Orders came from everywhere to the publisher, and translations were made into English and German. The book was praised by the leading English reviews and periodicals, even some of those on the Catholic side being favourable. In France the broad-minded Archbishop of Albi, as he was then, namely Mgr. Mignot, tried to defend "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," while admitting that it was the boldest book ever written in France by a Catholic Priest since the appearance of the "Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament" of Richard Simon, an Oratorian. M. Gabriel Monod, the French Protestant writer, said that the book was a strong refutation of the ideas of Harnack and Sabatier, an apology for Christianity so splendid that nothing since Newman's time had been published more likely to recommend Catholicism to the minds of enlightened persons.

Leo the Thirteenth died without having absolutely condemned the teachings of Abbé Loisy, having merely issued the vague "*Providentissimus*" and appointed a committee to examine them, but his successor soon "put his foot down," to use a familiar phrase. In his encyclical "*E Supremi Apostolatus Cathedra*," dated October 4, 1903, Pius the Tenth declared that he would see that the clergy would not be taken unaware by a new science which by false and perfidious argument tries to clear the way for the errors of that rationalism or semi-rationalism against which the Apostle warned Timothy.

In the following December came the message from Rome condemning the chief books both of Abbé Loisy and of Abbé Houtin, his follower and, it may be said, his interpreter and Boswell. M. Loisy became more famous than ever. The small room where he lectured at the Sorbonne was crowded with *intellectuels* when he was to speak. One of the professors at the Sorbonne, M. Aulard, who went out of curiosity to hear M. Loisy, said that at first the priest made so unfavourable an impression upon him as he mumbled and hesitated for words that he wanted to leave the room. Soon the lecturer reads a text from St. Mark, in that part of the Gospel referring to the arrest of Jesus, and he suddenly warms to his subject, comments critically on the narrative of the Apostle, and holds his auditors spellbound. Abbé Loisy, still written about voluminously by friends and foes in France, England, Germany and Italy, left his post at the Sorbonne, saying that he did not want to disturb the consciences of Catholics, and that he needed repose and silence after all the noise made about him. He left his house at Meudon, outside Paris, and went to live at Garnay, near Dreux, in a house lent to him by a former pupil, M. François Thureau-Dangin. His enemies then declared that he was no Renan, not worth powder and shot, and so on.

In his retirement M. Loisy is still writing. In the beginning of 1906 he contributed a notice of Harnack's "Dogmengeschichte," fourth edition, to the *Revue Critique*. This revived some of the old polemics, M. Loisy being hotly attacked for stating that the Gospel had not accomplished the absolute

perfection of Christianity, and that the dogmas and institutions of Rome which were the "secular life" of the Church were the subsequent *acquisitions de valeur* of the Christian religion.

Abbé Houtin and others compare the work of M. Loisy to that of Professor Robertson Smith, who was condemned in Scotland for his opinions. "Like the Scotch professor M. Loisy upheld the rights of Biblical criticism against the not less intolerant than false claims of traditional dogmatism. Brought up in the strictest orthodoxy, by a method of comprehension vitiated by the strongest prejudices, he trained himself by degrees for the impartial investigation of truth. Seeing how science undermined the Church, he wished, while continuing to work in an objective manner, to furnish means of defence to the religion of which he was a priest. Before such an evolution, the impartial spirit is of necessity inclined to think that if he has not succeeded in his enterprise, it is because it is impossible." Thus Abbé Houtin sums up the aim and work of his friend. But the orthodox Catholics and their heads do not want any such *moyens de défense*. Their answer has been "*Non tali auxilio*," and Abbé Loisy was condemned for his attempt to reconcile science and religion. And another Catholic, Baron von Hügel, who was one of M. Loisy's champions in 1904, has recently reminded us that "all religious institutions without exception are at their worst in the matter of their relations with science and scholarship, doubtless chiefly because they exist at bottom as the incorporations and vehicles of requirements and realities deeper, and more immediately important and necessary, than are even science and scholarship."

CHAPTER XXII

Abbé Loisy on the New Testament—The Chicago God—The Jesuits and the new critic—Archbishop Mignot's views—Loisy and Renan compared—Their styles—Their arguments in Christology—Abbé Loisy's friends and foes—His condemnation by Rome.

OWING to my daily work in Paris I was only able to follow the great controversy between the Loisyists and the anti-Loisyists by fits and starts. I read and heard enough, however, to show me that Abbé Loisy had been deeply influenced by the writings of Cardinal Newman. Dr. von Döllinger of Munich had doubted the value of John Henry Newman as a historian, but Abbé Loisy classed the great Oratorian Cardinal as “le plus grand et peut-être le seul théologien Catholique du XIX^e siècle.” Few of the English writers, and the same may be said of the French critics of Abbé Loisy, have paid much attention to the influence of Newman on the author of “L’Evangile et l’Eglise.” M. Loisy and also M. Houtin, have fully explained the former's indebtedness to the English Cardinal. M. Loisy used, in fact, the “University Sermons,” the “Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine,” the “Grammar of Assent,” and other writings of

J. H. Newman in replying to Professor Harnack of Berlin. Other French writers, as well as M. Loisy, used Newman and extolled him, with the result that Mgr. Tarinaz, Bishop of Nancy, condemned them. He saw that they were only endeavouring, while enthusiastic about Newman, to use him as a prop, a support for their innovations on essential notions of faith, and particularly on what they term the evolution of dogma.

Confining myself to the two books by M. Loisy which have made the most noise, I take his "L'Evangile et l'Eglise" first, as it is the first in order. Discussing Harnack's method, he says: "If Christ had drawn up Himself an exposition of His doctrine and a *résumé* of His preaching, a methodical treatise of His work, His part, His hopes, history would submit this writing to the most attentive examination, and would determine on indisputable testimony the essence of the Gospel. But such a writing has never existed, and nothing can supply its absence. We only know Christ by tradition, through tradition." Again: "If we wish to find out historically the essence of Christianity, the rules of sound criticism do not permit us to begin in advance to consider as non-essential what seems at the present day uncertain or unacceptable. What is essential to the Gospel of Jesus is what holds the first and most considerable place in His authentic teaching, the ideas for which He struggled and died, and not merely what we believe still living to-day. In the same way, if we desire to define the essence of primitive Christianity, it is necessary to find out the dominant preoccupation of the first Christians, the ideas

forming the life of their religion. In applying the same method to all the epochs, and in comparing the results, we can verify if Christianity has remained faithful to the law of its origin, if that which is the basis of Catholicism to-day was also the mainstay of the Church in the Middle Ages, and in the earlier centuries, and if this basis is substantially identical to the Gospel of Jesus, or if the clearness of the Gospel had been obscured and dark until the sixteenth century and even our days. If common characteristics have been preserved and developed from the origin to our time by the Church, these are the characteristics which constitute the essence of Christianity. At least the historian cannot know others. To fix or find the essence of Islamism it would not do to extract from the teaching of the Prophet and Mahomedan traditions what would be thought true and fruitful, but what for Mahomet and his followers is of the greatest importance as regards their beliefs, their moral teaching, and their worship. If we took a different course, we should soon discover with a little good will that the essence of the Koran was the same as that of the Gospel—faith in a mild and merciful God."

M. Loisy next deduces by his arguments that the Church of Rome being the result of the development of Christianity according to Newman's doctrine, it is also part of the essence of Christianity. Referring to the books, M. Loisy holds that the Gospel of St. Mark may be the source of St. Matthew and St. Luke, but it is not thereby made an original document in the real sense, and it is equally composite with the other two. The Fourth Gospel has no

claim to be a history, nor does it put forward the claim, being purely symbolical and theological, and the author is the interpreter of the Founder's life through Christian consciousness. The other Gospels have also been influenced by Christian speculation on the meaning of Christ's life on earth, and M. Loisy is careful to affirm that the theological truth of the Gospels is not affected in any way by what he says, for they interpreted the Christ of history truly. Christ did not escape the common law, for His greatness was only felt and known long after His death. And discussing the "kingdom of heaven," M. Loisy says that it was the idea of a great hope given to the Jews, and "it is in this hope that the historian should place the essence of Christianity. The kingdom is for all whom God pardons, and God pardons all provided that they pardon themselves. Thus the Kingdom is for those who are good, following the example of God; and the Gospel, by making love the guiding principle of the present life, gives a realisation of the kingdom already, but its final coming will only mean the assurance of happiness and immortality for those inspired by the principles of Christian love." According to Harnack, Christ had come solely for the Father, and not to draw men to Himself. That was the Berlin professor's idea of the essence of Christianity. Christ was, then, only the agent of the Father, who alone counted. M. Loisy, on the other hand, asserts that the Berlin professor has relied on a text added by Christian tradition to the original teaching of Jesus, and holds that Christ was accepted, and wished to be accepted, as the Messiah and the Son of God. He says :

“Without the conception of the Messiah the Gospel would only have been a metaphysical possibility, an invisible essence, intangible, nay, unintelligible, for want of any definition appropriate to our organs of knowledge, rather than a living and victorious reality.”

In the other book “Autour d'un Petit Livre,” M. Loisy deals with the denunciations of his “L'Evangile et l'Eglise,” and addresses seven letters to French ecclesiastics on the questions raised. He maintains in this that he is a historian, not a theologian; but this contention of his is open to great doubt, for he ventures frequently very near, if he does not go into, the deep thickets of theology. In “Autour d'un Petit Livre” M. Loisy likewise, with qualifications, affirms his belief in Christ's divinity. “Everything shows that Christ was man among men, like them in all things save only sin, and, it must also be added, the inmost and indefinable mystery of His relation with God.”

One of the most remarkable bits of criticism called forth by the publication of M. Loisy's two best known books was that of Abbé Fontaine in the *Vérité Française*.

This learned ecclesiastic assured us that all the systems, those of Mahomet, Kant, Loisy, only led up to the God of the Chicago Congress. “Whence comes, then, the force of the system of M. Loisy, and whence the noise and the harm of it? It is easily answered. The system harmonises with the spirit of modern rationalism; it answers to all the prejudices, errors, fruit of four centuries of Protestantism, of two centuries of anti-Christian and atheistical philosophy. These conjoined errors were not strong enough to damage Catholicism, nor even to destroy those remains

of Christianity still existing among the so-called orthodox sects of Protestantism. To succeed, these errors are disguised under evangelical aspects. They refer to Christ as Son of the Heavenly Father, and to the God of human conscience. Who is this God of the new Christians? The transcendent, objective, real God, the Creator of everything that exists? No, it is the God of the human conscience, created by the human conscience, changing and variable as is that conscience itself. It is the God served up in all the religions equally inspired by this deity: the God of Buddhism and Brahmanism, of Mahomet and the Koran, the God of the Chicago Congress of Religions, whom all adore according to their conception of Him."

Père Prat, of the Jesuits, was still more emphatic. After a masterly *résumé* of M. Loisy's works which appeared in the French review of the Society, *Etudes*, he warned Catholics, lay and clerical, whether they were close students or merely superficial readers, not to be carried away by Abbé Loisy's talent, novelty of thought, and liberalism, for he had resolutely taught what was "a sort of theological nihilism and of absolute subjectivism, which, if pushed to their logical consequences, would no longer leave us the Church, Jesus Christ, revelation, certitude, nor even a personal God."

Archbishop Mignot did his best to defend his friend Abbé Loisy, but he was very cautious in his utterances. In an article published in the review *Le Correspondant* of January, 1904, he wrote: "Beyond doubt certain ideas embodied in M. Loisy's books, detached from their contexts, isolated from the whole, taken in an absolute sense, independently of the very special and exclusive aim of the author, without the

explanations they require, were of a nature to scandalise, or at least to astonish those who only know the Bible fragmentarily, and to sadden and alarm educated priests, who cannot see without fear the methods of the Higher Criticism applied to Holy Scripture. If the author, who, with deliberate intention, has placed himself at an exclusive point of view, had foreseen the consequences deduced from his book, he would not have failed to explain his thought more fully in his preface, to show that his refutation of Harnack is neither an abandonment of the Gospel nor the treason of a leader who goes over to the enemy ; that the sketch which he draws of the Gospel from the strictly historic point of view, in opposition to the anti-Christian sketch of the German critic, was the only one which answered to the very special objections of his adversary. The success of his undertaking may be contested, but not the great knowledge and the sincerity of the author."

Before concluding my recollections of the Loisy controversy, I cannot refrain from giving some extracts from the Abbé's writings in the original French. They can thus be compared by the reader who relishes that supple language with some of Ernest Renan's prose. Renan's prose always reminded me of the brilliant parterre parts of a beautiful garden. Abbé Loisy's style, or rather prose, makes, me think of a smooth, well-kept, well-rolled lawn.

From pages 117, 130, and others of "Autour d'un Petit Livre," I take the following : "La divinité de Jésus n'est pas un fait de l'histoire evangélique dont on puisse vérifier critiquement la réalité, mais c'est la définition du rapport qui existe entre le Christ et

le Dieu, c'est à dire une croyance dont l'historien ne peut que constater l'origine et le développement. . . . La divinité du Christ est une dogme qui a grandi dans la conscience chrétienne, mais qui n'avait pas été expressément formulé dans l'Evangile ; il existait seulement en germe dans la notion du Messie, fils de Dieu. La résurrection du Sauveur n'est pas proprement un fait d'ordre historique, comme a été la vie terrestre du Christ, mais un fait d'ordre purement surnaturel, supra-historique, et elle n'est pas démontrable, ni démontrée, par le seul témoignage de l'histoire, indépendamment du témoignage de foi, dont la force n'est appréciable que pour la foi même. Je dis la même chose pour l'institution de l'Eglise, en tant que cette institution répond à une volonté formelle, spéciale du Christ, puisque cette volonté n'est pas plus vérifiable pour l'historien que la gloire même de Jésus ressuscité. Pour l'historien qui se borne à la considération des faits observables c'est la foi au Christ qui a fondé l'Eglise ; au point de vue de la foi, c'est le Christ lui-même, vivant pour la foi, et accomplissant par elle ce que l'histoire voit réalisé. Telle est la base solide sur laquelle repose l'Eglise Catholique."

And here is a passage in "Autour d'un Petit Livre" in which M. Loisy, in his letter to an Archbishop, who is Mgr. Mignot, refers to a text which he finds difficult to reconcile with the traditional teaching relative to the divinity of Christ, and also alludes to the necessity of clearing away the doubts of young men who are likely to leave the Church : "La gravité du problème ne m'échappe nullement et ce n'est pas sans réflexion que je le pose. Je n'ai pas besoin, monseigneur, de vous dire pourquoi je ne puis me

résoudre à le formuler en latin et à l'addresser aux douze théologiens les plus éminents de notre Eglise. Les théologiens éminents qui parlent latin ne sont pas toujours disposés a répondre aux questions difficiles. Et vraiment ce n'est pas en notre pays de France, apres Renan, que l'on peut étonner un lecteur, j'entends un lecteur non ecclésiastique, en soulevant les questions les péut épineuses. N'ont ils pas tranché pour leur propre compte, et trop vite, hélas ! le problème du Christ et le problème de Dieu, tous ces laiques instruits, qui, baptisés et élevés dans l'Eglise Catholique, s'en éloignent quand ils ont atteint l'age d'homme, parce que notre enseignement religieux leur paraît conçu en dépit de la science et en dépit de l'histoire. N'est ce pas déjà beaucoup faire pour eux que de montrer que l'on n'ignore pas leurs difficultés, que l'on ne méprise pas leur délicatesse d'esprit, que l'on pense à eux, et que l'on voudrait frayer le chemin qui les raménerait au bercail ? ”

The student or dilettante can compare these extracts with the most famous passages in Renan's “*Vie de Jésus*,” as, for instance, that flowery one beginning, “*Une nature ravissante contribuait à former cet esprit*,” on page 64. M. Renan showers all the diamonds of his style on the flowers, the fruit, the foliage, the vines and the hills of Northern Galilee, just as M. Sabatier, author of “*Saint François d'Assise*” limned all the tints and tones of the Umbrian landscape. It was Renan who called the country of St. Francis of Assisi the “*seraphic province*” and the “*Galilee of Italy*.”

Take also M. Renan on Christ at page 457 : “*Cette sublime personne, qui chaque jour préside*

encore au destin du monde, il est permis de l'appeler divine, non en ce sens que Jésus ait absorbé tout le divin, ou lui ait été adéquat (pour employer l'expression de la scolastique), mais en ce sens que Jésus est l'individu qui a fait faire à son espèce le plus grand pas vers le divin. L'humanité dans son ensemble offre un assemblage d'êtres bas, égoïstes, supérieurs à l'animal en cela seul que leur égoïsme est plus réfléchi. Mais au milieu de cette uniforme vulgarité, des colonnes s'élèvent vers le ciel est attestent un plus noble destinée. Jésus est la plus haute de ces colonnes qui montrent à l'homme d'où il vient, et où il doit tendre. En lui s'est condensé tout ce qui a de bon et d'élevé dans notre nature." After this compliment the author of the "Vie de Jésus" adds rather illogically : "L'honnête et suave Marc Aurèle, l'humble et doux Spinoza, n'ayant pas cru au miracle, ont été exempts de quelques erreurs que Jésus partagea." Thus Marcus Aurelius and the spectacle-making philosopher of Amsterdam were superior to the Founder of Christianity. But M. Renan goes further when he hints that he himself and the other *intellectuels* of his day are also in advance of the Galilean.

And M. Renan's explanation of the resurrection of Lazarus is, from the Catholic's and the Christian's point of view, a monumental audacity. He begins by stating : "Les amis de Jésus désiraient un grand miracle qui frappât vivement l'incrédulité hiérosolymite. La résurrection d'un homme connu à Jérusalem dut paraître ce qu'il y avait de plus convaincant. Il faut se rappeler ici que la condition essentielle de la vrai critique, et de comprendre la diversité des temps, et de se dépouiller des repugnances instinctives qui

sont le fruit d'une éducation purement raisonnable. Il faut se rappeler ici que dans cette ville impure et pesante de Jérusalem, Jésus n'était plus lui-même. Sa conscience par la faute des hommes, et non par la sienne, avait perdu quelque chose de sa limpidité primordiale. . . . Peut-être Lazare, pale encore de sa maladie, se fit-il entourer de bandelettes comme un mort, et enfermer dans son tombeau de famille. Jésus désira voir encore une fois celui qu'il avait aimé, et la pierre ayant été écartée, Lazare sortait avec ses bandelettes, et la tête entourée d'un suaire. Cette apparition dut naturellement être regardée par tout le monde comme une résurrection. La foi ne connaît d'autre loi que l'intérêt de ce qu'elle croit le vrai. . . . Quant à Jésus, il n'était pas plus maître que Saint Bernard, que Saint François d'Assise de modérer l'avidité de la foule et de ses propres disciples pour le merveilleux. La mort, d'ailleurs, allait dans quelques jours lui rendre sa liberté divine, et l'arracher aux fatales nécessités d'un rôle qui chaque jour devenait plus exigeant, plus difficile à soutenir."

If M. Renan and Abbé Loisy differed in style, they both reached the same conclusions—that there were no historic proofs of the divinity of Christ.¹ Both

¹ Rome has seen other Renans and Loisys. She had the Gnostics in the third century and the Agnostics of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and she has always proclaimed that Christ is true God and true man. Arianism and Nestorianism followed the old contentions about the nature of Christ. These contentions were dealt with by the Councils of Nicæa, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. The very latest imitator of Renan and Loisy is the Norrissian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, who, in "The Gospel History and its Transmission," rejects the resurrection of Lazarus because it is not in St. Mark's Gospel. He

also raised the same tempests by their writings. I have already alluded to the chief denouncers of Abbé Loisy and Loisyism. There were also the former friends who deserted the author of "L'Evangile et L'Eglise" when he was in trouble with Rome. Abbé Houtin, in his "Question biblique au XX^e Siècle," tells us of these. Cardinal Mathieu, resident at Rome, who had originally promised to recommend Abbé Loisy for a bishopric, gave him up at once. Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, published a long letter against him in *La Lega Lombarda*, although the orthodoxy of the Italian prelate in question was challenged in France, and Mgr. Sermonnet, Archbishop of Bourges, censured the too daring critic of the Scriptures in the weekly paper of his diocese. I happen to have read Mgr. Sermonnet's repudiation in his *Semaine Religieuse*. It is a strong document. The Archbishop or his secretary and sub-editor writes: "We do not intend to recall here what M. Loisy professes with regard to the authority of the Scriptures and tradition, on the divinity of Jesus Christ, on the Redemption brought about by His death, on the formation and the development of belief, on dogma, on discipline, on worship, and many other things. We content ourselves with declaring that his system in general seems to us constructed on subjectivism. It is a kind of review and recast of Catholic teaching composed by the light of some Kantian principles combined with those of rationalist criticism. M. Sabatier, late Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Paris, had already tried to popularise

also tries to show that the Fourth Gospel was written by a Jew of Jerusalem, a Sadducee.

among us the conclusions of the Ritschl School,¹ and M. Loisy, without knowing it perhaps—for we do not wish to suspect his intentions—walks in the path marked out by M. Sabatier.” And then follow warnings against any attempt to subvert the teaching of the Church, and advice to learned critics to remain quiet, and to imitate the humility of the theologians, “who have never asserted their infallibility and who have allowed their systems to be retouched and completed by a wise progressivism, doing nothing hastily,” and so on.

The decree condemning Abbé Loisy’s books was issued from Rome in December, 1903, signed by Cardinal Steinhuber, S.J., Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, and by the Secretary, Father Esser, Dominican. The books are: “*La Religion d’Israel*,” “*L’Evangile et l’Eglise*,” “*Etudes Evangéliques*,” “*Autour d’un Petit Livre*,” and “*Le Quatrième Evangile*.” By the same decree Abbé Houtin was condemned for his “*Question bibliques chez les Catholiques de France au XIX^e Siècle*” and his “*Mes Difficultés avec mon Evêque*.” To all true believers the decision of Rome is final, and no Catholic can read the condemned books.

¹ Ritschl’s teaching on faith and morals is set forth by his disciple, Dr. Herrmann, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the University of Marburg, in a book translated by two English clergymen and published in 1904 by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. According to Ritschl, faith involves submission to an authoritative revelation, as Roman theologians teach, but the revelation comes directly to the soul, and this subjective consciousness of God becomes the supreme authority which nothing can weaken, and this consciousness is realised in the experience of Christ on earth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

French literary men at home and abroad—M. Anatole France and his critics—M. France and M. Lemaître—Their special knowledge of French—M. France on his master, Renan—M. Joris Karl Huysmans and his views on modern novelists—M. Maurice Barrès and his books—Some vanished literary celebrities—James Darmesteter as I knew him—Darmesteter and Spinoza—“L’Esprit Juif”—Ferdinand Brunetière and M. Buloz—Brunetière’s “Discours de Combat”—His death.

Of the French literary men I can only say that I have known about half a dozen. These were Zola, Dumas *frère*, Ohnet, a little; Funck Brentano, author of those remarkable volumes on the Bastille and mysterious poisonings of the past; Pierre de Nolhac, the historian of Marie Antoinette and of Versailles and James Darmesteter, the celebrated Jewish scholar and writer, who was cut off in his prime. I have corresponded with M. Maurice Barrès, novelist and Deputy, and have had vague meetings with a few others of the literary fraternity. Anatole France I saw rather at a disadvantage a few months before I left Paris.

It was shortly after the Dreyfus agitation, when he went to deliver an address, not on Dreyfus, but on Russia, at the Freemasons’ Hall of the Rue Cadet. He was in anything but what is termed “good form” on the occasion. I was quite close to him on the plat-

form, and his resemblance to M. Emile Combes, the great monk-hunter, struck me as remarkable. An ordinary, rather undersized, elderly French gentleman with moustache and a chin beard, something like the "Imperial" of old, quite grey. M. France is no orator, as M. Combes is. He never tries to speak extempore, and on the occasion to which I refer he read his discourse to the auditors in the Free-masons' Hall. He denounced the Russian Government and the Tsar for the persecutions of Jews and for the bad and backward state of the country. The paper was well written, but it fell flat on the audience. That was simply because the auditors wanted a ready orator, a man with the "gift of the gab." They listened languidly to the finely-chiselled sentences in Anatole France's paper, and they applauded faintly. The case was different when they were addressed immediately afterwards by a professional oratorical fellow, whose platitudes, expressed in rhetorical language, brought tempests of applause. I saw Anatole France listening to the man in an apparently interested way, and could not help contrasting the finished writer, who won no mob applause by making a speech, and the rough orator who was receiving approving acclamation at the end of every sentence.

It was in the Eighties that Anatole France began to make his mark as a writer. It was known that he was a born Parisian, and that his father had kept a bookshop on, or near, the quays. He wrote social and critical articles for the *Temps*, and he subsequently leaped into fame by his "Orme du Mail," and the other books, which caused him to be bracketed with

M. Jules Lemaître by the critic Gaston Deschamps, who wrote : "Cet écrivain Lemaître est, je crois, avec M. Anatole France, celui de nos ainées qui connaît le mieux les ressources et les malices de la langue française." One of the finest specimens of M. France's style I find in an old number of the *Temps*, in which he reviews his master, Renan's, "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël." I cannot help quoting some extracts, as it shows admirably the progress of scientific criticism of the Bible and the exact value of Renan's work : "Tous nous avons feuilleté, autrefois, une vieille bible en estampes. Tous nous nous sommes fait de l'origine du monde et des choses une idée simple, enfantine et naïve. Il y a quelque chose d'émouvant, ce me semble, à rapprocher cette idée puérile de la réalité telle que la science nous la fait toucher. A mesure que notre intelligence prend possession d'elle-même et de l'univers, le passé recule indéfiniment et nous reconnaissons qu'il nous est interdit d'atteindre aux commencements de l'homme et de la vie. Si avant que nous remontons les temps, des perspectives nouvelles, des profondeurs inattendues s'ouvrent sans cesse devant nous ; nous sentons qu'un abîme est au delà. Nous voyons le trou noir et l'effroi gagne les plus hardis. Ce berger nomade qu'on nous montre entouré, dans la nuit du désert, des ombres des Elohim, il était le fils d'une humanité déjà vieille, et pour ainsi dire, aussi éloignée que la nôtre du commun berceau. C'en est fait. L'homme moderne, lui aussi, a déchiré sa vieille bible en estampes. Lui aussi, il a laissé au fond d'une boîte de Nuremberg les dix ou douze patriarches qui, en se donnant la main, formaient une chaîne qui allait jusqu'à la création. Ce n'est pas, d'aujourd'hui

on le sait, que l'exégèse a trouvé la sens véritable de la Bible hébraïque. Les vieux textes sur lesquels reposait une croyance tant de fois séculaire subissent, depuis cent ans, deux cent ans même le libre examen de la science. Je suis incapable d'indiquer précisément la part qui revient à M. Renan dans la critique biblique. Mais ce qui lui appartient, j'en suis sûr, c'est l'art avec lequel il anime le passé lointain, c'est l'intelligence qu'il nous donne de l'antique Orient dont il connaît si bien le sol et les races, c'est son talent de peindre les paysages, c'est sa finesse à discerner, à défaut des certitudes, le probable et la possible, c'est enfin son don particulier de plaire, de charmer, de séduire. Ceux qui ont le bonheur de l'avoir entendu lui-même croient en le lisant cette fois, l'entendre encore. C'est lui, son accent, son geste. En fermant le livre, je suis tenté de dire, comme les pèlerins d'Emmaus : Nous venons de le voir. Il était à cette table.' Il a des familiarités charmantes comme quand il appelle Jahvè, le terrible Jahvè 'une créature de l'esprit le plus borné !' Here M. France quotes the famous passage about the capriciousness, the favouritism, the narrow-mindedness, the love for sacrifices, massacres, and unjust punishments, of Jahvè, and concludes with a touch of irony over the method of his old master : "Où donc est mon vieux recueil d'images saintes, dans lesquelles ce même Jahvè se promenait avec tant de majesté à travers une prairie de Hollande, au milieu de moutons du Cap, de petits cochons d'Inde et de chevaux du Brabant."

In "Sylvestre Bonnard," which some regard as the author's masterpiece, M. Anatole France gives a portrait of himself. He is to be found, however,

everywhere in his books, even in the "Noçes Corinthiennes" and in "Thaïs." It is the same restless and observant wanderer or traveller. He has even been accused of too much presentation of self in his writings, including those of a critical character. It is in "Sylvestre Bonnard" that M. France has that old joke in a new form about books and book learning. "Oh, what a lot of books!" says Mademoiselle Préfère as she enters M. Bonnard's library, "Have you read them all, M. Bonnard?" "Alas! yes; that is why I am so ignorant of everything." This is a variant of the opening of "Faust," who after much studying of philosophy and the rest, is the same as before. In M. France's case, his father's bookshop must have been well used by him, and to some practical purpose, for his friends make him out to be a compound of Montaigne, Rabelais, La Bruyère, Voltaire, Swift, Sterne, and Dickens.

Another interesting literary man, most of whose work I have read, is Huysmans,¹ one of the Médan school, but who abandoned, partially at least, realism for hagiology some years since, and became for a time a sort of lay Benedictine, living near the monastery of Ligugé until the monks were expelled by M. Combes. His books, "Là-Bàs," "En Route," the "Cathédrale," "L'Oblat," require a lot of reading, but they are the quaint productions of a clever platitudinarian, who has an original, architectural and attractive style. He is an ironist, too, and says acid things. One of the sayings attributed to him is this: "Je vomis les classes dirigeantes, et les classes dirigées me degoûtent." M. Huysmans has been soured by penury, a long

¹ M. Huysmans died in May, 1907.

life in a Government office, and a weak stomach. This has not prevented him from doing good service to French literature. Only a few months before I left Paris the author of "En Route" was asked his opinion on the prevailing tendency in fiction. He was outspoken, and replied: "Anarchy and confusion. There are the bores such as Bourget, who proceed from naturalism. They are the Orléanists of literature. The last movement gifted with life was that of the naturalists. All comes from that. You have the non-fashionable novelists, who work on the love of a baker for a fruiterer's wife; then come the more aristocratic writers, who do the same thing for viscounts and marchionesses, or perhaps doctors and engineers are also used instead of the noblemen. They are very fine with their psychology. At bottom it is all the same with viscounts, bakers, marchionesses. And they all centre over the one thing—whether the woman will give way or not. I never care a fig whether she does or not. It is all that eternal feminine adultery stuff." At the same time, the old novelist, or master as his admirers call him, considered that the lady novelists are doing better than the men nowadays. He especially praised Judith Gautier, the gifted daughter of Théophile Gautier, Madame Rachilde, who wrote "Hors-nature," and Myriam Harry, authoress of the "Conquête de Jérusalem." Even for the Countess de Noailles and her "Visage émerveillée" he had some respect, in spite of the strenuous advertising of which she was the object. M. Huysmans also thought that the weakness of male authors arose from the fact that Zola made money. When that fact became known,

grocers caused their sons to write, and the result was deplorable. Asked about the Catholic novelists, M. Huysmans shook his head. He has not the high opinion of M. René Bazin that the majority have. The Catholics are hostile to art. They are afraid of words, and victims of Jansenism and Jesuitism. For them wherever art begins sin comes along. And when Catholics objected to some passages in his own remarkable volumes, M. Huysmans simply told them not to read his books, and to confine themselves to the literary merchandise of the Pink Library, which was intended for them expressly.

M. Octave Mirbeau, a strong writer, gave a more serious view than M. Huysmans of the tendencies in modern French literature, when he was asked his opinion. M. Mirbeau thinks that for literature ordinary life is the thing. It ought to be the reproduction of the living being in his relations to nature, morals, and laws. There ought to be no preaching, no moralising, either in novels or in plays, and M. Mirbeau regretted that he had erred in this particular in his "Mauvais Bergers." He is also the author of the "Roman d'une Fille de Chambre," in which he has certainly given a lurid picture of the life of an Abigail, and thus kept to his programme. The Abigail romance is full of huge "chunks of life," to use Mr. A. W. Pinero's rendering of Zola's famous phase, "*tranches de vie*." Unlike M. Huysmans, M. Mirbeau, who was originally a police official, does not object to the introduction of the sons of grocers into the sacred guild of literature. He has a welcome for all. He praised unstintedly a literary farmer, Emile Guillaumin, who gave a thorough

picture of country life in his "Mémoires d'un Métayer." Another favourite of his is André Gide, author of the "Immoraliste"; and he praises the "Cœurs Malades" of Eugène Montfort. In this respect M. Mirbeau imitates that much-abused man, Georges Ohnet, who since his "Maître des Forges" has gone from success to success. Was there ever a novelist so decried as M. Ohnet? One man attacks him over his multitudinous adjectives, another calls his work the quintessence of the commonplace, and M. Jules Lemaître once wrote: "Il a l'élégance des chromolithographies, la noblesse des sujets de pendule, les effets de cuisse des cabotins, le sentimentalisme des romances." M. Ohnet goes on writing, interesting numerous readers, and adding to his considerable banking account, in spite of all the sarcasm, in spite of the sneers of the greater literary artist over chromolithographs, drawing-room clocks and mummers' thigh effects, and he is also tender towards the young. "Let them all come," said M. Ohnet once, referring to the rising writers.

In M. Mirbeau's utterances on modern literary men I find that, while regarding Paul Bourget as dead and buried, he has nothing but praise for Maurice Barrès, author of "Sous l'œil des Barbares," the "Jardin de Bérénice," the "Déracinés," and "Au Service de l'Allemagne." Barrès has been accused by others of creating factitious personages, and of borrowing from books, inspiration being absent, but his style is perfect. All are agreed on that point, and it means a good deal. He is also told that he has spoiled his chances as a literary artist by devoting himself to politics, and there was some reason for

saying this after his parliamentary play, "Leurs Figures," which is a ponderous composition, spoiled by bad jokes and bad taste. He did better in his novel, "Au Service d'Allemagne," which has been praised, not only as a work of art, but as being valuable as an historical document, showing the influence of German discipline on a young man of Alsace, who is French in head and heart, and showing also that even under Teutonic domination the people of that conquered province remain true to the old traditions. This is undoubtedly a fact, but it hardly needed the novel of M. Barrès to remind those who know the Alsatians that the latter are not likely to lose what they owe to France in the æsthetic way, and that they will long retain their preference for a Republican or democratic government to one of an imperial and aristocratic kind.

I can say very little about Jules Lemaître, except what everybody knows. He first loomed up in the columns of the *Temps* about the same time as Anatole France. It was known then that he was a provincial, a normal schoolman, a *universitaire*, and that he had thrown up the schoolmaster's ferule for the pen of the journalist and *littérateur*, as Taine, About, Sarcey, and others had done before him. Then he published the "Contemporains," a series of pen portraits of literary celebrities, was for some years dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, began to write plays, and succeeded. In fact, M. Lemaître has been successful in everything that he has touched except politics. I have already shown the disastrous effects of his connection with M. Syveton and the *Patrie Française* league.

M. Lemaître has an imitator in M. Emile Faguet,

also a *universitaire*, who writes articles for newspapers as well as dramatic criticism. He is a man who has something to say on nearly every subject under the sun, and treats philosophy, politics, sociology, and the rest in a very masterly manner. Unlike M. Lemaître, he has not yet written a play, but that, no doubt, will come. He has recently, in 1904, been before the public as the author of an ably-written volume, "Le Libéralisme," in which he treats the Church and State question.

A French literary man of the past whom I much regretted was James Darmesteter, who used to assist Renan a good deal, and who wrote on his own account as well. I used to meet him before he went to India, and returned home to die, at the bookshop of a Scotch resident in Paris, Mr. Fotheringham, long retired. Mr. Fotheringham, who acted as commercial agent for the *Times*, besides being a bookseller, had a good many famous people, French, English, and American in his place from time to time. I have met there diplomatists, authors, *abbés*, and journalists. All the famous Scotchmen who came to Paris were sure to call at Fotheringham's, who also numbered among his acquaintances Father Forbes, the Franco-Scottish Jesuit. It was at Fotheringham's that I first met James Darmesteter, for whose marriage with Miss Mary Robinson, the poetess, I was as unprepared as I was for his premature death. James Darmesteter was only forty-five when he died, in 1894. His brother Arsène Darmesteter, also a scholar and writer, died in 1888. They were born at Château-Salins in Lorraine. Their father had come from the ghetto in Darmstadt, and to reside in France he had to choose a surname.

He took the name "Darmstädter," and the French gave it the other form. The father was a bookseller and binder, and had a hard struggle in Paris when he came there. Early privations were supposed to have told on his two gifted boys. These were sent to the Talmud Torah College in Paris, the seminary of the Jewish Consistory. They afterwards went to the Charlemagne and the Condorcet Colleges, where they won many prizes. James became a professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and attracted the notice of Max Müller by his works on Persian literature. He was engaged afterwards to do an English translation of the Avesta for the collection of the sacred books of the East. James Darmesteter while in England devoted a good deal of his time to the study of Shakespeare and of Byron. On returning to Paris he was given the chair of Iranian languages at the College of France. He next went to India and foregathered with the learned Parsees. James Darmesteter was a dark little man, looking undoubtedly Oriental. He did not go to the Synagogue, but believed in, or at least revered, the Bible. He had also a great respect for Christianity, and would never in conversation offend any man's religious susceptibilities. In his fine book on the Prophets of Israel he has the passage sometimes quoted as an example of his attitude towards Christianity. It is that in the preface: "La science a cru qu'elle étais la reine du monde, et le Chrétien lui a dit, 'Tu as soufflé sur mon Christ, tu as fermé devant moi les avenues de l'éternité.'" And in the course of his volume Darmesteter advises the Catholics of Rome to abide by the teaching of his favourite prophets, retaining only the finest and most

sublime parts of the Gospels. He was a noble Jew, this Darmesteter, with nothing of the Heinrich Heine about him. He was rather like Baruch Spinoza, who is described as being simple, modest, tolerant, generous, and disinterested. Arsène Darmesteter, brother of James, was only forty-two when he died. He was sent in 1869 to Oxford, to Cambridge and to the British Museum to study the French glosses in the manuscripts of Rashi, the learned Jew of Troyes, who died in 1105, and who was an authority on mediæval French.

I often thought of James Darmesteter as I was reading that most interesting book by M. Maurice Muret, "*L'esprit Juif*," which has some points of resemblance to "*Die Judenfrage*" of the German Dühring, published in Berlin in 1892, and is really the development of a part of M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's "*Israël chez les Nations*." M. Muret holds, with Dühring, that the characteristics of the Jews, their supple intelligence, their attachment to the enjoyments of life, their patient expectancy, exemplified in the case of Captain Dreyfus, for instance, their tenacity of purpose, their pride, appear in those who are attached to the Synagogue or who have broken away from it. From this he deduces that the Jew is the product, not of the religion, but of the race. His most typical Jew is Spinoza. Now, according to old biographers of Spinoza, particularly M. Saisset, who also translated his works into French, the author of the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*" lived like an anchorite at the Hague, declined to attire in costly garb his body, which he counted mere dust, and refused to allow a wealthy friend to endow him with

sufficient means to enable him to dispense with making glasses for spectacles. M. Muret states that from recent researches relative to Spinoza's sojourn at the Hague, it has been made clear that the philosopher was by no means a hermit. On the contrary, he went into society a good deal, walked with sword by his side like any of the gay gallants, or men about town of the period, and was a heavy and, in fact, a gluttonous eater. He ate so much that it hastened on his death, and caused the phthisis which finished him. The other biographers say that he used to be satisfied with milk soup, some bread and a can of beer for his daily sustenance, and they are probably correct when they affirm that he was marked by consumption from its own from his birth. I have entered into this digression, seemingly foreign to my subject, for the purpose of recalling the memory of James Darmesteter. There is a connection, however, between Darmesteter and the celebrated philosophical Jew of Holland. Darmesteter was consumptive, and died at exactly the same age as Baruch or Benedict Spinoza, who lived from 1632 to 1677, forty-five years. Moreover, Darmesteter is not only mentioned in M. Muret's pages, but that author quotes from his "*Coup d'œil sur l'histoire du peuple Juif*," a pamphlet incorporated in the "*Prophètes d'Israël*," published by Calmann-Lévy in 1892. And who knows but James Darmesteter, if he had lived, would have left behind a legacy as great as that bequeathed to posterity by the illustrious Hebrew philosopher of Amsterdam? He had a strong brain in a weak body, he had left the Synagogue in order to be free, and even in his personal appearance was not unlike Spinoza, who is described by his French trans-

lator, M. Saisset, as "a man of medium stature, regular features, skin rather dark, black hair and eye-lashes, and all the outward marks showing his descent from Portuguese Jews." James Darmesteter was also supposed to resemble Giacomo Leopardi, the Italian poet and pessimist. When he was on the banks of the Arno at Florence, it is said that the Florentines pointed to him as "*Il piccolo Leopardi*." I do not think that Darmesteter was by any means a pessimist, and it was not he who would endorse Leopardi's maxim that life was only fit to be despised.

France lost one more literary man of great value in Ferdinand Brunetière, who, although he lived thirteen years longer than James Darmesteter, may be said to have passed away before his time. He, too, was a chronic invalid, and it was a wonder that one so organically weak could have put forth such a mass of literary work as that signed by Brunetière. I only knew the man through his writings, and, although it was the fashion on the boulevards to sneer at him and his old-fashioned craze for resuscitating such long-dead worthies as Bossuet, for example, I always read him with attention, and enjoyed his gnarled and rugged French. He also appealed to me as being one of those who had struggled. He was a provincial, a Toulon man, and in early days in Paris had to teach for a living. It was his friend Paul Bourget who first introduced him to the proprietor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which he became editor. Bourget had also struggled in Paris in his youth, but he came to know François Buloz, director of the *Deux Mondes*, and wrote some articles for him. Buloz was satisfied with the work, and asked Bourget for a study, or critical review,

of French poetry. They had a conversation on the subject, but did not agree, Buloz having a different conception of French poetry to that of Bourget. The latter left Buloz lamenting in his study the death of Planche, who would have done what he wanted. The chief sub-editor of the *Deux Mondes* took Bourget aside, and also began to talk about the work which the director wanted done, whereupon the novelist thought of his friend Brunetière and recommended him. "Oh!" said the chief sub, "I don't know what to do. We have tried so many literary critics," a statement rather unpleasant for the gentlemen of letters who had been "tried" before M. Brunetière. The recommendation of Paul Bourget was acted upon, but when he went to see Brunetière he found, to his surprise, that the latter hesitated before accepting a post on the great Review. That was as M. Bourget says, first on account of his natural pessimism, and secondly by reason of his pride, for he was afraid of being commanded or hustled. He made up his mind soon after, and was not only the literary critic of the Buloz Review, but edited it. He killed himself by overwork, and actually sought to do so. His early struggles and bad health made him see everything black and gloomy, so he worked to throw off his melancholy. His output was tremendous, and it not only astonished the world, but it alarmed his friends and the admirers of his undoubted talent. No man had handled literary subjects in so masterly a manner since Taine and Sainte-Beuve, and even those who were against him when he became a Nationalist, an anti-Dreyfusard, and a "practising" Catholic had to admit his ability. The Loisyists,

however, objected to his interference with the exegetists, because he had said in one of his "Discours de Combat" that so far as exegesis and criticism had for their object the raising of doubts as to the truth of religion, they had egregiously failed. He later on said that rationalistic exegesis, which was the great "worker" of doubt in religion, would continue to be so until it was conquered on its own ground by that of erudition. From this he went on to quote from the First Epistle to the Corinthians proofs of the resurrection of Christ, and Abbé Houtin promptly accused him of using only a truncated text, and of leaving out the eighth verse : "And last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time" ; that is to say, Paul was only a visionary witness. In any case, the Catholic cause lost in Ferdinand Brunetière an active, ardent, and able champion. Taine and Sainte-Beuve, the precursors of Brunetière, had both some respect for Catholicism. This was notably the case with Sainte-Beuve, who was a Catholic born, whereas Taine was a Protestant. Brunetière was not, however, sentimental, but thoroughly practical, in defending his Church.

CHAPTER XXIV

Pierre Loti at Aden—The French dramatists—The old playwrights and the new—Rise of M. Antoine—His early efforts and failures—His series of new men—Henri Becque—The Comédie Rosse—The men from Antoine's: Lavedan, Donnay, Brieux, François de Curel, Courteline—M. Capus at home—M. Brieux and his “Avariés”—Courteline's bag of tricks—M. Paul Hervieu and the “Dédale”—M. Edmond Rostand and M. Coquelin—The French poets: Hugo, Lamartine, Baudelaire, Verlaine—The only comic poet.

HERE is a vast difference, social and literary, between Pierre Loti and Ferdinand Brunetière the critic, of whom I have been writing in the preceding chapter. Loti's prose lingers in my memory. It is as different from that of Brunetière as is marble of Paros or Carrara from granite. He was one of my earliest favourites, but he has gone out of fashion now. He has written rather too much, and at one time he continued to publish with the rapid regularity of “Gyp.” Loti is one of those writers who want to make me translate him against my wish, for I do not believe in trying to turn fine French prose into English. I have always held that it is impossible to render adequately in English the prose of Flaubert, Anatole France, Brunetière, Renan, or any of the masters of style. They have to be read and enjoyed



Photo]

PIERRE LOTI

Benque



—“tasted,” the French say—in the original, or not at all. Translated they fall as flat in English as does in French the prose of Ruskin or of George Meredith, or the poetry of Shelley, Swinburne, Browning, or William Morris. With Pierre Loti I found it different, and while enjoying his prose I tried to give an English equivalent of it. Here is a sample which I once proposed to show to him, but could not find him in Paris, where he used to come only now and then, his naval work as Captain Viaud, which is his real name, keeping him at various ports. It is his description of the Gulf of Aden, a place familiar to Anglo-Indians and travellers to the Farther East: “Day dawns in the Gulf of Aden, a region of intense heat and of phantasmal mists. Before us who return from the Indies under an unchanging blue sky, the horizon is as it were closed by heavy veils of a grey violet, almost black. To a sailor’s eye there is land there, opaque and immovable, a vast continent. We approach a long, limitless, and monotonous shore of hard and ravined sand, pink in tint, brilliant in early morning, with depths beyond of intense shade. There, in the region of shade, obscure, sombre, deep, seems to be the place where all the storms of the earth are hatched. As we gaze along the shore, the immensity of the place is revealed to us. We feel the impression of Africa, vast and desolate. We see little arbutus shrubs, pale green, which give no shade from the sun. Everywhere a dry heat, unlike the boiler evaporation of Annam and Cochinchina, for it has swept across the boundless desert.” Pierre Loti excels in poetic description. His books have been described as poetic guides over land and

sea. He is said never to open an umbrella when he sees tropical rain falling, but he outs with his notebook and describes the rain straight off. He does the same when he meets a tropical pond, or pool, or marsh—he halts on the bank and describes the thing. And he goes on doing this continually. And he can also tell a good story, as in “*Mon frère Ives*,” “*Pêcheur d’Islande*,” and “*Aziyadé*.” Despite the seeming simplicity of his style, M. Viaud has been inspired by Flaubert, at least in some of his earlier works.

Coming to the French dramatists, I must confess that I have not taken so much interest in them as I have in the novelists, essayists, critics, and historians. This was chiefly because I had lost touch with the stage at a time when dramatic production was at a low ebb. I have been accustomed to Augier, Dumas *filis*, Meilhac, Sardou, Pailleron, and Gondinet. I was also a witness of M. Antoine’s efforts to abolish the Conservatoire and to revolutionise the French stage. He did not succeed in doing away with the old house, the “*boîte*” in the Faubourg Poissonnière, but he has revolutionised the French stage. When I knew him first he was a struggling clerk in the Gas Company’s offices near Montmartre. He opened his first show in a passage, also near Montmarte, called the Elysée des Beaux Arts, in March, 1887. With him were strugglers like himself, a clerk at the Prefecture of the Seine, a post office sorter, a bookseller’s despatch man, a journeyman painter, an advertisement canvasser, one journalist, and several women, including Mademoiselle Barny, a dressmaker who lent her furniture for the

“show.” At the first night in the dingy den in the Elysée of the Fine Arts, M. Antoine and his colleagues played four short pieces. By degrees Antoine succeeded until he founded the “Théâtre Libre” definitely, and had all Paris to his playhouse. He is now manager of the Odéon, but keeps an eye on his former establishment. In the old days Antoine was continually trying new dramatists, inspired mostly by Ibsen, and it was sometimes wearying to watch the process. At last some of the young men “caught on,” and a new era of dramatic production dawned. The days of Augier, Dumas *filis*, Sardou, Pailleron, Gondinet were over. Meilhac and Halévy were no longer wanted. They had their masterpieces, “La Belle Hélène,” in operetta; “Frou-frou,” in high comedy; “L’Eté de la Saint Martin” and the “Petite Marquise,” in sentimental and satirical or ironic comedy. Now they must go down before the “Comédie nouvelle,” the “Comédie Rosse,” heralded by Henry Becque’s “Les Corbeaux” and “La Parisienne,” founded at Antoine’s theatre and developed by Jules Lemaître, Henri Lavedan, Hervieu, Brieux, Donnay. Henri Lavedan was one of the first successful *jeunes* from Antoine’s. He triumphed with nearly all his plays, the “Prince d’Aurec,” “Viveurs,” “Le Nouveau Jeu,” “Le Vieux Marcheur,” “Le Marquis de Priola.” He reached the Academy with his “Nouveau Jeu,” a play “décolletée jusqu’ à la ceinture,” as a shocked critic wrote who denounced the author as a mere public amuser, despite his apparent efforts to inculcate morality from the stage by ridiculing vice. In April, 1905, M. Lavedan

scored another great triumph by his "Duel," staged at the Comédie Française. It is one of his best-written and certainly his most successful play. The duel is between two brothers, one a doctor, the other a priest, who both love the Duchesse de Chailles, whose husband is dying in a private asylum kept by the medical man. The duke dies and the duchess goes to the doctor, the priest having, naturally, to eschew carnal love or to leave his calling. The curious thing about the play was that it was a demonstration in favour of God. Every time the word "*Dieu*" was pronounced in the play, all the fashionable people at the Théâtre Français clapped their gloved hands. It was decidedly a manifestation for the Deity and against the anti-clerical Government. It was also curious to see M. Le Bargy, the *jeune premier* of the house, the successor of Delaunay, the Beau Brummel of the French stage who sets fashions in cravats and ties, as the Abbé Daniel.

Other remarkable dramatists whom I call to mind as having emerged from "*chez Antoine*" are M. François de Curel, M. Maurice Donnay, M. Georges Courteline, and M. Eugène Brieux. I remember when M. Brieux was a hard-working, ordinary journalist, just as was that other extremely successful man, M. Alfred Capus. These two gentlemen, instead of spending their nights in stuffy newspaper offices as they did of old, have now their own comfortable homes in Paris and in the provinces. M. Capus spends most of his time in his country house, about fifty miles from town, and M. Brieux does his work during the winter on the sunny shores of the Bay of Antibes, close to Nice.



Photo]

ALFRED CAPUS.

[Gerschel

M. Brieux has caused more commotion by his "Avariés" than by any of his other plays. This strange study of lock-hospital subjects shocked the French dramatic censors, and they refused to allow the first performance to take place. The author then carried it to Belgium, and had it staged successfully at Liège. In February, 1905, it was allowed a footing in Paris, and was brought out at Antoine's. M. Brieux had many harsh critics, but the play was well received by a crowd of curiosity-mongers. Most of the spectators knew the work by heart for it had long been discounted owing to the performances in Belgium. M. Brieux is an overwhelmingly serious dramatist, and his gloomy picture of the diseased man who refuses to follow the advice of the doctor, and insists on marrying a young lady with money which he wants, is the most fearful of his medico-social sermons from the stage. He is held to have had hints from Ibsen's "Ghosts."

It is a relief to turn from him to M. Capus or to M. Courceline. M. Capus is never dull and his "Capusisms" are sometimes as good as "Shavisms." His years of struggle as a hard-working, under-paid journalist have not embittered him. Neither has he been affected by the failure of the three or four novels written by him before his successes on the stage. Here is a man who was educated at the Polytechnic School with a view to his being a State engineer. He does not become an engineer, but a journalist, one of his first contributions to the Press being an obituary notice of Charles Darwin. We next find him writing all sorts of things for the *Gaulois*, notably jokes and

"*nouvelles à la main.*" Then one fine day we wake up in Paris, and Capus also wakes up, to find that his play "*La Veine*" has been a thundering triumph. This was compensation for the novels, which fell flat. Capus was well consoled by the success of "*La Veine*," for he had taken it from one of his ill-fated novels "*Qui perd Gagne.*"

To look at M. Capus one would never suppose that he worked hard. He strolls along the boulevards, eye-glass in eye, dark in features—for he is a Southerner—amiable, easy-going, *débonnaire*. Yet he is one of the most laborious of men, and no sooner is one play finished than he is busily constructing another. How long the "*Veine*" will last is a problem. He seems destined to go on for years as Scribe did before him, and as Sardou is doing in his time.

Georges Courteline, the Molière of the Grand Café, formerly of the Café Napolitain, where he was wont to foregather with his friends at the absinthe hour, is also an easy-going, affable humourist who seems to take life lightly. He jumped into fame by his "*Client Sérieux*," in which the barrister Barbemolle pleads for a client named Lagoupille, and proves that he was a most honest man, even though he has been several times in prison. In the course of the case Barbemolle receives notice that he has been appointed to take the place of the judge or magistrate before whom he pleads. He accordingly turns on his client and represents him to be a scoundrel of the inkiest description. M. Courteline herein tried to show that lawyers lacked conscience, and he made the *bourgeoisie* laugh. It was this one-act play of Courteline's that not only made him famous, but started the small theatres which

now abound in Paris. No sooner had the "Client" taken root as a play which everybody had to see than the author emptied his bag of reserves, and presented "Theodore Cherche des Allumettes," "Hortense Couche-toi," "Lidoire," and finally "Boubouroche," also a great hit. Another remarkable one-act play of Courteline's is the "Paix du Ménage," some scenes of which have been seriously declared worthy of the author of "Les Femmes Savantes." In this playlet a novelist, Trielle, is married to a shrew. She makes his life a burden, so he hits on the expedient of curtailing her monthly allowance by fines inflicted for her scoldings. Thus at the end of the month he reads such inscriptions in his book of fines as "Plus, du vingt-cinquième pour m'avoir traité, de mufle, 2 francs 75 cents." "Plus, du vingt - sixième, pour avoir répété a plusieurs reprises que mes romans n'ont pas le sens commun (ce qui n'est que trop réel), 12 francs 50 cents." The wife is furious and threatens to throw herself into the street, so he opens the window for her and goes on registering fines. The shrew conquers him in the end and he has to pay.

After the fun of M. Courteline it is not easy to appreciate the more serious playwrights, such as M. Paul Hervieu, for instance. So much has been written about M. Hervieu that it is needless to refer to him at great length here. He is the rigid logician of drama, as in "Le Dédale," which gives him a far higher place than that held of old by the younger Dumas ; for he goes down more deeply into the emotions, and, as a French favourable critic said, "atteignant parfois l'humanité, ou plutôt la maternité, aux entrailles, la pensée en ses profondeurs." Naturally ; for the scenes

in the "Dédale" between Marianne de Pogis and her divorced husband, when they meet by the bedside of their ailing child, are of a nature to make women weep and to agitate strong men who happen to be married and fathers of children. The weak part of the great play is the melodramatic ending of Max de Pogis and his rival in the affections of his wife, Guillaume le Breuil.

M. Paul Hervieu has been a very lucky man socially and professionally. He was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and all his plays, "Les Tenailles," "la Loi de l'Homme," "La Course du Flambeau," "L'enigme," and "Le Dédale," were both favourably received by the critics and the first-nighters, and successful. The "Dédale" and the "Course du Flambeau" made a great impression on me when I went to see them, although I tried to steel myself against emotion. The "Course du Flambeau" is less emotional than the other play, but it also grips your attention by its poignancy, and you forget that a lot of it is forced and far-fetched. The dramatist takes his title from Lucretius on the torch-race of the successive generations, one sacrificing itself to the other. There is a consumptive girl, daughter of a widow, Madame Revel. For the widow an American named Stangy is dying. He wants to marry her, but she has to think of her daughter. The latter on her side wants to marry a youth, Didier, and gets him. Then there are money troubles, and Madame Didier's grandmother is sacrificed for the family. Madame Didier is ordered to the Engadine, but the grandmother will not advance money unless she goes too. The Engadine is not for her, as she has heart disease,

but she is not told of the danger. She dies in the Engadine, and Madame Revel cries, "*Pour sauver ma fille j'ai tué ma mère.*" The "Course du Flambeau" was saluted with enthusiasm by the critics. Nothing so true and terrible had been given to the stage since Henry Becque's play "Les Corbeaux," the strife of lawyers over a succession or estate. Becque was the precursor of the whole of the young school of dramatists. He taught them their trade by his "Parisienne," played in February, 1885. I remember the man well, a gloomy, cynical person, sometimes to be met in the boulevard cafés laying down the law on the drama. But he was more frequently in his study writing. Becque had reason to be morose, gloomy, and melancholy. He was poor and fell into debt in bringing out his first play, "Michel Pauper." After a lot of trouble Perrin was induced to stage "Les Corbeaux," in September, 1882, at the Comédie Française. Everybody of experience knew that the play was of what is termed the "epoch-making" order, but it did not "give satisfaction" to the subscribers, so Perrin had to withdraw it, and Becque had to struggle on in poverty. He succeeded in dethroning Dumas *fil's* who had been master of the stage for thirty years, and who had marked a progress on Scribe, inasmuch as he put truth above intrigue or plot. Before he died Becque had mapped out the skeleton of a play which he hoped would be his masterpiece. It was to be called the "Monde d'argent," that is to say the Bourse, of which he knew something, for he had been an unsuccessful stock-jobber for nearly eleven years. Dumas had also done something similar in his "Question d'Argent," dating from 1857. It is in the "Question d'Argent" that

business is described as "other people's money," "*les affaires c'est l'argent des autres.*" Both Dumas and Becque have been imitated by M. Octave Mirbeau in "*Les Affaires sont les Affaires*," a modern presentment of the moneyed magnate.

M. Mirbeau has been luckier than Becque, for he has made money. His play "*Les Affaires*," with its central character, Isidore Lechat, the brutal, hustling millionaire, who is stricken by the death of his son, was a splendid success.

Playwrights in France being as numerous as blackberries in the season, I cannot attempt to deal with them all. Two I must mention, as they were among those who impressed me of late years. M. Marcel Prévost made a great hit in "*Le Plus Faible*" at the Comédie Française, thanks chiefly to M. de Féraudy's acting. The subject of the play is threadbare—a struggle between passion and prejudices. There is incidental preaching or a moral, to the effect that free unions between clever people, however elaborately organised, are liable to become failures sooner than orthodox marriages. M. Marcel Prévost is a man who holds his own very ably as a dramatist and novelist, although his enemies accuse him of being an imitator of Georges Ohnet, and even bad at that, and also brand him as a *notable commerçant* of letters who knows how to sell his books.

I must also find place to mention M. Maurice Donnay, who tickled Paris by his "*Retour de Jérusalem*," an elopement play of anti-Semitic cast. One of the Jews introduced was a caricature of Dr. Max Nordau the writer and Zionist, but who does not go to live in Jerusalem, manifestly preferring



EDMOND ROSTAND.

Paris, which he has made his home, as also did his greater co-religionist Heine. Max Nordau was irate especially as M. Donnay represented him as being a sort of Mr. Snellicci as regards women. After all the doctor was being paid rather in his own coin for he has written stinging things about Parisian dramatists and poets.

M. Edmond Rostand's plays I went to see through sheer curiosity. He was advertised by M. Coquelin who is said to have declared that there was nobody since Shakespeare who was both poet and *homme de théâtre* at the same time except Rostand. It was M. Coquelin who showed the way to the dramatist in the elaboration of "Cyrano de Bergerac," by indicating an old *vaudeville* "Roquelaure ou l'homme, le plus laid de France," presented at the Gaité in 1836. And M. Rostand applied his too facile system of versification to the subject with a talent which won for him the applause of the *bourgeoisie*. Anyway he gained fame, glory, and additional fortune, for he was born rich, by "Cyrano" and the "Aiglon." He has had to pay something, however, for his glory and celebrity in two continents. If he had interested or enthusiastic eulogists, such as M. Catulle Mendès, for instance, who said, "Fortunate the century which began with Victor Hugo and ended with Edmond Rostand," there are also numerous detractors, such as M. Hauser, who wrote that the Academy disgraced itself by electing M. Rostand as an "Immortal." This election was also denounced by a literary man who lectures to students in the Latin quarter, and who declared that M. Rostand was a dramatist in the same way that Paul de Kock was a novelist. Poor Paul

de Kock! He is always falling in for hard knocks, although he succeeded in enlivening his generation by a process of his own. M. Baragnon, the lecturer, further asserted that if M. Rostand had some knack as a versifier, he was a revivalist of Gongorism, and a *Trissotin*, no poet.

Then there was the charge of plagiarism brought against M. Rostand by Mr. Gross of Chicago, who claims that "Cyrano" was cribbed from his play, "The Merchant Prince of Corneville." The French commentators on this event simply directed the attention of Mr. Gross of Chicago to the old *vaudeville* of "Roquelaure" already alluded to, and labelled him as a plagiarist too. There were even four old plays about this ugliest man in France, Roquelaure. M. Rostand borrowed from the play by Messrs. de Leuven, de Livry, and Lhéria, and borrowed largely too. Cyrano is the Duc de Roquelaure, Christian is Captain de Candal, and Roxane is Hélène de Solanges of the play by the three dramatists first named. M. Rostand finely embroidered the theme of the older dramatists. It is doubtful if they could have ever produced those lines of the cadets of Gascony, which breathe the spirit of the old French swashbucklers and blackguards—

"Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne
De Carbon de Castel-Jaloux :
Bretteurs et menteurs sans vergogne
Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne !
Parlant blason, lambel, bastogne
Tous plus nobles que des filous,
Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne
De Carbon de Castel-Jaloux."

In the matter of French poetry I am beset at

the beginning by one preponderating name, that of Victor Hugo. I have read through nearly all his work, and admire much of it. I have seen him many times, in the Senate, on the tops of 'buses, in the streets, and I remember that famous occasion on which he went about in a lustrous tall hat. The article had been purchased by the poet at the time when he thought that he would be elected President of the Republic. He was beaten by Jules Grévy, the hat was put in a bandbox, and Victor Hugo went on turning out good and bad verse, sometimes too facile and factitious, sometimes strong and splendid. He has been called all sorts of names, such as the journalist of poetry, the Goncourt of poetry, "half genius, half charlatan," according to Amiel, and "more craftsman than artist" according to Renouvier. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, made an idol of him, as the French "*Hugolâtres*" have done. Anyhow, some of him is immortal.

Victor Hugo wrote admirably in prose as well as in verse, but he never composed anything so powerful, so poignant, and so terrible as those prose passages from the undoubted poet Lamartine quoted by M. Emile Ollivier in the eleventh volume of his "*Empire Libéral*." Writes the author of the "*Méditations Poétiques*," in his lamentation, "Job lu dans le désert :

"Tout pesé, tout balancé, tout calculé, tout pensé et repensé, en dernier résultat, la vie humaine—si on soustrait Dieu, c'est à dire l'infini—est le supplice le plus divinement ou le plus infernalement combiné pour faire rendre, dans un espace de temps donné, à une créature pensante la plus grande masse de

souffrances physiques ou morales, de gémissements, de désespoir, de cris, d'imprécations, de blasphèmes, qui puissent être contenus dans un corps de chair et dans une âme de . . . nous ne savous pas même le nom de cette essence par qui nous sommes! Jamais un homme, quelque cruel qu'on le suppose, n'aurait pu arriver à cette infernale et sublime combinaison de supplice; il a fallu un Dieu pour l'inventer. . . . Y a-t-il quelque chose de plus monstrueux que d'appeler à la vie —et quelle vie!—et de réveiller de la mort non sentie pour remourir dans les tortures d'une seconde mort sentie, un être qui ne demandait ni ce bienfait, ni ce supplice, et qui dormait de son sommeil de néant, comme dit Job? . . . Et que dire des conditions de la vie physique? La mort nourissant la vie, la vie nourissant la mort.” The poet touches next, as Tennyson does in “Maud,” on the incessant war carried on through the domain of creation. And the end of it all: “Nous vivons très peu de temps, *aucun temps* même, si nous comparons ce clignement d’œil appelé une vie à l’incommensurable durée des éternités sans premier et sans dernier jour. A quoi bon tenir à quelque chose quand tout va vous être arraché à la fois. Encore si le jour et l’heure de cette mort étaient connus et fixés d’avance, quelque courte que fût la vie, ou pourrait régler ses pensées sur son horizon. Mais non, tout est achevé dans cette invention de la mort. Mais l’imprevu de la mort, ce n’est rien encore, non rien en comparaison de l’inconnu du sépulcre. Où allons-nous? allons-nous même quelque part par ce ténébreux chemin? ”

As M. Ollivier remarks, no writer in any language has ever penned passages of such terrible pathos.

And yet Lamartine was no pessimist, such as Baudelaire, the sombre author of the "Fleurs de Mal." Somebody must yet arise to penetrate the secret of this terrible passage. Was it on account of Elvire, who died of consumption? It was in Savoy that she met the poet in 1816.

"O lac ! L'année a peine a fini sa carrière
 Et près des flots chéris qu'elle devait revoir,
 Regarde ! je viens seul m'asseoir sur cette pierre
 Où tu la vis s'asseoir.
 Que le vent qui gémit, le roseau qui soupire,
 Que les parfums légers de ton air embaumé,
 Que tout ce qu'on entend, l'on voit et l'on respire
 Tout dise : Ils ont aimé."

Elvire was a Creole orphan brought up in the house of the Legion of Honour at Saint Denis. She married one of the teachers there, an elderly man, and died in Paris in 1817. Graziella, daughter of a Neapolitan fisherman, had previously died of love for the French poet.

Baudelaire, to whom I have referred, has uttered in poetry some of the terrible truths enunciated by Lamartine in the prose passage just quoted :

"O douleur ! O douleur ! Le Temps mange la vie
 Et l'obscur Ennemi qui nous ronge le cœur
 Du sang que nous perdons croît et s'fortifie."

And the fearful pessimism in "Une Charogne." His mistress is to become carrion, too :

"Et pourtant vous serez semblable à cette ordure,
 A cette horrible infection
 Étoile de mes yeux, soleil de ma nature,
 Vous, mon ange et ma passion."

I never had leisure to follow the movements of the modern Decadents and Symbolists in poetry, and I have not read a line of Mallarmé. I have read Verlaine, who did not want to be called a Symbolist, but was one, since he endeavoured to produce emotions by sound, as in the opening of the “Crimen Amoris,”

“Dans un palais soie et or, dans Ecbatane,”

which M. Morice has compared to the crash of a brass band. Verlaine at his best does not equal old Villon, to whom he is often compared. He could never have written such a gem as the “Ballade des Dames du temps jadis”—the “Ballad of Dead Ladies”—so finely translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with the familiar refrain “Mais où sont les neiges d'antan,” or the “Ballade de la belle Heaulmière,” both in the “Grand Testament” of Maistre François Villon. The two men, Villon and Verlaine, were equal in this, that they tried to practise their religion before they died. Says Villon :

“Je suys pecheur, je le sçay bien ;
Pourtant Dieu ne veult pas ma mort,
Mais convertisse et vive en bien.”

The nineteenth century Villon, on his side, died a good Catholic. Verlaine I used to see at one time engaged in his favourite pastime of drinking, sometimes absinthe and sometimes rum, in a café in the Latin Quarter. He was a contemporary of another remarkable poet, Georges Rodenbach, the Belgian, author of “Bruges-la-morte.”

Rodenbach was not, of course, the Bohemian that

Verlaine was. He was a domesticated married man, and besides producing that admirable verse of his, descriptive chiefly of his native country, and especially of Bruges, he wrote for the leading newspapers. There was one poet or versifier in Paris whom I read very regularly, Raoul Ponchon. I have referred to Ponchon already, and to his mock elegy on the death of poor Chincholle of the *Figaro*. He writes a "Gazette rimée" every week for *Le Journal*, and contributes comic verse also to the *Courrier Français*. He is an imitator, but thoroughly modern, of Villon, and although many do not deign to notice his work, it is the most quaint and curious "copy" ever printed. One of the finest things he ever wrote was on the dissensions between Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her husband :

"Or, cet infortuné prince
Disait : Mince !
Sur terre, est-il pire sort
Titre plus aléatoire
Illusoire
Qu celui-là de consort.

Quand j'épousai cette hermine,
Wilhelmine,
Pouvais-je donc, moi, Gotha,
Prévoir que ce mariage
Deviendrait mon Golgotha ?

En mon for, je pensais faire
Une affaire
Comme on dit—de tout repos.
A payer sur Sa cassette
Quelque dette
Je me sentais tout dispos.

Il me fallait en rebattre
Après quatre
Ou cinq mois de fol espoir,
Car la Reine, quoique riche,
Est très chiche
Elle ne veut rien savoir

Non seulement de mes dettes,
Mes emplettes,
Mais, je le dis tout à trac
De cette femme inhumaine
C'est à peine
Si j'en ai pour mon tabac."

These are only a few excerpts from a long *gazette rimée*, which, with the equally queer and quaint lines on Madame Humbert's empty safe, is among the best of the ephemeral compositions in verse thrown off by the prolific Ponchon, who taps a fountain of fun which is never dry.

CHAPTER XXV

Return to politics after literature—President Loubet's retirement—His new home—His successor, M. Armand Fallières—A Republic of Lawyers—Close of the Dreyfus Case—M. Clemenceau, President of the Council, and General Picquart, War Minister—General de Gallifet on Picquart's rise—General André and his revelations—The mysteries of modern Paris—Farewell to Paris.

IN the late autumn of 1905 there was a good deal of talk about the impending resignation of President Loubet. Conflicts of opinion arose on the matter, and there were many who held that the astute President was only hoaxing those to whom he declared that he was tired of office. The opposition papers called M. Loubet a crafty old "bonhomme," and he was compared to Jules Grévy, who clung to the Elysée until he had to leave it. M. Loubet was in earnest despite his detractors' doubts and denunciations. He had had enough of the cares and troubles of his high official position, and he was worried by the Church and State question and by home politics. Accordingly, he went back to his old district near the Palais de Justice and the Luxembourg. He did not take a flat in his old street near the Senate, but in the Rue Dante, close to the College of France. The street is by no means fashionable, and it seemed

to many a shabby neighbourhood for one who had been President of the Republic and on a par with monarchs. It is near some of the vilest slums in Paris, but M. Loubet did not seem to mind. He finds himself just as comfortable, no doubt, in his large flat in a mean street as if he were in the Champs Elysées or the Faubourg Saint Germain. Then, M. Loubet is a lawyer, and lawyers have a pre-dilection for the district near the Palais de Justice.

It was on the 18th of February, 1906, that M. Loubet left the Elysée, after his seven years' tenure of office. His removal to the Rue Dante caused me to remember the flight of time. It seemed to me that only a few years had elapsed since I had seen M. Loubet, newly-elected, attending the funeral of his predecessor, Félix Faure, who died so mysteriously on the 16th of February, 1899. I also remembered the Exhibition of 1900, which I saw opened by M. Loubet after he had been a little over a year in office, and my mind likewise reverted to the other Exhibition which I saw opened by President Carnot. I also went back in memory to the time when M. Grévy was at the Elysée, and when it seemed as if he were as much a fixture there as any monarch on his throne. In the course of less than thirty years I had seen no fewer than seven Presidents of the Republic—MacMahon, Grévy, Carnot, Casimir-Perier, Faure, Loubet, Fallières. M. Armand Fallières was elected President on the 17th of January, 1906. Here was another lawyer promoted to the chief magistracy of the State. The Third Republic will undoubtedly be known in history as the Republic of the Lawyers. It was founded by

lawyers, Léon Gambetta at their head, and it has been mainly ruled by barristers and by journalists who were also barristers. Arms have had to yield to the toga in France ever since the downfall of the Bonapartes, and so it will go on until an upheaval comes, when the military element may preponderate once more. This is, however, a long way off, for the very continuance of the Republic shows that the French nation has come to regard it as a safe system of government, good for peace and good accordingly for commerce. The lawyers have done that much at least for France. They have staved off war and ensured a long era of peace, however tangled and tortuous may be the internal condition of the country through party politics and the unnecessary struggle with the Church.¹

M. Fallières, the lawyer, is exactly of the same stamp, socially as well as professionally, as his predecessors. Like M. Loubet, he is a Southerner of humble extraction. His father and grandfather were simple countrymen, living in a small way at Mézin, in the Lot-et-Garonne. The grandfather was a blacksmith and the father a *greffier* or registrar in a courthouse. Both M. Fallières and his relative, who became Bishop of Saint Brieuc, in Brittany, were originally educated by the priests in a *petit séminaire*. One went on for sacerdotal orders, the other marched to the conquest of Paris, and becoming

¹ I hold to the phrase “unnecessary struggle with the Church.” Far-seeing Republicans, true statesmen, would have succeeded in Erastianising an aggressive or meddlesome Church without displaying all the anti-clerical venom characteristic of prominent French politicians during the past thirty years.

a politician as well as a lawyer, has succeeded beyond his expectations.

It was entertaining to note how the opposition and their Press, and also some of the Republicans, treated the new President. They raked up everything about him, and made a great point of the fact that he had been practically a charity boy in his native place, receiving the first rudiments of education from ecclesiastics. Those who were supposed to have some chance of election, notably M. Paul Doumer and M. Rovier, were attacked before the voting took place at Versailles resulting in the selection of M. Fallières. It was discovered, for instance, that M. Doumer was born in a hovel at Aurillac, that his father was a railway navvy promoted ganger or foreman, and earning two francs fifty a day. It was also found out that M. Doumer when a little boy was cross and peevish, and that he used to expectorate in the face of his nurse. He went on also to the conquest of Paris, and did fairly well, exchanging his profession as a schoolmaster for that of a politician and journalist, subsequently holding a portfolio as Minister of Finance in the *Bourgeois* Cabinet of 1895.

As to M. Maurice Rovier, who was a vague candidate for the Presidency, he was attacked hotly by Henri Rochefort, who reminded him of his adventures in the Palais Royal. M. Emile Combes had announced in December, 1905, that he was not a candidate for the Presidency, and that he would vote for M. Fallières. Hardly had M. Fallières taken up his post at the Elysée when the first great event of the year happened—the entry of



Photo

MAÎTRE DEMANGE

[*Gerschel*

M. Clemenceau, the great Cabinet-smasher of old, into the Sarrien combination, as Minister of the Interior. The second great event was the formation of a Cabinet by this very M. Clemenceau in October, 1906. He becomes President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, and selects General Picquart as his War Minister, M. Pichon, who was Minister at Pekin during the Boxer outbreak, succeeding M. Bourgeois at the Quai d'Orsay.

In the meantime the Dreyfus affair was finished, after having caused an uproar and an agitation unprecedented in the history of any country. "Le trait caractéristique de l'affaire," said a writer in the *Temps*, "c'est d'avoir crée des divisions intestines dans toutes les classes de la société, dans tous les groupements et dans toutes les familles." The second revision was effected, and Dreyfus was proclaimed innocent by the Court of Cassation on the 12th of July, 1906. The court ruled as follows: "En dernière analyse de l'accusation portée contre Dreyfus rien ne reste debout. . . . Il ne reste rien qui puisse à sa charge être qualifié crime ou délit." There was no applause in court when President Ballot-Beupré read out the finding. Everything passed off in solemnity and silence. Those whom I saw present on the occasion were Maître Demange, the advocate of M. Dreyfus on the first court-martial; Maître Mornard, who represented M. Dreyfus at the Supreme Court; Madame Zola, M. Joseph Reinach, the Hadamard family, Colonel Picquart, not yet promoted to his present rank, and M. Mathieu Dreyfus. M. Alfred Dreyfus was not there, but his son and daughter were. Almost immediately after the scene

in the Court of Cassation the Government was called upon to nominate M. Dreyfus to the Legion of Honour and to give reparation to Colonel Picquart. In the Chamber of Deputies a member proposed the interment of Emile Zola in the Panthéon, and in the Senate it was resolved to have the busts of M. Scheurer-Kestner and M. Gabriel Trarieux, the earliest champions of M. Dreyfus, in the gallery of the House just outside the "Salle des Séances."

The decree of the Court of Cassation and the reparation proposed excited, as was only to be expected, the anger of the anti-Dreyfusards. They pointed out with all the vigour at their command that the *affaire* was by no means finished, and maintained that Dreyfus was still guilty. His "rehabilitation" was "a Talmudic triumph," a *coup d'état juif*. "We know," wrote M. Léon Daudet in M. Drumont's paper, "from the testimony of General Mercier and some others that there was a war alarm at a certain epoch over Dreyfus. If Dreyfus had been innocent as regards the Eastern frontier, if he had no relations with Germany, why did she show her teeth? It is certain that M. Casimir-Perier was wrong in allowing the German Ambassador to have a threatening conversation with him, and he ought to have referred him to the Foreign Minister. It is certain that M. Casimir Perier resigned as a mark of deference and submission to William the Second. The scene between the German Ambassador and the President of the Republic and the latter's resignation are inexplicable supposing Dreyfus to be innocent. If his guilt be admitted, they are simple and tragic. A complicated treason such as that,



Agence]

GENERAL PICQUART.

[*Photo—Nouvelle*

To face p. 369.

covered designedly by forgeries and contradictory evidence, cannot be unravelled by live, material proofs, after so many years and after so many opportune disappearances." And, to cap all, that remarkable man Esterhazy, seen in London by a French journalist, declared that the Dreyfus case was not finished, and that Dreyfus showed the white feather twice; once in accepting pardon in 1899, and the second time in allowing his counsel to ask for cassation *sans renvoi*. "If he had any confidence in his case," added Esterhazy, "he would have asked to go before another court-martial."

In spite of all the barking, the *affaire* is settled, and Captain Dreyfus was promoted Major. Colonel Picquart was not only promoted but was made War Minister. He at least has fewer enemies than the man whose cause he championed, and there are comparatively few who will cavil at his honours. Any one who knows the man cannot but like him. I first saw him as he gave evidence at Zola's trial in the Palais de Justice, and he impressed me favourably. He is a fine type of a soldier and a man. General the Marquis de Galliffet, under whose orders Picquart once served, had a high opinion of the man always, but he cannot imagine him as a War Minister. Said the facetious General, when he heard that his old officer was in the Cabinet: "Picquart ministre, ça valait la peine de voir cela. Il y a des choses qui consolent vraiment de ne pouvoir se décider à mourir. Picquart ministre de la guerre! Curieux, extrêmement bizarre, vraiment." General de Galliffet has described Picquart as calm, modest, studious, cultured but obstinate. He is an

artist, a poet, a musician. He used to fall into ecstasies over fine landscapes, and especially over clouded distances. He saw something in these distances which, being no artist, General de Galliffet could not see. As to the idea that Picquart took up the Dreyfus case through interest, General de Galliffet laughs at it. Picquart went into it through sheer obstinacy, stubbornness. Nor was he a friend of the Jews. As an instance of this, the Marquis de Galliffet relates that when the War Minister asked him to take M. Joseph Reinach, who is in the territorial army, on his staff at the manœuvres, Picquart was furious. "I can't stand the Jew," said Picquart. "Try to," said General Galliffet. "Be more gracious towards the stout chap, *le gros*, for he is a friend of the Minister's." And Picquart not only took the hint, but he was, with M. Reinach, the stout chap, one of the chief organisers of the agitation over the *affaire*. And in spite of the facetiousness of his former commander, there is every prospect that he will make an efficient Minister if he can remain long enough at the post. He is not only an able, but an ornamental general. Boulanger was ornamental but not able; and it is strange to note that he, too, was first brought into public and political life by no less a person than M. Clemenceau, who now has General Picquart as his War Minister. The new head of the French War Department follows two civilians—M. Berteaux and M. Etienne. His last military predecessor was the one and only General André, who was with M. Waldeck-Rousseau and afterwards with M. Emile Combes. He was taken into the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet when General the Marquis de Galliffet resigned. Any one

who has seen General André once will never forget him. A tall, lanky man, with a thin, tapering face and a long nose, he would do admirably on the stage as the Knight of La Mancha or as Cyrano de Bergerac. An able man withal, although not a politician. His Memoirs, printed in the *Matin*, formed the most diverting reading ever published in that enterprising newspaper. Whether the General wrote them himself or not, they bear his hall-mark ; and while they were appearing in serial form, just like a story, everybody was wondering how far the former Minister would go with his revelations, which were entitled “Cinq Ans de Ministère.” The case was unique. I know of no other instance of a French Minister revealing the secrets of office in that way. As a rule, those who have been Ministers are as reticent and as reserved as those actually in office. They may occasionally unbend to their friends in private, but they do not write for the newspapers. General André thought fit to break through the reticence, and sent his Memoirs to press almost as soon as he was out of the Cabinet. He certainly entertained a good many readers of the *Matin*, but he was soundly rated by some of his former colleagues. His resuscitation in print, after his retirement from the Cabinet, caused a continuation of the attacks made on him by opposition writers, who went on calling him bad names, as they did when he was involved in the affair of the “*fiches*” or private information sheets relative to officers who were supposed to be Clericals. It was, in fact, a pity to see a man of General André’s age, and one, too, who has had a distinguished record as a soldier, drawing attacks on himself by his own doings. His recol-

lections, although they formed rather racy reading in the beginning, lost interest later, and the concluding chapters published were commonplace. I believe that the uproar caused by the initial chapters led to a toning down of the others. One of the best bits in the reminiscences is that relating to General Brugère, a most distinguished soldier who, after having escaped shot and shell in the Franco-German and other campaigns, was once wounded in an awkward place while out shooting with President Carnot, to whose household he was attached. M. Carnot was a notoriously bad shot, unlike his predecessors and successors, but he had to take down a gun periodically for the Presidential shooting-parties at Marly or Rambouillet. It was during one of these official "*chasses*" that General Brugère was awkwardly hit in the lower part of the back. General André's note on General Brugère in the "*Cinq Ans de Ministère*" refers to the succession of General Saussier, long Military Governor of Paris, and a great friend of the late Duke of Cambridge, whom he resembled in some respects. When Brugère was appointed Vice-President of the Higher Council of War he was Military Governor of Paris, the two offices having been held before him by General Saussier. He was in command of 50,000 men, and lived in the fine suite of rooms in the Hôtel des Invalides, once inhabited by King Jérôme Napoléon and his family. "When I told Brugère," writes André, "that the Government was opposed to the continuation of the sort of Grand Constableship with which Saussier had been invested, he evinced the deepest dissatisfaction, and his vexation found vent in most violent words which, fortunately, I alone

heard, and our old comradeship made me as soon forget He would not give in then, and I have a notion that he was ready to leave the highest office in the army in order to remain Governor of Paris and occupant of the fine rooms in the Hôtel des Invalides. To cut short his probable appeals and his recriminations, I hastened to give him a successor. On my proposal the Government nominated General Florentin to the military governorship of Paris. Florentin is the finest military type that I know. His straightforwardness and his dignity are models for all. A modest soldier, severely wounded in 1870, of open intelligence, he ignores politics and does not want to know anything about them, but he has a clear conception of his duty, and he does it faithfully. During the crisis he was the only one to whom it was possible to talk about Dreyfus, about Henry, the Comte de Mun, Jaurès, and Picquart, without voices being lifted high and some rude aphorism being emitted to close the discussion arbitrarily and brutally. During the funeral of Félix Faure, General Florentin, although silent, played a leading part." Here, you see, we have a most entertaining, and, at the same time, a most instructive fragment of General André's reminiscences. The entertaining part is at the expense of General Brugère, a colleague whom he professes to hold in high esteem, but whom he gives away. Brugère, we are told later, made up his mind to keep only the Vice-Presidency of the Higher Council of War, but he was five months engaged in removing from the luxurious and historic rooms in the Hôtel des Invalides, and during that time his successor as Military Governor of Paris had to remain in lodgings. You have another enter-

taining bit in the revelation that General Florentin ignores politics and seems to glory in his ignorance. This certainly is not the case with M. André, who was the most political of War Ministers—although no politician—and had a run of five years at it. And not only that, but he has come out as a journalistic soldier since his contributions to the *Matin* appeared. The instructive bit of the revelations is in reference to General Florentin's *rôle* on the day of Félix Faure's funeral, when Paul Déroulède wanted General Roget to march on the Elysée and to make a *coup d'état* or a *pronunciamiento*. Now we know that it was General Florentin who saved the Republic on that occasion, and enabled the estimable M. Loubet to enter upon and to complete his seven years' tenure of office as President of the Republic.

General André is the sixth notable French military man whose career I have had to watch. I have never had to see him, however, on business, as I had formerly to see MacMahon, Gallifet, Boulanger, Billot, Zurlinden, and Thibaudin. General Picquart I have only seen twice—once, as I have said, at the trial of Zola for the letter "*J'accuse*," and once in a café frequented by artists, literary men, and actors. He is now a coming man, and we have to watch what the future has in store for him—whether, as some predicted when he entered the Cabinet, he will be spoiled by politics, or whether he can be relied upon by his country in the day of, let us hope, distant danger.

And now I must conclude these notes and recollections of the long years spent by me in Paris. I have left many interesting events untouched, and have omitted many important names, but I have

laboured to keep within the limits of my own experiences, such as they were. I have had very little to do with artists, and hence I have had little to say about their great world. Most of the artists whom I have known are the caricaturists, such as Caran d'Ache, Steinlen, Willette.

I would also have wished to say more about the stage and the players of Paris, but that is another great department with which I was only occasionally in touch.

Neither have I said much about Paris in its social and every-day aspects. That has been rather overdone of late years; and everybody in England, and it may be said in America as well, is now familiar with modern Paris, thanks to the newspapers and the reviews. As to French characteristics, I have not attempted to give any, for the reason that greater writers have been endeavouring to fix them from the days of Tacitus and Cæsar to our own.

I bade farewell to Paris towards the end of 1906. I was sorry to depart without having been able or astute enough to fathom its deep mysteries, which range from the time of the "man in the iron mask" to the days of Napoleon the Third, Gambetta, Boulanger and Madame de Bonnemain, Baron Jacques de Reinach, Dr. Cornelius Herz, Félix Faure, Alfred Dreyfus, Emile Zola, Colonel Henry, Père du Lac the Jesuit, Casimir Perier, and Gabriel Syveton. With each of these persons a mystery is linked, and it will be long before the world can know if Napoleon the Third belonged to the Bonaparte family or not; how Gambetta came by his death; if Madame de Bonnemain acted as a spy on General Boulanger; why M. Casimir Perier resigned

six months after his election ; if Père du Lac had Captain Dreyfus convicted ; and so on. I should also have wished to know, ere leaving, why the Pope and the Vatican are saddled with all the sins of Israel ; and if it be really the case that M. Emile Combes, M. Georges Clemenceau, and M. Aristide Briand are the most generous, accommodating, and disinterested friends that the Church of Rome has ever had in France.

The Third Republic has been a régime of mystery and mystification ; and those painstaking people the historians of the future will have a tough task in dealing with it.

In bidding farewell to Paris I lost many friends. Some of the French among them said "*Vous reviendrez*," but they are wrong. I shall ever remember it as a marvellous city where life is well worth living for four or five months every year, just to improve one's mind in an unrivalled intellectual and artistic atmosphere.

If there were any reason why I should regret leaving so interesting a place, it would be found in the severance of the old ties binding me to former friends and colleagues of the English and American Press established in Paris. These, among whom I may mention G. A. Raper, T. F. Farman, Victor Collins, J. W. Ozanne, Laurence Jerrold, Morton Fullerton, J. N. Raphael, A. O'Neill, marked their good-fellowship by organising a farewell banquet for me, and by presenting me with a souvenir. This is a purely personal matter ; but I trust that a slight record of it will not be deemed out of place here, especially as it forms one of my most agreeable memories of Paris.

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